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FROM A SURGEON'S JOURNAL

I. The Harvard Unit and the Ambulance Américaine

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[IN August 1914, a group of Americans resident in Paris undertook the organization of a military hospital and ambulance service. The French Government put at their disposal a newly erected school building, the Lycée Pasteur, which was altered and equipped to provide for some six hundred patients. Certain universities in the States were then asked to participate in the project by successively supplying the professional personnel capable of caring for a certain number of wounded for a three months' period. The first of these units, from Western Reserve University, under the direction of Dr. Crile, began its term of service in January 1915. A Harvard unit, financed by Mr. William Lindsey of Boston, followed in April 1915. — THE EDITORS]

Thursday, March 18, 1915

SHE seemed very low in the water — the *Canopic* — when we found her hidden behind the new Commonwealth Pier yesterday afternoon, with two

interned Hamburg-American ships on the opposite side. Strange company! And when, after our false start at 4.15, we returned again at eight for the sailing, she was still lower. Ammunition for the Allies, it is said. What a temptation it must have been to *die Leute* across the dock! A stowaway with a bomb would do it — and there seemed to be no precautions such as one would perhaps expect on an English ship under existing circumstances.

It was a cold blowy March night by the time our pilot was dropped outside of Boston Light, and though the merry-makers, Benet and Barton, marched the decks with tin flutes tuned to 'Tipperary,' blue noses soon drove us in and to bed.

There are only fifty first-cabin passengers, seventeen of them constituting our immediate party, to which three or four others are *c'est à dire* allied. So there's plenty of room, though no place to go but out, and no place to stay but in — with one's overcoat on in either case.

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Friday, 4 P.M.

It still blows hard from the N.W. quarter. These people who talk about getting one's sea legs make me ill. Greenough says it's all in your head, but I know better: it lives just under your diaphragm, halfway in, and is intensified by culinary odours — Englished with a *u*.

Sunday, the first day of Spring

Overcast and dirty. A boat drill this A.M., and such a lot of pirates you never saw — shanghaied, I judge, from anywhere and everywhere. Transatlantic voyages just now are not popular with deck hands. They were too funny in their cork life belts and we were not permitted to look on from the upper deck. I doubt if the ship's officers cared to have us see them. It was our unanimous decision to commandeer a lifeboat or two for ourselves rather than trust to any such aggregation, individually or collectively. Some of them would have made fine models for Howard Pyle.

We have been in Marconi communication both with Cape Cod and with the Azores, so it is rumored, but the Captain keeps mum. 'T is at his discretion, we're told, that the sending of messages lies. They say he does not wish to be located — but by what? The *Karlsruhe* is in the South Atlantic. Perhaps by the auxiliary cruiser which is reported to have slipped out of her internment in the Azores the day before we sailed. Our lights have been fully blanketed every night since sailing — the storm canvases are stretched along the promenade deck and towels tacked over our cabin windows.

The service this morning was conducted by the Purser — a companionable chap named O'Hegan. He read Psalm CV: 'O give thanks unto the Lord . . . he increased his people exceedingly, and made them stronger than their enemies, whose heart turned

so that they hated his people.' One wonders to-day who are *his* people, — if perchance He still takes sides, — the hated or the hating. Doubtless the one of the combatants that would do the most after peace for the betterment of mankind and his abiding place. But which would?

Such thoughts were aroused by O'Hegan's reading; nor was his mind solely on his text, for, having interrupted his prayer to send a steward to stop the noise of a creaking timber, he could n't find his place again.

Sunday, March 28, 6 P.M.

Such a gloomy landing! In a perfect downpour we had a hazy glimpse of the African shore, were bespoken by a destroyer and told to go ahead, and then were carried down far beyond Gibraltar so that when it came dimly into view it was off the starboard bow, which was very confusing. But after all, the rock of which so much is said and written was mantled by a heavy cloud. Damp, cold, forlorn, and huddled together on deck, we finally, about ten o'clock, steamed into the Bay of Algeciras and came to anchor. In a wretched little boat we were then put ashore on the north mole, our luggage likewise.

After fiddling about for some time and learning that we must wait for a 2.20 boat to Algeciras, we clambered into strange little *fiacres* holding four on a pinch, and with flapping wet curtains and such individual protection as each of us had, — 't was not much, — we started to see Gibraltar. There was a long delay at the end of the wharf while our passports were viséed, and in return we were presented with a *water-port* pass. Meanwhile a fine Welsh bobby who stood in the downpour told us, as did others, that there had been nothing but rain — fifty-two inches for the season instead of the usual fourteen, according to his calculation. We could

see up on the Rock only as far as the old Moorish castle.

The converted Cunarder *Carmania*, in her gray war paint, was lying alongside the south mole in the British harbor. It was she who sank the *Cap Trafalgar*. On the whole, there seemed fewer men-of-war than one would expect, even in times of peace. We rode along Church and Southport streets, rubbering at what we could see of the Rock in the rain and mist, — enough to assure us of its fascination and interest in better weather, — past the sad and dripping little Trafalgar cemetery as far as the Alameda, a park laid out a century ago. At its far end is a flight of steps surmounted by a bronze bust of General Elliot — hero of the great siege of 1780 or thereabouts.

Our later arrival at Algeiras, across the Bay, was the worst of all — simply drenched, we were landed on a long pier without cover and walked into the customhouse, our soaking baggage following after us. The jabbering officials finally satisfied, Strong, Boothby, and I, being about the only ones with overshoes, started out bravely for a promenade in the town. We were soon joined by a fascinating boy named Diego who attached himself to us for the rest of the afternoon. He took us first to a high point from which we had a lovely view of the distant hills — the Sierra de los Gazúles — with the winding Miel between us and the town itself. The clouds were breaking, and the light on the roofs of the houses crowning the opposite hill made a stunning picture. It was good to see and feel the sun again. Next — and most important to Diego — was the bull ring, where there was to have been a fight this afternoon, postponed owing to the rain, for the seats are without shelter. As we were strolling through the narrow cobbled streets lined by little, close-packed, unpretentious Spanish houses with their barred windows,

there was an approaching sound of an excited rabble. Soon a crowd of small boys appeared, then a carriage, and then a mob of people shouting, 'Belmonte! Belmonte!' It was the local hero — the bullfighter.

[At Algeiras the party entrained for Madrid, and proceeded thence to the French border.]

March 31, 7 P.M., BAYONNE

Encampments for the convalescent wounded and soldiers returning to the line begin to appear. At every station are girls with tricolor buttons and money boxes '*pour les blessés*.' We are going into France by the military back door. The men are still in their blue and red uniforms.

11.30 P.M., BORDEAUX

Here they are — soldiers by the number. They look just like the pictures of our old Civil War veterans with their long blue coats and visored caps. Zouaves also, and occasionally a man in a blue-gray uniform, but all with red caps and trousers. They have put on many more cars, and the forward ones are packed with soldiers. They look very small and forlorn — not much *élan* here. We have wangled a few pillows and rugs and will try to sleep.

April 1, PARIS

It was a poor night, and a most bedraggled and unkempt group of people made some tea in one of our baskets about 6 A.M. But, despite the cold, our first bright clear day brought us cheer; and we finally slid into the Gare d'Orléans, where was breakfast, and a chance to pull ourselves together. Very exciting to look out on the streets of war-time Paris — officers speeding by in motor cars — an armored car with machine guns — ambulances and all else — all in gray war paint except

for the red crosses and the red splashes of the old French uniforms.

Greenough commandeered three big buses into which we clambered, bag and baggage, and set out across the river, through the Place de la Concorde, where Alsace and Lorraine are still draped in black, out along the *Élysées*, under the Arc to the Porte Maillot, and through it into Neuilly. A very interesting ride on a crisp, clear, spring morning. But the streets seemed very empty for Paris — children playing whip top on the *Élysées* paths as usual, showing that it was really not Sunday, though it looked it. Everyone not in uniform seems to be garbed in black.

The converted Lycée Pasteur, now the Ambulance Américaine, is not far from the Porte Maillot, and as we approached it along the Boulevard d'Inkermann it was immediately recognizable: the handsome school building with its courtyard full of Ford motors over which a bevy of uniformed drivers — youngsters from home, for the most part — were tinkering, some freshly arrived machines being newly assembled. A row of patients and nurses waved a welcome from the upper terraces; Blake and others of the permanent staff, most of them in khaki, greeted us below.

The hospital was quite a revelation, and we met so many people and saw so many familiar faces it's impossible to set it all down. They have admitted no new cases to our 164 beds — indeed, have emptied them as far as they were able, so that we may have a fairly fresh start.

The first man we saw had a dreadful paraplegia, with a huge bedsore, due to a section of the spinal cord. He'd been shot in the back by a pointed French bullet — recognizable in the X-ray. *In* a Frenchman, too! So war is doubly dangerous for the soldier — from behind as well as before. Many other minor cases — none of them very bad

— we hurriedly glanced at as we were ushered through the several rooms. No Germans. They would require a guard, and the few they have had in the past did not make Germans very popular.

Good Friday, April 2

Another brilliant sunny day, and a busy one for us. It is difficult to tell just what are one's most vivid impressions: the amazing patience of the seriously wounded, some of them hanging on for months; the dreadful deformities (not so much in the way of amputations, but broken jaws and twisted, scarred faces); the tedious healing of the infected wounds, with discharging sinuses, tubes, irrigations, and repeated dressings — so much so that grating and painful fractures are simply abandoned to wait for wounds to heal, which they don't seem to do; the risks under apparently favorable circumstances of attempting clean operations, most of which seem to have broken down — a varicocele, an appendix, and, worst of all, a thoracotomy for a bullet in the pericardium which apparently was doing no harm. Some of this miscellaneous work savors of 'souvenir surgery,' and doubtless pressure may oftentimes be brought to bear by the wounded, for they are very proud of these trophies. From the man in question the unoffending bullet, which he wanted as an exhibit to show his visitors, was removed from the pericardial sac; but he got a collapsed left lung, a right pneumonia, then in turn a left pneumonia, and now a bad empyema, with a tube in his side which may or may not close some day. Still he seemed very proud and happy.

The histories are all interesting, citing, as they do, the man's name, regiment, the place where he received the injury and under what circumstances, how long he had had on his clothes without changing them (three

months in some cases!), when he had his bath, where he got his first, second, and possibly third dressing before reaching our ambulance, and so on — each item full of horrible, though fascinating, possibilities. No doubt this will all seem very commonplace after we have been here a few days.

I was going over a man this afternoon with a facial paralysis from a bullet wound in the mastoid. He got hit during an engagement on September 7 at a place called Croult, and, with a field full of other wounded, was left for dead. The enemy came over them a day or so later; a soldier poked at him and, finding him alive, swung at his head with the butt end of his musket, breaking his jaw. He was finally picked up during a counter-attack and, after a bad otitis media and erysipelas, is now ready — after seven months! — for a nerve anastomosis. It seems hardly worth while, under present circumstances, to attempt cosmetic operations. What's a simple facial paralysis, after all?

Then, too, there are those not badly hurt who simulate worse things. For example, one strapping minor officer, a gymnasium instructor in peace time, threw out his chest and made a great deal of fuss about a trifling crackle in his shoulder movement which Osgood immediately identified as a subacromial bursitis.

Many of the men have badly deformed toes (possibly from *sabots*?), and they complain that their military shoes are bad, though those we saw seemed sensible enough. But there are other bizarre troubles with the men's feet of really serious nature. There are erythromelalgia-like feet — painful, blue, cold, macerated-looking extremities; and indeed the whole circulatory condition of many of the *blésés* is very bad. It is presumable that the worst of this is over, with the return of not only dry but warm

weather. The standing in cold water, even though above the freezing point, — one cause of the so-called water-bite, — is as bad as frostbite itself, especially when helped by the too-tight application of puttees which may shrink. Some of these poor devils must have so stood for days in hastily dug trenches without a chance of getting off their boots.

Almost from the start, the majority of the men have been admitted with bronchitis, and many with influenza-like colds. Then, too, the African troops may have brought with them underlying tropical disorders of which we know little. One of them was a fine Turco in a gay Zouave uniform, with a through-and-through thoracic wound made by a German 'ball,' the wound of entrance so small it could hardly be found. Can you picture him, with no one around he can understand or who can understand him, industriously putting together the biggest and most intricate jig-saw puzzle 'made in America' you ever saw, on a table in an American hospital in France, with Americans taking care of him? What can his thoughts of us be? They tell us the Germans don't take the blacks prisoners; but then, what may or may not we believe about all this business? Here we are as near the worst affair in history as Boston is to Worcester, and everyone appears to take it as though it had always been so, and always would be, and meanwhile goes about his own little business unconcernedly.

Easter Sunday, April 4

Our first batch of newly wounded received to-day — only a few of them, seven in all. We saw them brought in and bathed, an interesting performance. They were not so terribly filthy, this lot, as I had expected, though one of them, a beautiful creature, a French peasant, had not had his clothes off for a month. He had come all the way

from Flanders, wounded last Friday in the leg, — only forty-eight hours from the firing line, — to a hot bath, a shampoo, and a universal lather in a comfortable hospital.

Lunch at the Ambulance and a visit from Roger Merriman, who has had an interesting time over here helping in the Embassies while giving his French lectures. He has recently visited the front at Nancy, watching the 75-millimetre guns in action, and dodging under an *abri* when a German shell gave warning, by its whistle, of near approach. He has first-hand information of atrocities — of which there may be something to say on both sides — stories about a few wild German regiments in particular whose course can be traced through Belgium. But M. Marty has just told me at tea of the Turcos who broke loose one night in Versailles and made away with some German officers who were there; also of the Turco in hospital at the College who presented a little girl, to whom he had taken a fancy, with the ear of a German soldier. But there are always points in these stories where they don't quite hold together.

Monday, April 5, a holiday
10.30 P.M.

At the Ambulance, working on histories all the afternoon. Some of our recent cases have appeared tagged with pink cards, which are tied on at a *poste de pansement* or at the *poste de secours*, and I gather that there are often two zones of these first-aid stations, primary and secondary, the wounded being gathered up from the battlefields or trenches usually at night and taken to the primary line. There are several kinds of labels — pink (those capable of transportation), yellow, blue, and so forth. From the *poste de secours* they are taken in peasants' carts or ambulances to an evacuation centre (*ambulance de tri*) which

may be anywhere, preferably some railroad station, and there the sitting and lying cases are separated, the serious from the minor cases, the medical from the surgical. The *petits blessés* remain and ere long go back to the front; the bad cases — chest, abdomen, head, spine, and so forth — are sent to near base hospitals. The attempt is already being made to concentrate particular kinds of wounds — as might well be the case here for fractures of the jaw. This programme will doubtless become perfected in time, and more efficient work will then be done.

In the early days, when things were badly disorganized, and when even as good an organization as the present one would have been put to the test, the conditions were shocking. The wounded were all rushed south as rapidly as possible and the more seriously ill were put off whenever and wherever the hospital trains stopped. They were picked up in any way chance might favor — luckily if by an ambulance, but more often by a cattle or provision train returning from the front. One little place where the American Ambulance used to get wounded in large numbers held about five hundred badly hit men simply lying between the tracks in the rain, with no cover whatsoever. Blake spoke of one English officer who had been six days thus in transport, with a musket for a splint tied to a compound fracture of the femur, no dressing whatsoever, almost no food or drink; he was in delirium when he arrived. Fortunately the wounded were young and in the pink of physical condition; few would otherwise have pulled through.

Thursday, April 8

Our admitting day brings in only ten cases, though there were about two hundred at La Chapelle station last night. Still, this must have been more than our proportion, for there must be

some fifty hospitals strung along the Champs Élysées alone, and in all Paris heaven only knows how many.

One of these men had had his spinal cord divided by a piece of metal driven off from the bayonet case at his hip, which had been struck by a German bullet. The vagaries of the foreign bodies are many. Not only may one find the projectiles themselves, but often pieces of equipment which have been detached, and which acquire the full velocity of the bullet itself and are really more dangerous. Sometimes these secondary missiles may have come from someone other than the person actually hit, even a piece of the skeleton of a neighboring soldier, or a bit of stone or wood.

The actual surgery itself, it would seem, is not very difficult, but the judgment of knowing what and how much to do, and the wheres and whens of intervention — these are the important things, only to be learned by experience. First or last, most of the missiles apparently must come out.

Some of the to-day's wounded were very dirty, with the mud of the trenches on them, and though they acknowledged some pain and great fatigue they were cheerful and uncomplaining — even gay. It's a great sight to see them get their hot bath and fall into a deep sleep the moment they strike their beds — but not so deep either, for they are wide awake on any call or noise. A temporary restful sleep is a great thing before X-rays, dressings, and ether anaesthesia — should the last be necessary, as it was for two bad shoulder cases to-day.

Everyone, of course, tells us that we know nothing yet of what it can really be like. After the battle of the Marne the wounded came in sixty at a time, with the operating room in continuous performance and not enough beds to go round.

Friday, April 9

One comes upon many examples of hairbreadth escapes. We have in our wards a man who got off with a slight burn of the forearm when a German contact shell exploded near him, and yet many of his companions were killed. Another man had both bones of his forearm broken in similar fashion without being actually hit, and yet his more distant companions suffered heavily from shrapnel. One man was blown into a tree and hung there for a long time by his trouser leg. Another was blown out of a trench and found the timing piece of a shrapnel in the seat of his trousers. Many have barely escaped because they happened to be stooping when a shell exploded near by. One artillery officer was knocked down three times in succession by shells landing only a metre or two away from him; he suffers from a severe nervous concussion — what the British call 'shell shock.'

Tuesday, April 13

Carrel's hospital is established in a famous hotel, the Rond Royal, south of Compiègne on the very edge of the forest. Here, backed by American money and with an admirable staff, they will have ample opportunity for special investigations; and the lines on which they have started to work are along the paths of suction treatment of wounds without dressings with the employment of new bactericidal substances. These are being evolved by the incomparable Dakin.

After lunch we went off in an open car and drove along the north bank of the Oise to Longueil-Annel, where we finally turned into a pretty road which led us through groves uphill to the Château d'Annel. The line passed through Ribécourt, barely six kilometres away. Just before we arrived a bombardment had taken place and six badly wounded men had been brought in —

hit by the explosion of a shell near Montmacq, three kilometres this side of the line.

It is a lovely château, equipped as a hospital since August 7 by Joffre's permission. About half of it is occupied by the family, Mr. and Mrs. Depew, Stanley, a Bart's man of recent years, a Dr. Eaton of Albany who is his assistant (soon to leave), and Dr. F. E. Frere, one of Henry Head's London Hospital men, nurses, and others. In the other half of the building everything has been dismantled, with beds installed for forty soldiers and ten officers.

They have good operative arrangements and an admirable X-ray plant. One of the recent cases was taken in and fluoroscoped, disclosing a shell fragment in his left frontal lobe, point of entry on the right.

In spite of the severe character of the wounds brought in, the hospital has done very well — only 20 per cent deaths, many of them having occurred soon after admission. They keep their beds full and evacuate promptly to Compiègne. It is an ideal place for some young man of skill and quick judgment. This is the sort of work a mobile ambulance might do — what the Ambulance at Neuilly indeed was doing in September and October 1914. It can still be done here, because this château happens to be placed near to the present rather stationary line. Fortunately, flying the American flag, the building was not damaged by the Germans going or coming on their first rush — only some wine looted.

Saturday, April 17, PARIS

Morning, in the ward at the Ambulance — in the X-ray, dental, and photographic departments. The members of our unit are all doing excellent work, and the condition of the patients could not be better so far as care in their treatment goes. Much tele-

phoning in the evening from the Château d'Annel, where they wish to borrow someone from our group, but Greenough rather thinks complications would ensue. If this keeps up we are likely to get fined and may even have our telephone taken out, for talking English over the lines is forbidden — queer, this being the language of an ally.

Tuesday, April 20

Our admitting day, and last night twenty-five wounded were brought in — all recent cases. . . . There is a strange medley of unassorted people working here. The orderly in No. 28, for example, I chanced to meet at dinner. He turns out to be an Englishman of widely traveled sort; has a home in Naples and another villa in Florence; seems to know everyone, and is attractive, informed, and modest. We talked much of the war, the early days in particular, when the Ambulance was sending out to the Marne battlefields and getting patients from Meaux, when dead and wounded lay all along the roadsides. The disgraceful motor parties from Paris to see the gruesome sights were soon stopped by the authorities. It was easy then to get passes — *pendant la guerre*.

Wednesday, April 21

In the afternoon, while waiting for Jaugeas to fluoroscope a man with a shrapnel ball in his cerebellum, a person appears in the shape of an ambulance driver who asks loudly for me, and on my being presented he says, 'Oh yes, of course, I'm Washington Lopp, you know; it was I put the salt in the water — ha, ha! — and I'm going to make up for it; and here are some wives of the cabinet ministers who will make it all right with you.' And sure enough, he was followed by four females in black who might well enough have been wives of cabinet ministers. I was much

mystified and did the best I could with '*heureusements*' and '*avec plaisirs*' and '*vos connaissances*' — all this while the corridor was thick with patients and nurses and stretchers and waiting attendants.

Well, they finally left without taking any salt from the water, so far as I could see. Not until later did I learn that M. Lopp is a terpsichorean person who teaches, or once taught, the high life of Paris to tango — cabinet ministers' wives being his specialty, and possibly their husbands, also. He, having retired well-to-do, now keeps (or kept in *ante bellum* days) a large establishment where balls and dinners and dances and other social affairs are held. It is called, I believe, Washington Palace, which is better than Lopp Palace — a little. He is now an active and busy ambulance driver, but has many ears to whisper into; and learning through his wife, an *Auxiliaire*, that a member of the Harvard unit, newly arrived, wanted 'head cases,' he went about it. So this accounts for the twenty-five shattered jaws with which we were swamped the day Cutler and I went to Gare d'Orléans for *blessés*. M. Lopp and the cabinet ladies will have this all changed — the salt in the water, ha, ha! Of such is the Ambulance Américaine.

Thursday, April 22

The morning passed with Tuffier, and now waiting for him for a moment at his private hospital. Here at this place are several officers, one a general with half of his face blown off and quite blind. T. says most of the officers have been killed, and that is why the men are so brave! It puts courage into them. Queer idea; but possibly I don't quite understand.

He tells me of peculiar wounds that he has seen. An officer, hit in the trenches by the explosion of an enemy hand grenade, had a small wound of

entrance near the inner canthus of the right eye, without special symptoms. An X-ray showed an undeformed cartridge in the frontal lobe of the brain. This was extracted and it proved to be an intact French cartridge! I give it up. He explains that the captured French ammunition, which of course does not fit the German rifles, is used with whatever else may be handy to fill the hand grenades which are now so murderously thrown about in the trench fighting.

Another instance was that of a woman who had been injured in the thigh by a fragment of the first of the aeroplane bombs dropped on Paris. There was in addition a trifling wound of the scapular region, and a point of tenderness low down in the back, where subsequently an X-ray plate showed the presence of a French bullet! She had been hit by a falling ball that had been fired from a French *mitrailleuse* at the aeroplane. Strange coincidence that she should have got both injuries at one and the same instant.

Saturday, April 24

This afternoon, in response to a call to the Ambulance for all of its many cars, Boothby and I went in one of them to La Chapelle, which is the present single distributing station for all the wounded forwarded to Paris.

Red Cross ambulances of every pattern, and from a great many hospitals, were being picked up from all sides as we neared our destination — a rather unusual sight here at midday, for the authorities do not like to have the recent wounded carted through the streets by day even though it be in closed cars; and as a matter of fact the larger number of our admissions occur in the late hours or at night.

A large, high building, once a freight shed, I presume, possibly 250 feet long, has been transformed for the present

purpose. The train runs in on a single track behind a curtained-off side of the building — curtained off by a huge heavy black canvas which opens at one place through which the wounded successively come — first the *petits blessés* on foot, then the men in chairs, then the *grands blessés* on stretchers.

The impressive thing about it is that it is all so quiet. People talk in low voices; there is no hurry, no shouting, no gesticulating, no giving of directions — nothing Latin about it whatsoever. And the line of wounded — tired, grimy, muddy, stolid, uncomplaining, bloody. It would make you weep. Through the opening in the curtain, beyond which one of the cars of the train could be seen, they slowly emerged one by one — cast a dull look around — saw where they were to go — and then doggedly went, one after the other, each hanging on to his little bundle of possessions. Many of them were Moroccans, though for the most part they were downright French types. Those with legs to walk on had heads or bodies or arms in bandages or slings, in the hurried applying of which, day before yesterday, uniforms and sleeves had been ruthlessly slit open. Not a murmur, not a grunt — limping, shuffling, hobbling — in all kinds of bedraggled uniforms, the new gray-blue as well as the old dark blue with red trousers — home troops and African Zouaves, and occasionally a marine, for they too have been in the trenches of late.

The procession wound directly by us, for the American Ambulance drivers are privileged to go into this part of the shed, owing to their known willingness to lend a hand. They were sitting in a quiet group, evidently moved, though many of them had been through the Marne days when cattle trains would come in with the wounded on straw, without food or water for two or more

days, stinking and gangrenous. Things of course are very different now, and here at La Chapelle Dr. Quenu, of Hôpital Cochin reputation, has finally got a perfect system arranged to replace the utter confusion of those early weeks.

It has been only two days since these fellows were hit, and many of them, regarded as sitting cases, have stuck it out, believing they could walk off the train. But not all could. One poor boy, who collapsed before us, they put on a stretcher and took to the emergency booth. Others had to be helped as they walked on between the two rows of booths to the farther end of the building, where were two large squares of benches arranged in a double row about an iron brazier in which a warm charcoal fire was glowing; for it was a cold, raw, and drizzly afternoon. There was a separate place for the slightly wounded officers, of whom there were some six or eight.

The wounded all have their tags dangling from a button somewhere — a tag from the *poste de secours*, another from the *ambulance de première ligne*, and possibly one or two more indicating where they had stopped for a dressing; and in addition, on the train, to save trouble, each has been chalked somewhere on his coat with a big B (*blessé*) or an M (*malade*), so that they can be sorted readily.

It was soon whispered about that this lot had come from Ypres and that they had all suffered greatly from some German *gaz asphyxiant*; but I hardly believed the tale, or thought I had misunderstood, until this evening's *communiqué* bears it out. Many of them were coughing; but then, as I've said, most of the wounded still come in with a bronchitis. We have heard rumors for some days of a movement of German troops in the direction of Ypres, and this attack is apparently the result.

By the time the wounded were all congregated, many Red Cross nurses were serving them hot soup and other things, ending up with the inevitable cigarette. The men were quiet, immovable, sitting where and how they first slumped down on their benches. No conversation — just a stunned acceptance of the kindly efforts to comfort them.

Meanwhile Quenu and his assistants were going about listing the men and distributing them as they saw fit among the hospitals in accordance with the empty beds at the disposal of each. Our drivers had handed in the number their cars could take and the number of patients the Ambulance Hospital could receive, — possibly fifty, I'm not quite sure, — and we finally went away with our due proportion of the 250 that the train had brought in.

Quenu, though busy, was very polite, — they all are, — pretended he knew me and asked if I should like to see the room where the *petits pansements* were being made. Among the several who had been singled out as needing immediate dressings because of pain, dislodged bandages, or recent bleedings, was the poor boy we had seen collapse as he walked out of the train. He had a high fever and a trifling first-aid dressing on his badly fractured left arm. This was surely enough, but when the young doctor cut off his *circa* six layers of clothing an undressed chest wound in his right pectoral region was disclosed. We then sat him up and found the wound of exit near the shoulder blade — at which the boy said, '*C'est bon, je guérirai.*' He was in our lot and I saw him landed later at Neuilly spitting blood.

When we got back to the Ambulance, the air was full of tales of the asphyxiating gas which the Germans had turned loose on Thursday — but it is difficult to get a straight story. A huge, low-lying, greenish cloud of smoke with

a yellowish top began to roll down from the German trenches, fanned by a steady easterly wind. At the same time there was a terrifically heavy bombardment. The smoke was suffocating and smelled to some like ether and sulphur, to another like a thousand sulphur matches, to still another like burning rosin. One man said that there were about a thousand Zouaves of the Bataillon d'Afrique in the lines and only sixty got back — either suffocated or shot as they clambered out of the trenches to escape. Another of the men was *au repos* five kilometres away and says he could smell the gas there. He with his fellows was among those of the reserves who were called on to support the line, but, by the time they got up, the Germans were across the canal, having effectively followed up their smudge. They seem to have been driven out later, or at least these men thought they had been. We'll have to await the official *communiqués*, and perhaps not know even then. In any event, there's devil's work going on around Ypres, and the heralded 'spring drive' seems to have been initiated by the Germans.

Sunday, April 25

It has apparently been a large affair at Ypres, with the Germans the aggressors. Several hundred more wounded at La Chapelle this morning — all the ambulance men out — all our beds full.

Monday, April 26

Many more wounded being brought in from the Ypres sector, where the Canadians have been distinguishing themselves. Everyone is singing their praises.

Wednesday, April 28

We are still very busy and the hospital is crowded. I had a strange time operating for DuBouchet on one

of his patients, — Lafourcode in No. 77, — supposed to have a *gouttière* bullet wound of the skull, which I did not question, though murmuring something about the desirability of an X-ray.

At all events, I was persuaded to take the case in hand and it proved to be not a gutter wound at all, the presumed wound of exit being merely where the man had fallen and cut his head on some sharp object. The track of the missile, along which an aluminum probe could be passed, led directly downward toward the base of the brain. This afternoon an X-ray showed a fragment of *obus* just over the sella — not a bullet at all.

Thursday, April 29

Several unsuccessful trials this morning to extract the shell fragment by the aid of the magnet from the brain of poor Lafourcode. I was afraid to use the huge probe which they have and so determined to make, or have made, another — of which later. We had tried every possible thing in our own cabinet and in those on the lower floors without success. Finally, while I was at lunch, Boothby hit upon precisely what was needed in the shape of a large wire nail about six inches long, the point of which he had carefully rounded off.

Well, there was the usual crowd in the X-ray room and approaching corridor, and much excitement when we let the nail slide by gravity into the central mechanism of smiling Lafourcode; for at no time did he have any pressure symptoms, and all of these procedures were of course without an anæsthetic. While the X-ray plate was being developed to see whether the nail and missile were in contact, who should drop in but Albert Kocher with a friend from Berne; and then shortly a card was sent in by Tom Perry's friend, Salomon Reinach of the French In-

stitute, author of the *History of Religions* and much else.

So all together we finally traipsed into the first-floor operating room, where Cutler mightily brings up the magnet and slowly we extract the nail — and — there was nothing on it! Suppressed sighs and groans. I tried again, very carefully — with the same result. More sighs, and people began to go out. A third time — nothing. By this time I began to grumble: 'Never saw anything of this kind pulled off with such a crowd. Hoodooed ourselves from the start. Should have had an X-ray made when the man first entered the hospital.' The usual thing, as when one begins to scold his golf ball.

I had taken off my gloves and put the nail down; but then — let's try just once more! So I slipped the brutal thing again down the track, $3\frac{1}{2}$ inches to the base of the brain, and once more Cutler gingerly swung the big magnet down and made contact. The current was switched on and as before we slowly drew out the nail — and there it was, the little fragment of rough steel hanging on to its tip!

Much emotion on all sides — especially on the part of A. Kocher and Salomon Reinach, both of whom could hardly bear it.

[Early in May, Dr. Cushing left Paris for Boulogne; and after a short visit with the British Medical Corps, to see on request the new 1000-bed hospitals in the Étapes-Camiers district, he crossed the Channel to England.]

Thursday, May 6

The Boulogne-Folkestone Packet was much less crowded than usual with furloughed officers, owing doubtless to the present activity at the front; still there was a goodly number, and also many Red Cross nurses, some Tommies, and several aviators.

It was warm; there was a sunny haze;

the Channel was almost unruffled, with not a living thing anywhere except some wild ducks, at which the officers pulled out their field glasses as they would not have bothered to do for a man-of-war. Convoyed? Dear me! There was not a vessel of any kind in sight until we neared Folkestone, where in addition to a destroyer there was a peculiar-looking lot of mammoth floats for about a half mile, said to be a submarine net. Rumor has it that most of the German submarines have been trapped [a rumor soon to be dispelled]. Doubtless there is a mine field too, for we took a devious course into the Folkestone harbor, running down the coast a little distance and then backing in.

We landed about 12.30, passing the officials without difficulty, though every paper was scrutinized and there was particular inquiry as to whether anyone was bringing in uncensored letters, which I trust did not include this journal. The Tommies, of course, were fed as usual at the station in a Red Cross booth, and I procured a tea basket and some papers and subsequently slept most of the way to London, where we arrived at three.

So different, France and England! In Paris everyone who has a distant excuse wears black; in London apparently a ban has been put on the exhibition of any signs of mourning.

Friday, May 7

London seems to all outward appearances no different from the London of ordinary times. People are leisurely and there are quantities of them in the streets. The men have time to shave and read the papers, the last page of which is full of racing and football, and they arrive at their places of business about 9.30 or 10 A.M. Disappointed is he who tries to get into a shop before that hour, as I have had occasion to learn. Then, too, there is abundant

time for tea in the afternoon. All this shows itself down the line, even to Tommy Atkins, who is clean-shaven (by regulation, I doubt not), whereas *Piou-Piou* — or, as he is now commonly called, *Poilu* ('shaggy' or 'hairy') — either does n't have time or just does n't.

Paris is empty and serious; London by ten wakes up to its customary crowded roar and is outwardly care-free.

To the American Line office for my tickets on the *St. Paul* tentatively reserved in Paris, followed by a series of calls and errands. Then lunch at the Automobile Club with Sir William and Walter Morley Fletcher, the physiologist. He is secretary of the National Research Committee and has been appointed, in conjunction with Osler and Adami, to make preparations for a Medical History of the War. A colossal undertaking it will be, unless records can be more carefully kept than seems possible under present circumstances in France. This they hope to rectify.

Fletcher has been looking into the psychopathic ('shell shock') cases, of which there must be many, — as I gathered from Pierre Janet to be true also in France, — men who have broken down nervously under the terrific strain of trench warfare and the frightful bombardments. One story he told of an officer who, following the near-by explosion of a shell which did not injure him, has now a completely changed personality. He is at a hospital somewhere in Wiltshire, I believe, and has had to be reëducated to read and write and speak; he now uses a Wiltshire dialect whereas he came from an educated class in another part of England. He has absolutely no recollection of a previous existence, but when put in an hypnotic state he is his former self in every respect and perfectly clear on all events up to

the moment of the explosion of the shell.

After some hurried shopping, I go at five to Brown's to see Mrs. Emmons, who has come up for an appointment made at Lady Osler's request. On my return, while making some purchases at a shop, an agitated bobby pokes his head in the door and loudly announces: 'They've got the *Lusitania*!'

There can be no doubt about it, for by the time I get back to Trafalgar Square sandwich men appear bearing the news — nothing more than the bare fact, however, and there is a huge crowd gathered before the Cunard Office with policemen holding them back.

'Wot'll they do next?' says my taxi man. 'When will England wake up?' say I. This may arouse them — and us!

A few hours later I stop again at the Cunard office. On the street there is the same gathering craning to read the bulletin boards, which give no additional news other than that some of the survivors are being taken to Queens-town and that lists will be published later. The office evidently will remain open all night; within is another crowd, with haggard, anxious, and tear-stained faces — waiting.

Saturday, May 8

There is little to be learned from the morning papers except the bare announcement — the *Lusitania* has been sunk. Boothby and I take the train from Euston at 10.30 and share a compartment with a lady who is traveling with a parrot in a huge cage; the bird tries vainly to sleep and can't. About three we pull into Liverpool and are packed, bird cage and all, into a bus and have a long rattly ride to some remote wharf far up the Mersey where lies the *St. Paul*, and there we find many people in trouble. . . . We and the parrot were almost at the end of the

long line of prospective passengers, all of whom, one by one, were obliged to produce passports properly viséed before they could go aboard.

None of the usual business of baskets of fruit and flowers and friends skylarking aboard, I can tell you. It was a serious matter. People enraged and trying to 'put it over' the consular officer until gently removed by a burly bobby who stood alongside — people in tears — or people simply stunned. One hysterical woman, whose papers were faulty, broke through and ran up the gangplank to the deck, where she was held by a couple of sailors until the policemen went aboard and started to pick her up bodily — they've had practice in England of late. At this point she became good, but we left her an hour later on the dock still protesting or wailing or fuming as the mood struck her.

Doubtless the *Lusitania* was a little on everyone's nerves. And doubtless, too, there had been a great many shifts of plans in the past twelve hours, both to go and not to go — and the 'to go's' had had scant time to get their papers in order.

Well, we finally left some fifty despairing people on the dock and pulled out into the stream. We were locked down the Mersey and there, at the last stage, pulled up alongside of the mammoth *Mauretania*, in gray and black as though in mourning for her sister whose dangerous place she now must take. Some hours late, we are at last moving out into the Irish Sea between long rows of floating red and white flash buoys which mew at us disconsolately.

We sat at dinner with the Gifford Pinchots, who have just been turned out of Belgium by the Germans. They and others are wearing inflatable waistcoats such as are being distributed in the Navy, I'm told. There was much indignant and wildly belligerent

talk in the smoking room afterward on the part of certain fire-eaters, of whom we seem to have a goodly sprinkling.

Sunday, May 9, 11 A.M.

The *St. Paul*, once a cruiser herself in the Spanish War, has been hitting it up very fast, so that we are off the Old Head of Kinsale an hour earlier than the passengers expected. It is a bright sunny day with just a little sea, and we have passed a destroyer or two, but nothing else.

Most of the passengers were at morning's service and I was writing here when Boothby looked in and said I had better come on the forward deck. This I did, but rather wish I had not. We were going through the *Lusitania* wreckage — had been, indeed, for the past half hour. Steamer chairs, oars, boxes, overturned boats — and bodies. As I came out we passed quite near a collapsible boat which was bottom side

up, with the body of a woman and a child floating alongside; they must evidently have been tied to it in some way, else with the easterly wind the boat would have drifted from them.

All told, I believe some fifteen bodies were counted, and this was only in our immediate lane; the wreckage must have been strewn for some twenty miles or more — we at least were passing through it for considerably over an hour. Once we veered off to get a nearer view of the only boat which was seen to be right side up; but the officers, all of whom were on the bridge scrutinizing everything with their glasses, appeared satisfied and we went back on our course.

That was about all. No, there was something else: a single little trawler a long way off on our port quarter, evidently patrolling for corpses — at a guinea each — on this sunny Sabbath morning.

(To be continued)

MY FRIEND THE JEW

BY VINCENT SHEEAN

I

EVEN those who have not beheld the spectacle of American university life as participants are well aware of its social character. As Hollywood has told the world in a large number of film stories, college life in the United States is a mixture of midnight parties, football games, mad drives in motor cars, and dire conspiracies in which somebody attempts to keep the halfback (or quarterback or whatnot) from winning the Big Game and the Best Girl. Coarse and crude as Hollywood's pictures of life are, they generally contain a sort of essential truth — a small grain of reality from which all the rest is developed. University people do roar with laughter at the Hollywood account of their lives, it is true; but the laughter is slightly uncomfortable, just the same.

The essential truth about the social life of the University of Chicago in 1916 was that of Hollywood's rawest and most vulgar 'college' film. It was, put without exaggeration, just this: that no collective activity of the undergraduates had anything to do with the purposes for which they were supposed to be in the University. Dances, parties, class elections, football games, fraternity goings-on, and a thousand little enterprises known en bloc as 'campus activities' took up by far the largest part of the ordinary undergraduate's time and certainly almost all of his mind.

Chicago was by no means the worst

American university in this respect; it was supposed, on the contrary, to be one of the best. An objection often urged against it by its detractors was that it lacked 'campus life.' Thank God it had no more 'campus life' than it did. Even with its heavy emphasis on graduate study, the University of Chicago could not prevent its undergraduates from being blatantly collegiate. An institution so vast, so fantastically rich, so solemnly devoted to the highest possible standards of scholarship and research, was partly inhabited by a couple of thousand young nincompoops whose ambition in life was to get into the right fraternity or club, go to the right parties, and get elected to something or other. I well remember when Professor Michelson received some distinguished honor. When the announcement was made, the undergraduate's comment was: 'Who is Michelson?' Some of us, lofty with knowledge, were able to answer that he was the father of a certain pretty girl. Aside from this we knew nothing at all about the great physicist who was one of the glories of the institution.

The business of 'campus activities' was taken much more seriously by the typical undergraduate than any subject offered for study. Freshmen were advised by their elders, and I remember many a solemn conclave in which fraternity upper-classmen debated whether X should be made to 'go out for the

Maroon' (that is, work for the college newspaper) or for 'the team' (football) or for 'class politics.' Fortunately I knew very well, from my first day in the place, that I wanted to work for the college newspaper; it was almost the only thing I did know, but it was the key to all the rest.

I 'went out for the *Maroon*' at the earliest possible moment after matriculation. This meant reporting, with an assortment of other ambitious freshmen, to the minute editorial offices of the paper in the University Press Building. That august personage, the Editor of the *Maroon*, addressed us from the heights of his seniority, and we were given various small jobs of writing to do.

The amount of work done in all such undergraduate enterprises appalls me now when I think of it. I was never particularly industrious, but at various times for the *Maroon*, and certainly for the Blackfriars, the dramatic club, I worked like blue fury. And since work of any sort is seldom altogether wasted, I do not regret it now. The *Maroon* taught me, at any rate, the formulas of writing for a newspaper; and the Blackfriars taught me to stop trying to write verse. One of the songs I wrote for a Blackfriars show was so bad that sometimes it still comes back at night to haunt me.

II

These organized 'campus activities,' with their elaborate elective hierarchies, were supplemented at Chicago by a social life of singular ferocity. The women undergraduates had a number of clubs to which all the 'nice' girls were supposed to belong. Four or five of these clubs were 'good' and the rest 'bad.' Their goodness and badness were absolute — past, present, and future — and not to be discussed. I suppose the 'good' clubs must have been organized earlier than the others,

and consequently all the prettiest and best-dressed girls who came to the University were marked from the first day for membership. The clubs had no houses or rooms of their own, but they maintained a rigid solidarity and succeeded in imposing on the undergraduate society a tone of intricate and overweening snobbery.

The men were organized, of course, into Greek-letter fraternities, each with a house for residence. Half a dozen of these were 'good' and the rest 'bad.' But their goodness and badness were not quite so irremediable, so merciless, as the similar qualifications among the women's clubs. This may be because the fraternities were national organizations, with chapters in all the American universities; and it was well known that the same fraternity might be 'good' at the University of California and 'bad' at Yale. The salutary effect of this consideration was supplemented by the fact that men, even in their first youth, do not seem to have the same high degree of social cruelty as women. Men often joined a fraternity because their brothers or fathers had belonged to it; because they had friends in it; because they liked somebody in it; or even because its house or its food or its heating system appealed to them.

Such homely and sensible reasons seldom weighed with the women. I believe all of them, true to the great tradition of American womanhood, took the very 'best' club to which they could possibly be elected. The logic of their behavior kept the structure of their club system rigid throughout my four years at the University, and I have no doubt that it is still unchanged. In that whole time I knew but one girl — the daughter of a celebrated historian — who deliberately turned down the three 'best' clubs in order to join the fourth best, to which a friend of hers belonged. I still re-

member what a flurry her independence caused in the dove-cotes of Foster Hall, where most of the young ladies of the social hierarchy lived.

All of this, which would sound like arrant nonsense to an Englishman or a Frenchman, is overwhelmingly important to the ordinary American undergraduate. The distinctions between the various clubs and fraternities are kept up in a million small ways, the most obvious of which is by dances and parties. A girl belonging to one of the two 'best' clubs would not dare invite to her club dance a man who did not belong to a good fraternity unless he was remarkably distinguished in some really consequential pursuit, such as football. The same was true of the men, to a lesser degree; they were encouraged by their elders in the fraternity to bring girls from the 'good' clubs to fraternity parties. The life of the world at large is snobbish enough, God knows, and the most mature men and women can do equally heartless things; but for the unashamed nakedness of its social cruelty the 'campus society' of an American university takes the cake. How much useless suffering its silly little conventions have brought upon sensitive youth frightens the adult imagination.

My own experience with the fraternity system was a weird one. It is in no way typical, but it does exhibit something of the cannibalistic character of fraternity affairs, and the intensity with which their importance is felt among the undergraduates.

III

I entered the University ignorant of even the names of the fraternities. Whatever I had heard, from a brother or cousin or friends in other universities, had been completely forgotten. On my first or second day I was asked to lunch at a fraternity house, and

went. On the next day I discovered that the godlike creature, the Editor of the *Maroon*, was a member of this very fraternity. When, on about the fourth day, I was asked to take the pledge, I accepted at once.

There followed what has since seemed to me a grand tragi-comic episode. I moved into the fraternity house, where I soon had, ready-made, all the friends I could possibly need for the course of the next four years. My roommate was a dour, dark, and silent freshman with a sharp native intelligence. He now makes vast sums of money writing novels about the wild and woolly West, but at that time he was much more concerned with such effete Eastern pursuits as French composition and English literature. There were a number of other brothers in the bond who are vivid in my memory: one became a celebrated football player and now coaches the new generation of heroes at Princeton; another was a lover of music, and taught me leading motives out of the Nibelungen Ring. Above them all, in a kind of hazy splendor like that which crowns a high mountain in the sun, dwelt the supreme god, A. B., the Editor of the *Maroon*. He was kind to me, suggested books to read, talked to me about the scraps of verse I used to write. Nobody I have seen since possessed quite his Olympian quality, and two or three kings, with a Pope and a President thrown in, could not possibly awe me now as he awed me then. In short, I was perfectly happy in that fraternity and led an existence for two or three months which — if prolonged for four years — might have made a great difference in many things.

Then, on the very day of our initiation into the fraternity, three months after taking the pledge, a girl asked me to cut my classes and take a long walk with her. She was a pretty girl, a freshman, whom I had met in the

office of the *Daily Maroon*, and with whom I was conducting a sort of shy and tentative flirtation. It was bitter cold that day; she was wrapped in furs and I decidedly was not; but we walked for many hours through the snowy streets, down to Jackson Park with its trees hung in ice, and out to the wintry lake. After we had been chattering about ordinary things for ten or fifteen minutes she suddenly opened up on me.

'I've been talking to various people around the *Maroon* about you,' she said with the frontal directness which is a disconcerting charm of American women. 'We all think you're a pretty good freshman. You might amount to something if you had any sense. I don't think you know what you're doing. I realize it's none of my business, but I've made up my mind to talk to you about it before it's too late.'

This meant nothing at all to me, and I said so.

'Oh, don't pretend that you don't understand,' she said. 'It's that fraternity. You can't possibly belong to it and make anything at all out of your college life. You'll be miserable in another year, when you know where you are. No girl will go out with you — no nice girl, that is. And you're barred from everything that makes college life what it is. Of course I know you're not Jewish, but everybody does n't realize that, and I think it's a terrible shame.'

In my entire life I had never heard a more surprising series of statements. To say that I was bewildered is putting it mildly.

'But what are you talking about, anyway?' I asked. 'Why on earth should anybody think I was Jewish?'

'Because you belong to a Jewish fraternity,' she said.

There ensued one of the most ludicrous, painful, silly, and melancholy conversations it would be possible to

imagine. In the course of it I made acquaintance with (a) the social system of the University of Chicago; (b) the Jewish problem; (c) the way of the world; and (d) my own colossal ignorance. Incredible though it seems to me now, I had never known a Jew in my life, and had no idea that there were so many of them growing there, under my eyes. I had only the most romantic and provincial notions about Jews — I thought of them as bearded old gentlemen with magic powers and vast stores of gold. Except for Rebecca in *Ivanhoe*, I had never made the acquaintance of a *young* Jew even in literature. I suppose I must have thought they had sprung full-grown into the Middle Ages and thence into the oblivion of Eastern Europe. At any rate, the fact is that I had never thought of the Jews as a possibility in the here and now — as my contemporaries in America, in Chicago. To Lucy, my pretty little girl friend, — a very wise little girl indeed, striding along in her muskrat coat, — I must have seemed a complete imbecile. At first she refused to believe that any of this was new to me.

'You're sixteen years old,' she scolded. 'You've got a fair amount of brains. My God, boy, do you mean to tell me you don't know a Jew when you see one? Look at them, idiot; look at them. They have noses, hair, eyes, features, mouths, all different from anybody else. Can you honestly tell me you don't know that — is a Jew?'

And then the melancholy catalogue began. One by one we ran through the list of every member of my fraternity. They were all, it seemed, Jews. So were half the freshmen, male and female, on the *Daily Maroon*. Lucy did not know all of them, by any means, and took pains to let me see that she would never want to know them; but their names alone were enough for her.

The last name — the one I dreaded

to pronounce — was that of the godlike senior, the Editor of the *Maroon*. And he, too, as Lucy proved by a merciless analysis of his name and appearance, was certainly Jewish.

After this I walked for a long time in silence. Lucy kept on talking, but I scarcely heard what she said. I was trying to realize that I had been living for nearly three months in a houseful of Jews and had never even known it. I was shocked, humiliated, and angry, not because my fraternity brothers were Jewish, but because I had not known about it. The shock would have been the same if they had all turned out to be Swedenborgians, or Spaniards, or vegetarians, or believers in the transmigration of souls. It made them a special caste, a marked and unvariable species, to which I could not possibly belong. To have failed to recognize a quality so singular was also a proof of abysmal ignorance on my part. I was naïve and provincial, of course, but I had never realized to what a degree. In the end I had recourse to that expedient which we all come to at one time or another — of refusing to believe the truth.

'Well, Lucy,' I said combatively, 'I don't believe a single thing you say, but let's just suppose for a minute that it's true. Then what? What's the difference? What possible harm can it do me to belong to a Jewish fraternity?'

She began a recital which — even then — horrified me. It horrifies me even more now, because I know that the state of affairs described was by no means peculiar to the University of Chicago or even to universities. The Jews, it seemed, could not possibly go to the 'nice' parties in college. They could not be elected to any class office, or to office in any club, or to any fraternity except the two they had themselves organized; they could not dance with whom they pleased or go out with the girls they wanted to go out

with; they could not even walk across the quadrangles with a 'nice' girl if she could possibly escape. And so on. The picture was painted with violence, but it was all quite true, as I was to learn before long. Hitler himself could not have invented a more savage and degrading system of anti-Semitism than that which had been worked out by those little monsters, the undergraduates. The system had been operating all around me from the day I came to college, and I had never seen it. As Lucy explained, my position was peculiar; I was a non-Jewish freshman pledged to a Jewish fraternity. My own brothers in the bond would naturally not explain these things to me, said she; and nobody else had the courage to do so.

It took another period of painful argument to convince me that these prejudices and restrictions existed. Having, for the moment, accepted them as true, I then asked why they should apply to me. Even a blind man could have had no trouble detecting that I was as Irish as Pat's pig. But Lucy, a wise and determined girl, was on the aggressive throughout the afternoon, conceding nothing; and before it was over she had nearly convinced me that I myself was regarded by my classmates as a Jew.

However much I may have disliked being taken for something I was not, this made no difference to me in the final decision. After hours of explaining, exhorting, and laying down the law, Lucy brought forth the suggestion to which all of this had been a preparation. It was that I should break my pledge to the fraternity, spend two or three months living in a dormitory (that is, a college hall), and then, in the spring, join one of the better Gentile fraternities.

I repudiated this notion with the greatest vehemence. What? Leave the place I liked best in the whole Uni-

versity? Abandon the friends I liked so much? Desert the roommate who was the only person I knew foolish enough, and amiable enough, to sit up arguing with me until two or three in the morning? Above all, forsake the precincts hallowed by the presence of that saint, that prince of the world, the Editor of the *Maroon*? Impossible!

And on that note the afternoon ended. We had walked from early afternoon until dark; we had ploughed through snow and shivered on the icy lake front; I had been more thoroughly upset than ever before in my sixteen years. Lucy entered the gates of Foster Hall without knowing whether her effort had been in vain, and I went on home to the fraternity house, which now seemed to have been invested, between luncheon and dinner, with strangeness and mystery.

IV

The rôle of Lucy in this affair was a most ungrateful one, and earned for her my bitter dislike. It was all I could do to make myself talk to her when we met in the campus quadrangle after that. She had plunged me, with conscious brutality, into a world of hatreds and meannesses which I might easily have escaped for another two or three years. And yet I suppose her intention was eminently friendly; she certainly took great pains to teach me the way of the world; and it was not her fault that I was such a sentimental and ignorant fool as to dislike that way even when I conformed to it. The whole business was of enormous consequence to a sixteen-year-old boy. It was a thoroughly unwelcome revelation; it showed ugliness, barbarity, and unfathomable meanness where everything had been serene before.

I can no longer discover in my memory, no matter how hard I search, just what was my idea of a Jew at that time

— exactly what I thought Jews were. It seems to me that the word had no significance at all, except the dubious significance given it in the historical romances I had spent my childhood reading. But the word must have set up some kind of reverberation in my mind, because I distinctly remember that all my friends began to seem a little mysterious to me the moment I knew they were Jewish.

The ideas that Jews are 'Oriental,' that they deal in dark magic, that they belong to an especially gifted and especially tragic race, are scattered so widely through all the literature of Christian Europe that I suppose one takes them in unconsciously, more or less as one absorbs air and moisture, without troubling to notice the process. It is this unconscious anti-Semitism that makes the problem so extraordinarily difficult, and encourages such desperate fabrications as the 'Aryan' doctrine in Germany. One is not knowingly anti-Jewish; one may never have spoken to a Jew or thought about the problem he presents; and yet the accumulated prejudices of two thousand years have so subtly and insensibly poisoned one's mind that it comes as a surprise to learn that a particular friend, an admired acquaintance, is a Jew. Again and again I have seen grown men embarrassed by this very thing. I can think of a certain distinguished person whose friends all fiercely assert that he is not Jewish, while his enemies and those who are indifferent declare that he is. If there did not exist, in the minds of the people who talk about such things, a remnant of the anti-Semitism of our forefathers, the question could never arise. We are all victims of chance bits of morality or prejudice scattered about in the literature of the centuries.

Such vague prejudices, absorbed before one knows what they are, vanish with the years. We learn in time that

fat men are not necessarily jolly, or thin ones unkind; that spaghetti and garlic and snails and other weird foreign foods, regarded in childhood with horror, are actually very good to eat. Along with such oddments of superstition, the origins of which we cannot always trace, there disappears the notion that the Jews are a particular sort of people, gifted in the black arts or banded together in sorcery; we learn that they do not greatly differ from anybody else. But to dispel any of these ancestral fancies, clinging like vague vapors in the mind, we require the light and air of experience. And it was precisely experience which was most conspicuously lacking in the equipment of the sixteen-year-old freshman who ploughed through the snow that night, going home, for the first time in his life, with a Problem.

V

'Lemmy,' I said, coming into my room, 'I've got to talk to you. Do you think that A. B. is Jewish?'

'Of course,' he said. 'What's the matter with you?'

I told him as much as I could of the afternoon's discoveries, but there was little time. The dinner bell was ringing and freshmen could not be late.

'It's all true enough,' he said. 'I've known it all the time. Have n't you?'

His glum face was glummer than ever; he frowned intently, scratched his close-cropped black head.

'After dinner,' he said, 'we can lock the door and talk it out. Let's eat.'

Lemmy completed the education Lucy had begun. After dinner, which was a nervous meal under the circumstances, we made for our room at once to 'study.' With the door locked, we sat there and talked in the quiet voices of conspirators. He had learned — from his father, probably — a great deal about the world we lived in. Our

fraternity, he told me, had been exclusively Jewish until the year before; in that year a national convention had voted to open its membership to Gentiles; and he and I were the first Gentiles to be taken in under these rules. I remember my feeling of relief when I learned that he, too, was a Gentile; at least one other freshman was in my own position.

'But why did n't somebody tell me?' I asked. 'That is what I can't understand. It seems to me that you or A. B. or somebody might have told me.'

Like Lucy a few hours earlier, Lemmy found my ignorance hard to believe. He said, patiently enough, that everybody knew these things; that the difference between Jews and Gentiles was as obvious as that between men and women, and that it would never occur to anybody to state it. He further corroborated everything Lucy had told me about the opprobrium, the ridicule, the complicated varieties of discrimination and prejudice, to which any Gentile who belonged to a Jewish fraternity must submit throughout four years in college. He had known all this when he was pledged, said he; and he had still taken the pledge because (in his humility) he supposed the 'bid' to join a fraternity to be a rare thing, and a Jewish fraternity to be better than none. He agreed that no house could be pleasanter than ours, no friends more satisfactory; but he was convinced that remaining in the fraternity meant accepting a kind of permanent ostracism from the life of the Gentile part of the undergraduate corps.

We agreed, in a high state of hysterical agitation, to do 'something.' But that something could not be long delayed. The informal initiation into the fraternity would take place in an hour; and the following day we were to take the solemn oaths of the formal initia-

tion, far more binding than those of matrimony. We were still in turmoil when the solemn knock on our door summoned us to the ordeal.

I went into the initiation in a state of nerves which might have made the simplest trial difficult for me; but fortunately it worked just the other way. No matter what the brothers might have done, I doubt if I should have cried out or betrayed a shred of my mortal terror. The only thing I can remember saying is a sudden and involuntary 'What's that?' when the brand of the fraternity's initial letter was put on my arm and I felt the searing of the flesh. That brand still remains, faint but quite clear, to remind me of the fantastic episode of which it was a part.

My initiation was short and easy; in five minutes it was all over and I heard A. B.'s kindly voice saying, 'All right, you can go back to your room.' Trembling with relief, I raced down the corridor to my own place and got into my clothes. Lemmy was already there, dressing. The house was perfectly quiet with our door closed, but occasionally the loud laughter of the upper-classmen came through from the continuing initiation. Lemmy sat on the edge of the bed and looked very glum.

'We can pack a bag,' he said, 'and go to Aurora after everybody is asleep. We'll have to jump out the window — that is, if you've made up your mind. You've got to make up your mind. If you want to do it, I'll stick to you.'

Breathlessly, like conspirators, we agreed on a plan. We both felt that it would be impossible to face the assembled brethren, headed by A. B., and tell them our decision. They could easily overwhelm us with arguments; and to-morrow, after the formal oaths of allegiance, it would be too late. So, at some time after midnight, with

all the precautions and terrors of an elopement, we dropped a bag out the window and jumped after it. From the narrow garden side of the house it was a quick scramble to the street, to a taxicab, to the train. We arrived in the middle of the night at the house of Lemmy's astonished parents in Aurora and remained there for the next two days. It was Lemmy, of course, who wrote to the fraternity to explain what we had done.

On the following afternoon, A. B. arrived to talk to us. I remember very vividly that painful interview, in which all the arguments were brought forth in their unrelieved ugliness. Lemmy and A. B. did most of the talking. I sat in a corner, miserable and silent. In the end A. B. said that, since our decision was not to be changed, he would accept it, and that it would make no difference to either of us on the *Daily Maroon*. In a state of suicidal gloom, all three of us then returned on the afternoon train to Chicago and the University.

A. B. seemed to me, and still seems to me, the most admirable person I knew in Chicago. He could not have been more than twenty, but he was invested, in my eyes at least, with the wisdom of the ages. He had apparently founded great hopes for the fraternity on both of us, and our desertion was a blow to him. He had a sense of justice; he could see that there was something to be said on our side, and, having accepted the monstrous situation, he made the best of it. During the rest of the year, when all the other brothers in the bond cut us dead in the street, A. B. seemed to be very little changed. And in the spring, when the freshmen were weeded out for the next step in the *Daily Maroon's* hierarchy, it was A. B. who made me Night Editor for the following year. There may have been other fraternity men with enough maturity of mind to rise above the

system, but I never knew one. A. B. was unique in my generation.

The next three months were, for Lemmy and me, a taste of thorough-going ostracism from the normal 'campus.' We were, for the winter term, 'barbs' — that is, 'barbarians,' since 'all who are not Greeks are barbarians.' But we were in far worse position than other 'barbs,' because they, for the most part, cared little or nothing about the ordinary undergraduates, led their own lives, and had their own friends. We had none.

VI

It is a curious fact, which may or may not prove anything, that almost every man or woman of my generation at the University who has since made any impression at all on the world was a 'barb.' Some of them, like John Gunther, were barbarians from choice and on principle; others, like Glenway Wescott and Elizabeth Madox Roberts, were so sharply different from the ordinary undergraduates that the fraternities and clubs would have been afraid of them. Glenway Wescott frightened most of his classmates by his waving yellow hair and his floating black cape and his weirdly literary manner of speech. Elizabeth Roberts, austere and diligent, serious with a terrifying concentration, never showed the slightest interest in the frivolities of the ordinary undergraduates. These and other 'queer ones' came to be almost my only acquaintances in the University during that term of ostracism from the gayeties of the campus; they were (God save us all!) the 'Poetry Club.'

The Poetry Club had been formed early in the winter of my freshman year by Robert Morss Lovett and other professorial advocates of an intellectual life for undergraduates. It had started as a prize competition for student

poetry. I had sent in two bits of verse, neither of them much good, and had thereafter concealed my temerity from everybody, even from A. B. The prize was awarded to a senior whose name I forget, a medical student; but it was explained in the *Daily Maroon* that this had required two ballots, since on the first it was found that three undergraduates had tied for first place. The three were the aforesaid medical student, Glenway Wescott, and myself. The medical student got the twenty-five dollars and we got the Poetry Club.

There were only six members of the Poetry Club when it was founded, I believe. It has since amused me to reflect that all of the six afterward earned their livings in one way or the other by their imaginations. Two of them became successful novelists, Elizabeth Roberts and Glenway Wescott; one, Yvor Winters (he used to be Arthur Winters), is one of the Santa Fe poets; one is the editor of a paper which gives racing tips in New York; one is a doctor; one — myself — a tramp journalist.

We used to meet solemnly in little padded drawing-rooms in Ida Noyes Hall and discuss the productions of our colleagues. I never liked my own verse well enough to read it aloud, but I remember that Glenway always had a sheaf of immortal poetry somewhere about him, which he was ready to read out at the drop of a hat. His poetry was exceedingly 'modern,' without rhyme or metre or capital letters or punctuation, and very often (to my untutored ear) without sense, either. But I was conscious enough of my shortcomings to realize that this was probably my fault, not his; and I sat through many a long reading of which I could make neither head nor tail. Glenway's voice and accent were extraordinary, such a mixture of Oxford English and Chicago preciosity as made me wonder where on

earth he came from. It was almost impossible to believe the truth, that he had leaped into the University straight from the wilds of a Wisconsin farm.

The solemnity of these gatherings at the Poetry Club would have stunned T. S. Eliot himself. It was sometimes extremely difficult for me to keep from snickering, particularly when the young poets were carried away by the excitement of reading their own productions. More than once Jeans, the president, had to reprove me for undue levity in comment. I still think the whole thing was funny, but not perhaps so uproariously funny as it seemed to me at sixteen. The whole fraternity-and-campus-collegiate side of me crinkled with hostile and unreasoning laughter at the sight of Glenway declaiming his impassioned verses, his yellow mane thrown back and his childish face uplifted. His subsequent development into a sincere and sensitive artist would have seemed incredible to me then, if

anybody had been so rash as to predict it.

The barbarians, the grinds, and the highbrows undoubtedly learned a great deal more in the University than I did. Scornful of the whole 'campus life' which preoccupied the rest of us, they grew into intellectual maturity more rapidly than their fellows, and I am certain that their interest in general ideas was aroused long before most of us knew what an idea was. They knew nothing of fraternities or clubs, went to no 'parties,' ignored the existence of football. It might have been a good thing if I had remained one of them. But I was afflicted by a dichotomy which has never left me: I could not avoid trying to make the best of two worlds. The term of ostracism to which Lemmy and I had been submitted by inter-fraternity rules came to an end in the spring, and I soon forgot all about the Poetry Club in the excitement of readmission to the other, the average, world of the undergraduates.

GOVERNMENT BY TERROR

BY WILLIAM HENRY CHAMBERLIN

I

WHEN Lady Astor, in company with Bernard Shaw and Lord Lothian, met Stalin in the summer of 1931, she blurted out the unconventional question: 'How long are you going to continue killing people?' And Stalin, possibly taken a little off his guard, shot back the retort: 'As long as it is necessary.'

Here one has in a nutshell the philosophy of the terrorism which has always been an integral part of the Communist dictatorship. The right of the rulers to decide how long it may be necessary to go on killing people is absolute and unquestioned. The right of the individual to live does not weigh in the balance. And the absence of *habeas corpus* in Soviet jurisprudence has often led to the application of a sterner substitute: *habeas cadaver*.

The degree of Soviet terrorism has always varied with time and circumstances. One of its fiercest outbursts was in the late summer and early autumn of 1918, when the military situation was critical and an attempt had been made on the life of Lenin. According to official reports, which certainly did not err on the side of exaggeration, the numbers of people who were rounded up and shot at this time ran into thousands. Another major example of 'Red Terror' occurred in the Crimea in the winter of 1920-1921, after the defeat of the last White leader, Baron Wrangel. The

former President of the Hungarian Soviet Republic, Bela Kun, and a fanatical veteran woman Communist, Zemlyachka, were sent to the Crimea with sweeping powers to root out counter-revolution; under their orders there was a wholesale slaughter of former White officers and individuals of all classes who were suspected of having been in any way connected with Wrangel's régime.

As against these high points of terror, there were times when the Soviet régime during the civil war was relatively mild, when spokesmen for opposition parties were given a very limited freedom of speech and press, something which was not permitted after the end of the civil war. At one moment, in the winter of 1919-1920, when the victory over the chief anti-Bolshevik leaders, Kolchak and Denikin, was virtually complete, the Soviet Government even made the striking gesture of abolishing the death penalty, a step which proved extremely short-lived, if, indeed, it ever went into practical effect. In the same way there have been considerable variations in the intensity of terrorism in more recent years. From 1922 until 1928, when life was, on the whole, becoming easier and more comfortable, there was a substantial relaxation in the pressure which the Gay-Pay-Oo, as the grim Cheka of the civil-war period had been renamed, exercised on the population.

Judged by any Western standards, the processes of law and justice even in those years were decidedly abnormal; exile without open trial was frequent, and executions by administrative order occurred from time to time.

But during the Iron Age, from 1929 until 1934, the scope of terrorism immensely expanded. Some of its hardest blows were struck at the peasantry, much the largest class in the population, which had been comparatively free from the attentions of the Gay-Pay-Oo during earlier years. During the autumn and winter of 1929, when the initial drive for collectivization was at its height, two foreigners who made separate and independent studies of the Soviet provincial press reached the conclusion that daily executions over a period of some months averaged from twenty to thirty. Most of the victims were recalcitrant peasants who were accused of resisting grain requisitions, and there was a fair sprinkling of priests among those who were shot.

In the autumn of 1930 even the jaded nerves of Russians were somewhat shocked by the announcement that forty-eight persons, including some distinguished professors and specialists, had been shot by summary order of the Gay-Pay-Oo for alleged sabotage in the food industry. Alleged confessions of the victims, which they were obviously in no position to challenge and repudiate, were published after the shootings had taken place. In the spring of 1933 there was another wholesale slaughter; thirty-five officials of the Commissariat for Agriculture were put to death, again without public trial. The posthumous bill of indictment against them contained such strange items as 'causing the growth of weeds and burning and destroying tractors and other agricultural machines.' Inspired rumors were put about that one of the persons executed, Konar-Polishchuk, had been head of an espionage

organization which was working on behalf of Poland. Whatever may have been the degree of truth in this, some of the men who were executed, such as the former Vice Commissar for Agriculture, Wolf, had been engaged for many years in responsible posts in the Soviet agricultural service; their motives for lapsing into crude and clumsy forms of sabotage, which were certain to be detected and to bring condign punishment, like the motives of the unfortunate professors and experts of the food industry, remain, to put it mildly, difficult to comprehend.

II

Before 1930 the forced labor of prisoners and exiles was of slight importance in Soviet economic life; since the first huge wave of kulak liquidation the timber industry and many of the construction projects have depended very largely for their labor supply on the victims of the government's ruthless measures of repression. Most of these conscript laborers are peasants who opposed collectivization; but the terror has also taken a heavy toll of the city intelligentsia. Engineers, agronomes, historians, bacteriologists, statisticians, art experts, men of the most varied intellectual pursuits, have been arrested, usually on the vague and formidable charge of sabotage. Some have been executed; others have been sent to chop wood in the forced-labor camps; still others have been put back to work at their professions, but in the technical status of prisoners, in new construction enterprises where unfavorable food and housing conditions made it difficult to attract professional men voluntarily.

The secrecy with which Soviet terrorism is cloaked, the fact that many executions and the great majority of sentences of imprisonment and exile are carried out without any publicity,

make it impossible to give precise data as to its scope. The very size of the country also makes it easier to conceal acts of repression than it would be in a smaller land with better communications.

A resident in Moscow, Russian or foreigner, would in many cases only learn by accident, if indeed he learned at all, of such episodes of 'class war' as the death from hunger of many exiled peasant children in remote Luza, in Northern Russia, in the summer of 1931; or the widespread scurvy among the forced laborers in the Karaganda coal mines, in Kazakstan, as a result of inadequate diet; or the perishing of cold of kulak families which were driven out of their homes in winter near Akmolinsk, in Kazakstan; or the development of diseases of the female organs among the women exiles in bleak Khibinogorsk, beyond the Arctic Circle, as a result of the complete absence of sanitary provisions in the severe winter.

It is only very infrequently that an official statement indirectly casts some light on the scope of the Soviet terror. In August 1933, it was announced in the Soviet press that over 12,000 prisoners employed in the construction of the canal which links the Baltic Sea with the White Sea (an extensive chain of lakes and rivers has been utilized in this connection) had received a complete amnesty, and that over 59,000 more had received reductions of sentence, in celebration of the speedy completion of the canal. If one considers that there were probably tens of thousands more prisoners on this enterprise who did not benefit by the amnesty and the reduction of the sentences, it would seem that the number of prisoners on this single enterprise would easily exceed the total number of political prisoners in all the countries of Europe, and this at a time when many countries are under dictatorships

which employ ruthless methods with political opponents.

The Baltic-White Sea Canal accounts for only a small fraction of the political prisoners and exiles of the Soviet Union. I could testify from personal observation that tens of thousands of such prisoners, mostly exiled peasants who had been guilty of no criminal offense, were employed at compulsory labor in such places as Magnitogorsk, Cheliabinsk, Berezniki. I was reliably informed on one occasion, from a source that must remain anonymous, that there were about three hundred thousand prisoners in concentration camps in Siberia alone. The number of persons in prison and exile fluctuates from time to time as some people finish their terms and others are sent out; but the total number of Soviet citizens who, during the Iron Age, have been deprived of liberty without anything that could plausibly be called 'due process of law' can scarcely be less than two million.

III

In the centre of Moscow, on the former Lubyanka Square (now called Dzerzhinsky Square, in honor of the fanatically idealistic and devoted Polish Bolshevik who founded the Cheka), is a tall gray building. If one looks closely enough one can distinguish near the top a bit of sculpture depicting the Parcae, the Fates, cutting short the threads of human life. There is grim and profound symbolism in this pre-war decoration, for the building houses the headquarters of the Gay-Pay-Oo, to use the familiar Russian abbreviation for its full official title, United State Political Administration; and no single organization in the world, it is safe to say, bears the responsibility for cutting short so many human lives as the Gay-Pay-Oo, which is simply the old Cheka, dreaded instrument of

Red Terror during the civil war, under another name.

The Gay-Pay-Oo annually celebrates the anniversary of its organization in December 1917. On such occasions it is habitually referred to in laudatory speeches as 'the unsheathed sword of the proletarian dictatorship.' It certainly is the incarnation of the terroristic side of Soviet administration. For the Gay-Pay-Oo, during the Iron Age, has been quite above the restraints, scanty though these are, which Soviet law places on the operations of the ordinary courts. Every Soviet citizen, except a few highly placed Communists, has been at its mercy. It has repeatedly made use of its extraordinary power of shooting whom it might choose after a 'trial' *in camera*, where it performed the triple function of accuser, judge, and executioner. The Gay-Pay-Oo may arrest anyone and hold him for an indefinite period of time without bringing any accusation. It can subject anyone, without the sentence of an open court, to several degrees of administrative banishment, ranging from the relatively mild 'minus six,' a prohibition to live in Moscow, Leningrad, and four other important cities, to imprisonment at hard labor for a period up to ten years in a concentration camp in the Arctic wilds.

The Gay-Pay-Oo at times has almost shown signs of becoming a state within a state, although the present tendency is to clip its wings slightly. It has its own army in the shape of a number of crack regiments, which correspond to the Guards Regiments of the Tsar in their supposed special reliability and in the care and attention which they receive. It has under its command more serfs than the richest mediæval Russian boyar, in the persons of the involuntary laborers who are herded in its concentration camps. Its officials ride around in the shiniest and newest automobiles

and generally live in a style which betokens their power. Whoever else may go cold or hungry in the Soviet Union, the Gay-Pay-Oo official and his family are always well provided for. A post in the Gay-Pay-Oo is the ambition of every Soviet young man who wishes to make a successful career and is not encumbered by 'bourgeois' humanitarian scruples.

The saying, 'All hope abandon, ye who enter here,' must have occurred to many who have been rounded up in the familiar nocturnal raids of the Gay-Pay-Oo, for this organization has much more than power of life and death over its victims. Under the peculiar Soviet juridical practices it is also in a position to bring the strongest kind of pressure on its victims by threats directed not only against them, but also against members of their families.

On this point we have the interesting testimony of the wife of Professor Tchernavin, a distinguished scientist who was arrested on the familiar charge of sabotage and was fortunate enough to escape from the Soviet Union, with his wife and son, in 1931. 'I learned afterwards,' she writes, in describing her own arrest, 'that the examining officer had confronted him with the dilemma of either signing the statement that he was a "wrecker" or of being the cause of my arrest. . . . After my arrest my husband was presented with another alternative: either he must confess his "guilt" or he would be shot, I would get ten years penal servitude and our son be sent to a colony for homeless children.' This is a useful bit of first-hand testimony to remember in considering the psychological background for the curious sabotage trials which have been such a characteristic feature of the Iron Age.

Professor Tchernavin's experience closely coincides with an instance of

Gay-Pay-Oo methods with which I happen to be personally acquainted. For obvious reasons names must be withheld. A man who was fairly well known in some circles abroad had made himself obnoxious to the Gay-Pay-Oo by his intercession with other Soviet authorities on behalf of political prisoners. It was considered inexpedient to arrest him on account of his age and because his arrest would have attracted attention abroad. So it was intimated to him that if he did not abandon his intercession his son would be banished.

It is difficult to estimate how many people have been secretly put to death during recent years. I may cite two typical cases within a limited circle of personal acquaintances. Julius Rozinsky was formerly an employee in the service of the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs. In the autumn of 1929 his father-in-law, an elderly man who had been refused permission to join his family in Riga, made an attempt to cross the frontier illegally and was caught. Shortly after this, Rozinsky himself was arrested; and in the spring of 1930 the old man whose crime was his desire to join his family, and Rozinsky, who may have been suspected of knowing of the plan without reporting it to the authorities, were both shot without publicity and without any kind of open trial.

It is noteworthy that Rozinsky was a man of distinctly Communist sympathies, the best proof of which was that he had frequently been assigned as an interpreter to sympathetic radical visitors. If he encountered such summary treatment it is easy to imagine what kind of 'justice' an omnipotent Gay-Pay-Oo tribunal would mete out to anyone who, by very class origin, was guilty in advance — a priest or a well-to-do peasant, a professor or engineer of the old school, for instance.

The other victim of secret execution

was a certain Sergei Treivas, who, as secretary of Voks, the Society for Cultural Relations with Foreign Countries, was in the habit of showing off the achievements of Soviet culture to admiring visitors. His fate was perhaps a realistic commentary on his glowing expositions.

When one distinguished scientist after another disappeared into the clutches of the Gay-Pay-Oo, the familiar official explanation was that they had been guilty of that extremely elastic crime known as sabotage. Toward the end of 1930, eight professors and engineers were brought to a public trial on a formidable bill of indictment which charged them with deliberately misplanning and mismanaging industrial enterprises which were under their charge, maintaining connections with French and British military authorities with a view to promoting intervention and the armed overthrow of the Soviet Government, and organizing a so-called Industrial Party, which was to set up a military dictatorship after the Soviet Government was overthrown. The defendants all obediently confessed practically everything that was laid to their charge, professed edifying repentance, and got off with their lives. So they were luckier than their predecessors, the alleged *saboteurs* of the food industry, who were shot without benefit of public trial.

Unfortunately for the convincingness of this spectacle-trial, which was most brilliantly staged to make a proletarian holiday, — the courtroom filled with loud speakers and flashlights, the papers full of resolutions from all sorts of bodies, from the members of the Moscow bar to Young Pioneer school children, all demanding the shooting of the prisoners, the Young Communist son of one of the defendants duly demanding the death of his father, — the head of the alleged

Industrial Party, Professor Ramzin, included in his confession some items which were obviously and even absurdly untrue. If there had been one free opposition newspaper in Russia, the trial would probably have broken down amid gales of general laughter on the day when Ramzin's 'confession' was published. For the man who was mentioned as the destined Premier of the counter-revolutionary government which the self-confessed plotters were proposing to set up was one P. P. Ryabushinsky, a well-known pre-war Russian industrialist. And P. P. Ryabushinsky had died in Paris several years before. A 'conspiracy' of which the prospective chief was a dead man would seem to be a more suitable subject for a comic paper than for a serious trial, especially as another of the 'proposed Ministers,' Vishnegradsky, was also no longer among the living.

Other sweeping arrests, which were not followed by open trials, occurred among historians, bacteriologists, and other classes of scientists. Among the large number of historical scholars who were arrested were men of international reputation, including four members of the Academy of Science — Professors Platonov, Tarle, Likhachev, and Lubavsky. Most of the historians were middle-aged and elderly men; Platonov and one of the others implicated in this affair died in exile; two suffered mental breakdowns as a result of the rigors of confinement, interrogation, and exile. In the absence of any official explanation of this wholesale arrest of Russia's historical scholars, which affected scores of people, one can only repeat the rumor that Platonov, while abroad, had met his former pupil, the Grand Duke Andrew. If this really occurred, it was a highly indiscreet action on the part of Platonov, although it is not altogether clear how a talk between a venerable professor and a forgotten

scion of the Romanov family could have greatly endangered the stability of the Soviet state. But the penalty for Platonov's supposed action fell not only on him, but on many of his friends, associates, and pupils, who had no responsibility for the meeting and knew nothing about it.

It would require an entire book to give an adequately detailed picture of Soviet repression during the Iron Age. The cases that have been cited, however, convey some idea of the state of absolute terror which was created for considerable classes of the population: the old intelligentsia, any peasants who could be suspected of being well-to-do, and, of course, the pariah caste of the *lishentsi*, or disfranchised ex-aristocrats, former merchants and traders, pre-war officers and Tsarist officials, and so forth.

IV

Every historical period of terrorism has, of course, its definite causes. Not all the victims of the Gay-Pay-Oo can be regarded as innocent, although the utter defenselessness of the individual against the omnipotent state does make it conceivable, and in some cases even probable, that a man who was innocent, or guilty of some trivial offense, might accuse himself falsely if this were the price of life for himself and of security for his family.

There is foreign espionage in Russia, just as there is Soviet espionage in other countries; and here and there the Gay-Pay-Oo has doubtless caught real spies along with imaginary ones. Cases of corruption and slackness in industrial administration also undoubtedly occurred. Some Soviet citizens, on the rare occasions when they could travel abroad, probably yielded to the temptation — humanly understandable, although quite inexcusable considering the risk to which this exposed them, their families, and their friends — to

indulge in surreptitious meetings with old friends among the émigrés. In view of the far-flung network of Gay-Pay-Oo espionage abroad as well as in the Soviet Union, such meetings were almost certain to be discovered, with the most disastrous consequences for the Soviet citizens concerned.

In very infrequent cases an engineer or technical expert might have been so desperately embittered against the Soviet régime that he indulged in deliberate sabotage in the enterprise where he was employed. But, with the knowledge that the penalty for sabotage was death or a long term of exile at hard labor, it taxes one's credulity to believe that many of the proverbially soft Russian middle-class intelligentsia possessed either sufficient fanaticism or sufficient nerve to resort to it.

Of course, if skepticism regarding the advisability of Soviet industrial and agricultural policies and discontent with material hardship could be regarded as sabotage, a very large part of the pre-war educated class was undoubtedly guilty of this offense. But this was something very different from the actual damaging or wrecking of plants and machinery.¹

One can only understand the sweeping arrests for sabotage, often on what seem fantastically improbable charges, if one bears in mind the white heat of fanaticism which the Communist lead-

ers whipped up among the masses, and to some extent also among themselves, in connection with the fulfillment of the five-year plan. When plans went awry, when deprivations, instead of disappearing, became more severe, when promised improvements in food supply did not materialize, the subconscious temptation to seek scapegoats became almost irresistible. And who were more natural scapegoats than intellectuals of the old school who were out of sympathy with the new order anyway? Nero, one feels, could have understood the reality behind many Soviet sabotage trials and arrests. His effort to cast the blame for the burning of Rome on the Christians is one of the first 'sabotage trials' recorded in history; and the Christians, it must be said, had imprudently furnished circumstantial evidence to Nero's Gay-Pay-Oo by indulging in dark prophecies about the approaching end of the world.

The effect of the huge Gay-Pay-Oo system, with its army of spies and provocators, on Russian daily life is formidable and prodigious. Anecdotes abound on the theme that, where three Russians meet, one is certain to be an agent of the Gay-Pay-Oo. No doubt the omniscience of this organization is exaggerated; but the terror which it strikes is real and ever-present and is by no means confined, as its apologists would like to suggest, to incorrigible enemies and critics of the Soviet régime. I have seen a plain-clothes agent take a man off a train for talking too freely, and the flow of critical conversation in queues is substantially checked by the general belief that the eyes and ears of the Gay-Pay-Oo are everywhere.

My chief personal grievance against the Gay-Pay-Oo is the number of friendships with educated Russians which its system has cut short or made impossible. Many Russians would as

¹ An incident reported in *Izvestia* late in 1930 showed on what curious material a charge of sabotage could be based. A certain Professor Tushnov, in an institute in Kazan, was accused of saying that every scientific student abroad had his own microscope and other equipment, a situation which does not exist in the Soviet Union, and of adding that 'some who come to study in the Soviet Union cannot even handle an oil stove.' The Kazan proletarian students promptly accused the Professor of 'ideological sabotage,' and *Izvestia* solemnly characterized Tushnov's statement as being 'direct solidarity with those who, in the name of saving capitalism and its "culture," strive to destroy the sole proletarian state in the world.' — AUTHOR

readily spend an evening with a man in an advanced stage of typhus as with a foreigner; and one certainly cannot blame them if one bears in mind the all-pervading espionage and the amazing imagination of Gay-Pay-Oo examiners in making up accusations of bribery, spying, and what not on the basis of the most harmless social contacts between Russians and foreigners. I know of one case where a Russian was arrested and held in prison for months because a servant (in the households of foreigners, servants are very apt to be willing or unwilling spies) had overheard and misunderstood some fragments of conversation in which he had been advising a foreigner about walking trips on the famous Caucasian Military Roads. The Russian was suspected of betraying secrets about military roads.

On one occasion I had invited to my house two Communist Party members, whom I shall call A and B. The latter arrived late, and asked whether there were any other guests. When he heard that A was there he turned pale, mumbled an unconvincing excuse, and bolted away with a speed that would have been amusing if it had not been pathetic. I cannot say whether there was any foundation for B's apprehensions about being seen by A in the home of a foreigner; that the apprehensions existed was unmistakable.

V

An amusing official confirmation of the close surveillance under which foreign residents of the Soviet Union are kept was supplied to a foreign correspondent in the course of an argument with an official in the Commissariat for Foreign Affairs. The official was reproaching the correspondent for alleged remarks in private conversation which the correspondent denied having made. Finally, losing patience and discretion at the same moment, the

official pointed to a thick *dossier* which lay on a shelf and triumphantly exclaimed: 'Everything is reported. *Everything* is reported.' This is the ideal of the Gay-Pay-Oo for foreigners and Russians alike. Unfortunately, as is bound to be the case under such a universal espionage system, while much is reported, much more is certainly misreported.

There is a sharp line of administrative demarcation between what the Gay-Pay-Oo is permitted to do to foreigners and what it habitually does to Russians. It is one of the many amusing inconsistencies of Russian life that while the Soviet Government, in principle, is strongly opposed to any form of extraterritorial privileges, it actually concedes, in fact if not in name, an extraterritorial status to foreigners resident in the country. A foreigner in Moscow may with impunity say and do many things which would place a Russian in a concentration camp. Occasionally the line is overstepped, as when the Soviet Government in 1924 caused the arrest, trial, and conviction — on highly improbable charges, including participation in a plot to murder Stalin and Trotzky — of three German students, Kindermann, Wolscht, and Von Ditmar. The students were released when a Soviet revolutionary agent named Skobelevsky, who had been sentenced to death for organizing a terrorist group among German Communists, was released by the German authorities. A German engineer and two mechanics were brought to trial in the Shachti sabotage case; and, although they were acquitted, the circumstances of their arrest and investigation created a considerable temporary coolness between the Soviet Union and Germany.

More recently, in the spring of 1933, the Gay-Pay-Oo endeavored to cast six British engineers in the employ of the Metro-Vickers Company for the

familiar rôle of villains in a sabotage trial; and still more recently there were a number of mysterious arrests among foreigners in the service of the International Control Company, an organization which had been functioning in the Soviet Union for a number of years, certifying the quality of grain and other cargoes which were dispatched from Soviet ports. Citizens of Belgium, Denmark, Germany, and Austria were arrested in this case, held for many weeks, and finally let go and expelled from the country without being brought to trial.

Such cases of arresting foreigners on political and economic grounds are rare, however; they involve too many disagreeable diplomatic consequences. Normally the Gay-Pay-Oo, so far as foreigners are concerned, confines itself to such harmless activities as opening and reading their letters, keeping voluminous records of their associates, personal habits, and political views, and plying with spies and provocators those who are regarded as more important. When a new journalist or man of affairs applies for an entrance visa, the Gay-Pay-Oo scans his record closely, apparently oblivious of the fact that people's original views, favorable or unfavorable, often change very much after a period of residence in the Soviet Union. There have been so many disillusioned liberals and radicals that I have sometimes wondered whether the Soviet Government, if it must control admission to the country so strictly, would not be better advised to grant entrance visas only to hardened conservatives, who would come without great expectations and presumably leave without pained disillusionment.

VI

Early in 1934 there were persistent rumors that the Gay-Pay-Oo would be reorganized as a Commissariat for In-

ternal Affairs and stripped of some of its more sweeping powers, such as that of executing persons without open trial.² A number of circumstances make some sort of reorganization of 'the unsheathed sword of the proletarian dictatorship' not improbable. First of all, the internal situation definitely eased as a result of the favorable harvest of 1933, which has convinced the Soviet leaders that the worst of the agrarian crisis is over. The improvement in the Soviet international situation, reflected in America's recognition and in the more cordial relations with France, also furnishes a motive for improving the international reputation of the Soviet régime by curbing its terrorist arm of administration. As far back as 1931, Stalin publicly stated that it was

² These rumors were officially confirmed in a newspaper dispatch from Moscow dated July 10. According to the dispatch, the Gay-Pay-Oo was replaced as an institution by the Commissariat for Internal Affairs by a Soviet decree of July 10, 1934. Inasmuch as the new Commissar for Internal Affairs is Yagoda, former acting head of the Gay-Pay-Oo, and his two assistants were prominent figures in the Gay-Pay-Oo, it seems reasonable to assume that the Commissariat for Internal Affairs, in methods and personnel, will be very similar to the Gay-Pay-Oo, just as the latter organization, when it was created in 1922, took over to a large extent the working apparatus of its predecessor, the Cheka, or Extraordinary Commission for Combating Counter-Revolution.

The most important change indicated in the new decree is that the Commissariat for Internal Affairs, unlike the Gay-Pay-Oo, will not be able to pass summary death sentences. This right is reserved for the ordinary and special courts. It may be recalled that a similar change was announced when the Cheka was renamed as the Gay-Pay-Oo; but the abstention from inflicting summary death sentences was very brief. It remains to be seen whether the Commissariat for Internal Affairs, unlike the Gay-Pay-Oo, will remain within the limitation which the decree imposes upon it. The Commissariat for Internal Affairs retains the right to inflict the penalty of exile at hard labor up to a term of five years without trial before a public court. It also retains the management of the numerous large forced-labor camps which have grown up in Russia during the last few years. — AUTHOR

time to cease regarding every old engineer as an uncaught criminal; and privately the Soviet leaders can scarcely fail to recognize that the virtually uncontrolled hand which the Gay-Pay-Oo has enjoyed in arresting and banishing alleged *saboteurs* has had a demoralizing effect upon the class of old technical experts on which the success of Soviet industrial projects still depends to a very considerable degree. Finally, too great independent authority for the Gay-Pay-Oo is not consistent with the position of absolute domination which Stalin has built up for himself in the Soviet and Party machine of government.

As I pointed out at the beginning of this article, Soviet terrorism has gone through successive phases of relaxation and intensification in the past; and a milder period may be in store for the immediate future. It would be a grave mistake, however, to associate the ruthlessness of the Soviet régime exclusively with the Gay-Pay-Oo, or to assume that a renaming and reorganization of the latter will mean an end of ruthlessness, although it doubtless will herald a period of somewhat greater formal legality and administrative mildness. Some of the fiercest measures of recent years — the law authorizing the liquidation of the kulaks as a class, the law of August 7, 1933, which permits the application of the death penalty for *any* theft of state property (a definition which, under Soviet conditions, covers almost all property), the mass deportations from Kuban villages in the winter of 1932–1933, the decision to let the famine take its course in the winter and spring of 1932–1933 — were acts of the general Party leadership, for which the Gay-Pay-Oo bears no special responsibility.

A final and complete abandonment of terrorism as an instrument of government will only come when the

grimly pragmatic philosophy which assumes that the individual has no rights which the state is bound to respect is discarded. So long as that philosophy prevails, one may expect a continuance of executions for crimes which would not be regarded as capital offenses in Western countries — hoarding silver coins, for instance, or stealing grain from a collective farm field, or negligence leading to wrecks and accidents.

The Soviet Government is proud, with some reason, of the modern humanitarian methods which it has introduced in dealing with common criminals and in reclaiming street waifs and prostitutes.³ But it clings to an idea which even the least progressive penologists in other countries have discarded for many generations: that the application of the death penalty for a most varied list of offenses has a permanently wholesome reformatory effect.

A new proof that terrorism remains an essential element in Soviet administration was furnished by a law prescribing penalties for treason which was promulgated on June 8, 1934. This law makes the death penalty manda-

³ As a general rule there is an effort in Soviet prisons and prison labor camps to avoid affixing a stigma of inferiority on the criminal through the requirement of wearing a special uniform. Sentences are indefinite and are made progressively shorter in the event of good behavior, and efforts are made to teach trades to the prisoners. Although the maximum prison sentence is ten years, criminals of a very hardened type are sometimes shot as 'socially dangerous.' Common criminals who have been convicted of more serious offenses are often sent to the rougher and more unpleasant places of exile, such as the Solovetzky Islands, in the White Sea, or the Narim Region, in Siberia, where they are employed at hard labor along with kulaks and other 'class enemies' of various brands. It is the general testimony of people who have been in concentration camps that common criminals get better treatment than those whose offenses are of a political or economic type. The Gay-Pay-Oo overseers apparently believe that a murderer or a bandit is easier to reclaim than a priest, a kulak, or an anti-Soviet intellectual. — AUTHOR

tory in the case of soldiers who are guilty of espionage, betrayal of military or state secrets, or flight abroad. Civilians may also be put to death for any of these offenses or may be given the milder punishment of ten years' imprisonment with confiscation of all their property. Members of the family of a soldier who knew of his intention to flee from the country without informing the authorities are to be punished with imprisonment of from five to ten years and confiscation of all their property. The law contains one further clause which certainly could not be duplicated in the legislation of any civilized country. It prescribes that other adult members of the 'traitor's' family, living with him and dependent on him, even though they may have had no knowledge of his act and no responsibility for it, are to be deprived of electoral rights (which means also deprivation of food cards) and face 'exile to remote regions of Siberia for five years.'

It is a matter of common knowledge that the Gay-Pay-Oo extorts confessions from its prisoners by making threats against the safety of members of their families. But this is the first time that the Soviet Government has itself supplied public documentary proof of its policy of treating relatives of its offending citizens as hostages who may be punished for no crime of their own. The purpose of this extraordinary law is apparently to check desertions from the Red Army and, still more, flight from the huge forced-labor camps of Eastern Siberia.

Until the individual's right to live and to enjoy liberty is regarded as superior to the state's right to put him to death or to exile him to forced labor, the Soviet Union, in its treatment of political offenders of various kinds, seems destined to remain where Tsarist Russia stood: somewhat more ruthless than other dictatorial European régimes, somewhat less ruthless than the more backward Asiatic countries.

THIS PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

BY CARL JOACHIM FRIEDRICH

I

IN the winter of 1923, a wealthy lady, and a friend, took me to see the Lincoln School in New York. All her four children were in it, and the school's progressive achievements were her pride and joy. We wandered about among groups scattered here and there throughout the building, some working on a project, others writing, still others discussing the 'culture' of the Eskimo. Her pleasure in showing me all this 'work' culminated in the ever-repeated word 'happy.' That the children were happy seemed to be the final test for everything.

I was frankly dazed. A vague picture of our schoolroom floated through my mind: the rows of tiny even benches, the raised desk of our beloved old man with his long beard, and the stuffed bird above his head which had once given rise to a shocking altercation between me and the fatherly professor, who claimed it to be a raven, while I, then seven, asserted it to be a crow, until Herr Herrmann had to climb on to his chair and take it down to discover that it was — a crow. These trifles — what had they to do with the great Lincoln School in Metropolitan New York which I was discovering under the gentle guidance of my distinguished friend? I did not know, and so I just said, 'Yes,' and 'Sure,' and 'Is n't that interesting?' when I was entreated to admire all the many devices which loving teachers and loving parents had

joined in inventing to make the children happy. I just remember wondering vaguely where there might be an opportunity for testing such intellectual courage as the contest over the crow had demanded. And I recall my friend's saying, when we parted, 'Is n't it wonderful?' and my replying, 'It is surely full of wonders.'

II

My thoughts did not return to the subject of primary education with any amount of vigor until our children approached school age. To be sure, one argument which I had used in discussing the Lincoln School with my friend had stuck in my mind, and I had at times repeated it when the question of elementary education came up at tea parties. Perhaps it had stayed with me merely because she had not been able to answer it, though I am afraid it did not affect her, since she later went in for progressive education in a big way.

I had asked her simply: 'Don't you think that such a school is better for children like yours, who can look forward to a life of leisure and comfort?' It was really a horrid question to ask of her, since she was an avowed progressive and social reformer, and nothing was probably as repellent to her as the thought of a leisure class. And yet, when I elaborated my point, she found it momentarily convincing, or maybe

she was merely polite. 'My children,' I told her, 'will have to work for a living, and the likelihood is that they will be professional men like myself. Now the competition in all lines of professional work is daily more severe. If we go further in the direction of a socialized community, that competition will further increase, because opportunities will be given to gifted children of impecunious parents who will struggle the harder, since their chance to get an education will depend upon their proficiency.'

It is an argument which I have not seen challenged effectively by anyone. It has grown upon me as time has given me opportunity to become more familiar with the workings of our industrial society, and its future trends. Knowledge and the capacity to think are probably the greatest source of power to-day.

After all, what the community looks for in a professional man is competence. The doctor, the lawyer, the engineer, the scientist, and above all the public servant, must be the best 'that money can buy,' as the ruthless expression goes. This is true in the United States as well as in Soviet Russia. In this country it has been customary to let the incompetent die of starvation; in Russia they shoot him for sabotaging the Five-Year Plan.

Now, what makes a man or woman competent in one of these professions? The constituent elements of competence are essentially three: knowledge, the capacity to think, and self-discipline. But what is the capacity to think but intellectual discipline? Certainly this is about all that training can add to whatever native ability there is. And knowledge? How is knowledge acquired? Essentially by mastering an enormous mass of heterogeneous and often extremely boring data.

Take a boy who aspires to become a doctor. He has got to master all the

intricate detail of the human body's anatomy — thousands of bones, muscles, nerves, veins, and so forth. He has to spend months and months bent over an evil-smelling carcass, dissecting it with his own hands. Is it a question of being happy? Ultimately perhaps, but not in the process. The same is true of the other professional careers. A boy may be ideally fitted to be a trial lawyer; yet he has to master the dry-as-dust mass of legal lore which may be and probably is utterly repellent to his active, dramatic nature. Unless he possesses self-discipline, and a goodly measure of it, he cannot get his degree, and therefore he cannot pursue the career for which he is intrinsically fitted. So even knowledge comes down to discipline — discipline in the process of acquiring it.

Discipline, a hateful word! And yet, is it so very surprising that a civilization built by men and women whose stern religious convictions revolved around the idea of discipline should demand of its active leaders that very quality which animated its builders? Obviously not. We may have lost the stern religious faith of our forbears, but the house which we live in is their house, and its management requires their qualities. What we have said about the requirements of modern professional life is the inexorable consequence of the initial conception of our industrial civilization. And, though we may yearn for the happy-go-lucky ways of a pastoral society, bringing up our children in such a spirit merely means putting them out of the society into which they are born. If we can leave them enough to enable them to live the life of the charming amateur, the harm may not be personally apparent, though the loss to the community must inevitably be great. But if we are ourselves professional people, unable to amass a fortune, or if we are convinced that such fortunes will melt away under the hot sun

of the fiscal burden which mounting social legislation imposes, then we had better take heed, and look for an education which is progressive in the direction in which our society is progressing.

III

How can such moral and intellectual self-discipline be achieved? If we apply the teachings of modern psychology, we should say that it is basically a matter of conditioning children in such a way that certain situations call forth certain reactions. What are these situations, and what the corresponding reactions? In other words, what are the habit patterns involved in self-discipline?

This we can answer most simply by looking at a self-disciplined person. A doctor who responded to calls from patients, no matter at what hour of the day or night, would be self-disciplined, would he not? While one who instructed his secretary to tell callers that he was out on an emergency call, when in fact he was playing golf, would not be so considered. The old-fashioned religious way of talking about this difference was to say that one of these doctors had a sense of duty, while the other was devoid of it. But since there is no rational foundation to a 'sense of duty,' and since 'religious convictions' are the exception rather than the rule among scientifically trained, professional persons to-day, the only other fairly secure foundation for such habit patterns as are desirable from the community's point of view is the right kind of education.

Now, would an education built upon the quest for happiness procure the habit pattern we are looking for? There are those who claim that it would; that the vivid realization of the distressed mother's worry would elicit a feeling of distinct unhappiness in the doctor, and would therefore lead him

to respond to her call. Unfortunately this argument presupposes high sensitivity and a vivid imagination, two qualities which are notable by their absence in the generality of mankind. Balancing the beckonings of such imaginative sympathy for the sufferings of unknown fellow beings are the siren calls of callous sophistry which argue, 'She can get another doctor. I hate to be interrupted in my golf. People make a lot of fuss over nothing most of the time, anyway. I ought to have some rest.'

If, however, the childhood education has been of such a nature that indifference, sloth, carelessness, have invariably, in school and at home, brought down unhappy consequences, even if merely a scolding, then there settles upon such a person the habit pattern of feeling uneasy at the neglect of duties. And as, in later life, such a person discovers that attending to one's appointed tasks brings the gratification of success and fulfillment, you are more likely to make such a man or woman happy and contented than if you let him discover by the painful process of trial and error that life is hard, and ruthlessly destroys those who do not fulfill the expectations of their fellow men.

If the habit pattern of moral self-discipline is set by the child's being disciplined when small, it is the same with intellectual self-discipline. Not to rest content until an experiment, a term paper, or a case study is as perfect as it can possibly be made (in one's own view) is a habit which develops slowly under the guidance of teachers who so insist at the time when the natural inclination of a child is to drop a matter when it gets hard. Everything gets boring after a while, and yet no technique is ever acquired without constant application, least of all the technique of thinking. And there are many tools for hard thinking which are so boring to acquire that it is almost

impossible to acquire them after a certain age. Latin, for example, develops the abstract logical faculty to an unsurpassed extent, because of the rigidity of its grammar. Yet I have known few people who derived that benefit from it after they had reached maturity. The same thing might also be said, though less emphatically, of foreign languages generally.

But we are told that children are not happy learning Latin. I suggest that this is a question of relative merit. They are not *as* happy as they would be playing in the yard, but happier than if weeding a vegetable garden. And it shows us that the problem of successful habit patterning of the intellectual and the moral side of a personality go hand in hand. It is for this reason that I lean in the direction of the old-fashioned schoolroom with its rigid system of order and its unadorned sternness. If we acquire in early childhood a sense of these qualities as being innate to a workroom, we shall later find ourselves less appalled by laboratory, library, and court, not to speak of modern factories.

IV

This leads me to another central point — the rhythm between work and play, between tension and release.

One of the most curious features of our soul, as of all life as we know it, is its need for rhythmic alternations of attitude. The so-called 'law of the pendulum' in politics is one of the best-known manifestations of this need of the human soul to swing from one outlook to another at more or less regular intervals. Our physical life oscillates day and night, between activity and sleep. Considering this cosmic law, it is not surprising that we should also find a vital need for contrast between work and play. In fact, modern psychological researches have long led

factory managers to realize that better work can be done if regular periods of rest and recreation are allowed at stated intervals. This is the more true the more intensive the type of work is.

Looking at our industrial society as a whole, we find that there is a definite trend toward more intensive and more exhausting work patterns all the time. This is as true in the professions as it is in the factory. The high-powered pressure of life all around us is not an American characteristic, but a characteristic of our industrial age. Visitors from Berlin to New York have often commented upon the similarity of life in these two cities. If this is the pattern of our life, our schools should be so organized as to prepare our children to make the best of it. Merely to say, 'Why, this is horrid!' and then proceed to arrange their training so as to fit them into the pastoral life of the golden age, is fearfully to neglect our duty. For as such children grow up the most agonizing friction will thwart their attempts at participating in the life of the community. It is for this reason that I for one am in favor of a school which in its very physical plant suggests work, and which forms a vivid contrast to the home and the play hours.

It is for this reason also that I believe the play hours should be *real* play hours, utterly untutored, unsupervised, and therefore allowing the children's fancy free roaming space. I know that there are those who do not feel that they can arrange for such freedom within their homes to-day. On the whole, I should say that it would be wiser to save the large fees now paid to private schools and use the money to keep the children at home, making it a place in which the children can play freely instead of working on projects designed by older people. The habit patterns which such living contrast between school *work* and home *play*

will develop in children are likely to carry them through life in our industrial society with comparative ease, saving them from the Scylla of overwork as well as from the Charybdis of professional failure; for they will bear the tension of work gayly, looking forward with harmonious assurance to the relaxation of their leisure hours, as do countless people now. The danger for their children lurks in their not realizing that the old-fashioned school is responsible for this most necessary habit pattern.

V

Much of what has so far been said receives further support when we consider the general trend of our society. It is commonly recognized by intelligent people everywhere that large-scale organization of work is on the increase in all walks of life, even if actual government control is not established. The Clinic of the Mayo Brothers in Rochester, Minnesota, in the medical field, Stone and Webster, of Boston, in the engineering line, are only two extreme examples of what is in fact a very general development. Big universities, coöperative research organizations, large law offices, and so forth, are the order of the day. Everywhere and all around us it becomes increasingly difficult to 'start out on your own.' An ever greater percentage of men and women in professional life enter private and government organizations for a 'career.'

Now it is the general characteristic of all these organizations, whether private or public, to be in a measure bureaucratic. Harvard University and the Bell Telephone System, the Pennsylvania Railroad and the United States Geodetic Survey, all have their little bureaucracy. That means for the individual member a rather rigid system of *subordination*. Willingness and ability to take orders and instructions,

and to carry them out faithfully — that is a habit pattern without which success in modern life is well-nigh impossible. We have all become soldiers in a huge army of workers, though a few among us still 'kid' ourselves into thinking we are independent. This is not to say that we are merely cogs in a machine. But we are in part such cogs. In my opinion the ideal attitude under these conditions is an attitude usually achieved by the good soldier: he cheerfully accepts the need for subordination, and yet retains a sufficient detachment from it to safeguard his inner personality. And such an attitude is best developed under a system of schooling which approaches the military pattern to some extent, as the old-fashioned school did. This means, above all else, that the relationship between teacher and student should never be allowed to be sentimentalized.

It is for this reason, and for none other, that I am a great partisan of men teachers for boys. A man, particularly an older man, has about him an air of authority which is most valuable as a subconscious influence upon the average lad. A certain amount of awe surrounds him which he often merely inherits by transference from the father of the boy. There is no question that there are also women who possess this air, as there are men who do not, but when one talks about a school system one has to consider the matter in terms of the usual, rather than the abnormal. This air of authority, or whatever you like to call it, is valuable because it develops without effort the proper emotional responses to superiors which are essential, it seems to me, in our increasingly organized industrial society. This development takes place, I believe, without the teacher doing much about it; it just happens. It has nothing to do with his teaching ability. I have little doubt that on the whole the teaching ability of women is just as

great as that of men. It is merely a natural condition which we have to face, whether we like it or not.

Under the conditions of modern professional life, such a predominance of men teachers in the schools might be advocated on quite another ground, too. At home, the influence of the father is very much more limited than that of the mother. My own childhood is quite characteristic: my father, a professor of surgery with a large practice, rarely came home for lunch or dinner, so that our contacts with him were limited to Sundays. His vacations came at other times than ours, and he wanted to travel for relaxation. So, even if he had not died when I was fifteen, my education would have been seriously unbalanced if I had not been taught by a succession of men in school, men often with vigorous personalities whose authority it was easy to accept and worth while to challenge.

In conclusion, I might say to all those on whose toes I have stepped in the course of my rambling plea for the old-fashioned school, '*Pater, peccavi.*' And I will. Yet I submit these arguments to their most earnest consideration. I feel strongly the paradox of people who consider themselves progressive organizing a kind of school calculated to hinder rather than help the development of children destined

to carry on our progressive industrial society, of would-be socialists who train their children for a golden pastoral age. Perhaps my changed outlook is due to my having grown up with the reality of a more and more collectivist society before my eyes. I do not consider myself one of those who shudder at the thought of the Soviet Union; but I am also unable to perceive its similarity to the golden age. Did such an age ever really exist? Has n't mankind at large always had to work rather hard for a living? At any rate, people have to in Communist Russia. And the habit patterns of professional or craft competence, of moral and intellectual discipline, of subordination and courage, are as necessary there as they have ever been anywhere in the world.

So it seems to me that, whether our future is individualist or collectivist, we need schools which will develop those qualities in young men and women which fit them into an industrial society. It is no longer a question of dwelling upon the divine beauty of these several qualities, but of recognizing them as human behavior patterns which are needed for succeeding in the face of the stark realities of contemporary existence. Happiness comes to him who does not look for it — a maxim which is truer to-day than ever before.

A GALLERY OF IMMORTALS

BY HORACE GREGORY

THE National Portrait Gallery looks like a bank, a square, graystone, sturdy annex to the more imposing National Gallery. Its foundations seem rooted in rock and iron under Trafalgar Square; it is permanent, safe, a good place to lock up valuables, standing withdrawn, yet in full sight of Nelson's monument and just around the corner from the quick tide of traffic that circles Piccadilly. Perhaps it is a bank, and its tall chambers are safety vaults to house the dead, the famous dead in their familiar attitudes of life, not merely an inscription on a stone. The Gallery, then, is rather less a gallery than a compromise between a public library and a national churchyard where one may trace the origin of the million faces seen on the streets of London, faces at noon at Waterloo Station, in Soho, the Thames Embankment, or down the Strand.

One looks for history here and not for art; and the atmosphere, like so much (too much) of English painting, is literary. Pay your sixpence, walk up the stairs; the way is broad and the halls are empty. Members of the present royal family and a wide semi-circle of diplomats in treaty conferences are quickly passed. These figures, spread on canvas and framed in heavy gilt, are wooden creatures, and far less lively than our memory of them in the feature sections of the Sunday paper. Strangely enough, history begins with an American by an American — the Sargent portrait of Henry James.

Somehow the reproductions of this familiar head, shoulders, and upper torso have never done the original canvas justice. Seeing him here, quite as Sargent left him, he seems to dominate the room, and for a moment seems more English than his peers. His head is John Bull's head, — round and full-blooded, bald, — and was this why the Suffragists slashed at the canvas? They were in a hurry to get things done and slashed in fury, but, had they looked longer, they would have discerned a gaze of defiance, most un-English, in the candid eyes that met their own. They would have seen that the left thumb, hooked into the arm-hole of the vest, showed an aggressiveness beyond mere male complacency after a Sunday dinner. In this gesture he betrays that moment of boldness which comes to every timid man. He is determined, despite long sentences and longer fits of shyness, to be heard at last and honored in a foreign land. One almost hears the hesitant, persistent low voice echoing across drawing-rooms where James imagined himself unwanted, and, in spite of silences which cleared his way, ignored. Pale Edmund Gosse, beside him on the wall, is infinitely more assured than he, for Gosse could well afford a show of modesty, and could peer nearsightedly into the faces of many friends at tea, friends who brought him praise and fame and offered him posts of authority on lecture platforms and in literary weeklies.

Across the room from Gosse and

James is a young woman who would remain unrecognized were it not that her name appears in brass below the portrait. She is Marian Evans and this likeness of her was painted, I would say, before 'George Eliot' gave her a weighty reputation. Here she has sunlit yellow hair and a red-rose and white complexion. The heavy features that we know so well, the half-closed eyes and heavy lips, the face that seems to be the proper image of her who wrote in semiclassic beef-and-pudding prose, are of a later sitting. Perhaps the signs of heaviness are here, but they can be mistaken for robust health and prematernal animal calmness, as yet untouched by years of hard-won dignity and the lack of a fixed social position. The face that smiles down at us seems now reflected in the faces of the lower middle classes. These very features, sharpened slightly and less smiling, are to be found in the faces of barmaids and ribbon clerks, and those women who are stationed behind glass cages in restaurants and hotels. These, like the face above us, seem preternaturally calm, yet they retain their calmness with a grim edge of resistance to the memory of Victorian womanhood. They tower over the little men surrounding them and stand guard over fleets of deferential bell boys and suave waiters. Efficient management is in the air, and through each swift action British serenity must be sustained.

George Eliot, however, is not the only woman in the room. Here are the Brontë sisters, and, among others, a certain mother and daughter who effect a singular contrast in personality. Of course the two are Mary Wollstonecraft and Mary Shelley, and, if the mother has an obvious advantage, some credit must be given to John Opie. Honest warmth entered each canvas as he touched it with his brush, and the woman was a nearly

perfect model for his talent. He did not, however, invent the rich lips and generous mouth, nor the warm light that radiated from her body. It was she who transmuted something of this light to the chilly blood of William Godwin; and she who changed him, as though by some chemic miracle, into a lover. His humanitarianism was of the kind that fed itself upon abstract perfections; whatever emotions he possessed were quick to die and found their substitute in silent anger and martyred pride. Her death gave him the solace of human grief, yet after it there was nothing left but the spiritless desire to gain an income from the inheritance of his wealthy son-in-law.

It would be easy to dismiss the pretentious portrait of Mary Shelley as so much vanity and outmoded affectation. The thin lips are curved into a simper that is the worst of all possible substitutes for a smile. It is obvious that Mary Shelley was acting the part of a grand lady seated at a writing table: the red curtain behind her, the fashionable black dress, the writing implements in ordered disarray about her, were details chosen for posterity to admire. The table reminds us that she was a novelist in her own right as well as the widow of a famous poet, but the rich, heavy furniture and the smart dress also remind us that she was the mother of a son who was to inherit a baronet's title and a respectable fortune.

The grand lady was not too vain, nor was she affected without good reason. In the past she had learned to fear gossip and ill fame, and she knew well, I think, that outward appearances too often fix the world's opinion of a woman. Perhaps she had a premonition that the pose struck by the grand lady in the portrait would gain respect in the Victorian age that was to follow hers. She had, moreover, the

task of making her dead husband's poetry seem more suitable to the title that her son would bear, and perhaps, if such were possible, less obscure. She used what means she could to build a posthumous reputation for the poetry that had not found its audience, and I think it is not too much to say that the portrait is among the unconscious contributions to that end. At last she had won security and now would not relinquish it; something of that deliberate coolness that guided her father's elaborate but unsuccessful plans toward making a livelihood ran in her blood and she was not to fail.

Now that a hundred years have left Haydon's tragedy behind us, it is no longer necessary to apologize for the fantastic discrepancy between his finished work and its intention. It is enough to say that no man ever paid a higher price for being what Haydon was — a painter with a 'literary' imagination; yet his portrait of Wordsworth is more convincing than all other attempts to paint the poet, and the original canvas is far more effective than any of its reproductions. The experience of seeing it on a wall is not unlike that of meeting Sargent's Henry James. Haydon, I think, loved Wordsworth with a pure heart; by that I mean that both men met for a brief moment on common ground. Both shared a sense of awe concerning the importance of their work, their duty to themselves, their art, their nation, and the world.

Haydon's Wordsworth stands with dark mountain clouds behind him. The head and shoulders of the gaunt figure are bent forward in heavy reverie. The eyes gaze downward on a distant earth below, and under the hawklike nose the left side of a distorted lip is suddenly revealed. This revelation of the twisted lip is a surprise, for here one sees, or rather feels, an element of deep self-pity that was to counterbalance its discontent by the sonorous music of

epic pantheism. Even the sonnets of the later Wordsworth contain this epic quality; the simple world of mountains, hills, and trees grew very large; it is still the largest world England ever knew.

This vision of a large world, so Alan Odle tells me, is a rare experience in English art. Milton shared it and Byron embellished his possession of it in the ironic cantos of *Don Juan*. Both Blake and Shelley held outlines of this vision in the mind's eye, yet neither lived to see the edifice completed. And Hardy in his great Victorian ruin, *The Dynasts*, again looked upward and saw its rounded hemispheres. Alan Odle reminds me that the same vision haunted D. H. Lawrence, and in his painting the grand manner revealed itself once more. I think it is not too much to say that the vision led to Haydon's suicide. He could not guide his hand to encompass that thing he valued most, but as he saw its symbol rise in Wordsworth he sketched a detail and preserved it for posterity.

Here, in this room, set in glass cases on a centre table, rest the life masks of Keats and Blake. Keats is the prototype of the 'little' Londoner one sees on the less-crowded thoroughfares; the sensitive lips, the delicately veined eyelids, are of the type. But these whom we meet now have no release in words for the sensibilities that are revealed in a graceful inflection of the voice or in a final gesture of the hand. They stand at bookstalls in Bloomsbury or wander, black-hatted, through Soho Square. They are to be found under the shelter of a German bookshop near Charing Cross and some admit a recent conversion to Communism. Perhaps the heady fire of Karl Marx will give them strength to live beyond the futile expenditure of gesture which is a 'mute, inglorious' appreciation of the sensual beauty that feeds upon its own youthful reflection in a mirror and always dies too soon.

Contrast to Keats lies in the head of Blake: here is the compact jaw, and the full lips set in a straight line, as though the muscles of the face were controlled by some centrifugal force. Here one may well imagine a tenacity of purpose seldom discovered in those erratic flashes of genius which illuminate his poetry. The face is a self-righteous face which is the moral aspect of true heresy. By gazing inward he hoped to find that godlike image of his own strength, but the effort demanded more than human effort could sustain. At the least sign of weakness the image blurred and the focus of his mind's eye opened on seas of darkness where the self-image in an unfinished poem was destroyed by the very violence which gave it birth.

After a circuit of the many faces in this room, a circuit extending backward from the end of the nineteenth century to its beginning, one says good-bye by stopping for a moment at the large dark portrait of Leigh Hunt. There is no denying the man's charm, nor the attraction of the intelligent brown eyes with their quick appeal to human sympathy. It would be difficult to refuse him anything, or to remember that he had borrowed money from you. Many of his friends could testify to his liberal service in their cause. His praise of their poetry came from his lips as easily as most men breathed the fragrance of twilight April air. The benevolent mischief in his eyes made praise such as his a special gift, a gift to be offered and accepted without embarrassment. In return he asked the right to live, to smile as he smiles here, dependent on your good humor, your purse, your willingness to respond with human tolerance to human weakness.

Upstairs the eighteenth century revives itself again. The more or less predictable knowledge of the world's affairs is written large in the faces that Sir Joshua Reynolds knew so well, and in them we see again those signs of

maturity that the nineteenth century discloses in the features of its scientists alone: Faraday, Owen, Huxley, Darwin. We have learned rather too well their various attitudes of elegance, their love of fine linen and brocaded velvets. And because of this we are not prepared to see the restlessness that animates the room: Matt Prior looking up from his busy writing table as though about to speak; Bonnie Prince Charlie, as a boy, breathless, as though he had run into the room and were about to leave again at once; Laurence Sterne sitting on the edge of a chair, forcing a heavy white-lipped smile in a brief interview. Despite their courtesy, despite a background which reveals a succession of calm Georgian interiors, there is something almost *American* in their demand for movement. Tobias Smollett, with his red nose and shrewd blue eyes, is about to ask a question and turn away, and there, of course, is a theatrical portrait of David Garrick, trying his best to represent tragedy, melodrama, comedy, and farce with both eyes wide and staring into nowhere. This is not (as one might suppose, seeing each reproduction of a canvas separately) a quiet room, for the entire company collectively seems to move in a dozen swirls and eddies. If they could speak, one might well imagine that even their conversation was a form of activity; such talk as the eighteenth century inspired demanded the use of brain as well as tongue, for *intelligence* was transferred from one man to the next. We are mistaken, I think, if we consider the prose of the *Spectator* or the verse of Pope's *Epistles* as living apart from the conversation that overflowed coffeehouse and card table. The bright stream of nervous energy released through the portraits of cabinet minister, poet, court lady, and painter could be checked only by the counterweight of Latin verbs and an evenly balanced sentence structure.

Speaking of conversation and its entry into literature, one thinks of Boswell's famous *Life*, and from this memory of it we turn to Reynolds's excellent portrait of the early Johnson.

The early Johnson is by no means a young man; he is on the nether side of middle age, retaining, with characteristic tenacity, the vigor of forty-five. The coarse-grained skin is pale and its pallor is accentuated by the dark background that Reynolds chose for this three-quarter profile of his friend. Again one does not ask too much of 'art' in the National Portrait Gallery, but I suspect that this present portrait is among the best of Reynolds's work. The profile is very like a cameo or medallion, and certainly in its clear outline of forehead, nose, lips, chin, and naked throat it resembles the classic head on a Roman coin. And to this outline Reynolds has added his peculiar gift of scientific observation; with admirable candor he has painted in the nearsighted eye narrowing to a painful squint — the face is almost blind. The physical handicap is balanced against the strength of the broad neck, which is reinforced by the dignity of the strong curving line extending down from upper forehead to the open shirt front below the throat.

This Samuel Johnson is not the portly, awkward Leviathan seated at a tea table. One is reminded here of the man who wrote that magnificent essay on Richard Savage, one of the greatest of all English biographies. In *The Lives of the Poets* we see Johnson resisting the changes in English life that reached a climax during the eighteenth century, that transformed London from an island capital into a genuine cosmopolis — those changes that brought with them the new enclosure laws, and a new wave of technical advancement in industry. Against these Johnson stood, intolerant, yet compassionate always, a tribal god of

England's middle class thrusting itself forward out of poverty. His image is not re-created in any single figure today, but his elements are scattered among his people. His prejudices, his kindliness, his national pride, his reverence for royalty, his endurance against physical lethargy, are part of London's heritage. Johnson's radical Toryism, with all its contradictions and humorless irony, is peculiar to the English temperament alone.

As we walk upward, leaving the eighteenth century behind us in a lower gallery, the circle of English life grows smaller, and we are facing, more often than not, effigies of men and women whose activity, hopes, ambitions, began and ended in a life at court. Here is the court life of the Stuarts, and beyond them are found glimpses of the Tudors. History and legend have done well by them. They belong to the mythology of a deeply nourished tradition. It is well to note the mixture of strength and kindliness in Cromwell's features, and amusing to recognize family resemblance to Charles the Second in the faces of the children embraced by his court ladies. But in these last speculations we reënter mythology by way of the back stairs, and the London street below us has little kinship to the intimacies of a life long vanished from the chambers of old Whitehall. Not even the skill of a Van Dyck can revive those passions for which men died in a lost cause.

As we descend the stairs, the halls of the square building seem more deserted than before. The portraits seem to lock themselves within their separate chambers, and again, as one steps out to sunshine and Piccadilly, the impression of leaving a huge safety vault returns. The faces in the street, however, seem less strange, and, if your road homeward is lost, someone with Dr. Johnson's courteous compassion in his voice will point the way.

ONE OF US

BY JOHN FANTE

I

My mother had just carried the last of the supper plates into the kitchen when the doorbell rang. All of us rose like a congregation and rushed to answer the call. August reached the door first. He threw it open and we pushed our noses against the screen. There stood a uniformed boy with his cap in his hand and a telegram at the bottom of it.

'Telegram for Regina Fratelli,' he said.

'Telegram, Papa!' August shouted. 'Somebody's dead! Somebody's dead!'

A telegram came to our house only when one of our family passed away. It had happened three times in the lives of us kids. Those three times were the death of my grandfather, of my grandmother, and then the death of my uncle. Once, though, a telegram came to our house by mistake. We found it under the door when we came home late one night. We were all greatly surprised, for it contained birthday greetings to a lady named Elsie, whom none of us knew. But the most astonishing thing about that telegram was that it was not a death notice. Until then it did not occur to us that a telegram might have other uses.

When my father heard August shouting, he dropped his napkin and pushed back his chair. We at the door pranced up and down in excitement. In a paralysis of anxiety, Mother stood in the kitchen. My father walked with an important air to the door, and, like a

man who had spent his whole life signing for telegrams, he signed for this one. We watched him tear open the yellow envelope so that the paper would separate enough for his heavy fingers to reach the message inside. He frowned at us and walked to the centre of the living room, under the chandelier. He held the message high, almost over his head. Even jumping, we kids could not put our eyes upon it, and my little brother Frederick, who was a shrimp and too little to read anyhow, climbed up the side of my father as if the man were a tree, and my father shook himself and Frederick fell to the floor.

'Who died?' we asked. 'Who died?'

'Down, down,' my father said, like one speaking to leaping puppies. 'Quiet there. Down, down.'

Squinting his eyes, he folded the ominous yellow paper and returned to his place at the table. We trailed after him. He told us to go away, but we swarmed around his shoulders, and Frederick climbed the chair rungs and burrowed his fingers into his shirt at the collar. My mother stood in the kitchen door biting her lips. Worry crushed her face. Her hands turned round and round like kittens under her checkered apron.

Breathlessly we waited. Breathlessly we tried to guess whom the sad news might concern. We hoped it was n't our Aunt Louise, because she always sent us such wonderful Christ-

mas presents. We didn't mind if it was our Aunt Teresa, though, because what good was she around Christmas time? No good whatever. All we ever got from her was a greeting card, and we knew it only cost a penny because that was the very kind our mother bought. If she was dead she deserved it for being so stingy.

Father shook himself from us. Emphatically he told us to go back to our places. My mother quietly took her seat. She held her small worried face between spread fingers like a woman gathering strength for an ordeal. She had many brothers and sisters whom she had not seen since girlhood, for she married when yet very young. We could see that my father's mind was reaching here and there to find the quickest and best way of releasing the sad shock when at length my mother was ready to receive it. She raised her face and looked at him with eyes opened all the way.

'Who, Victor?' she asked. 'Who is it?'

'Clito,' he said. 'Your sister Carlotta's boy.'

'Dead?'

'Killed. He was run over. He's dead.'

For many silent moments my mother sat like a statue in gingham. Then she lifted her face to that place she believed contained life eternal. Her lips were distended as in a kiss of farewell. Her eyes were too grieving to stay open.

'I know his little soul is beautiful in the sight of God,' she whispered.

He was our cousin, the only child of Uncle Frank and Aunt Carlotta, my mother's oldest sister. They lived in Denver, thirty miles south of our small town. Clito was but a day older than our August, second in age among us kids. Clito and August were born in the same Denver hospital ten years before. They were brought to life by the same physician, and — wonderful

thing! — the two boys were remarkably similar in face and form. Among the many members of our scattered clansmen they were always referred to as the Twins, for they were inseparable when our family lived among the Italians of North Denver three years before, and, though they often quarreled, there seemed a deeper kinship between them than between August and me, or between August and Frederick. But three years ago our family moved from Denver to the small town in the mountains, and August had not seen his cousin since then.

These were the reasons why, in the silence after my father had spoken, my mother stared so passionately, so possessively at August, her eyes slowly beginning to float. August felt her gaze. He was yet too young to realize the tragic significance of Clito's death, but he felt my mother's eyes upon him, as if to draw him into them, and he fidgeted nervously, glancing at my father for clarity and sustenance. My mother pushed back her chair and went into the bedroom. We heard her lie down, and then we heard her sobbing.

'I bet Clito's in Heaven,' August said. 'I bet he did n't have to stop off in Purgatory.'

'Sure,' my father said. 'He was a good boy. He went right straight to Heaven.'

My mother called from the bedroom. 'August,' she called, 'come here to Mama.'

He did n't want to leave the table. But he looked at my father, who nodded, and then he got up and went hesitantly away. We heard my mother draw him beside her upon the bed, and we heard the wet, violent kissing of his face and neck. We heard the wild sound of smacking lips and my mother's possessive moans.

'But it ain't me!' August was saying. 'See! I'm not dead.'

'Thank God! Thank Almighty God!'

After my father left the table, the telegram lay open at his place, one corner of it in the salad bowl, the yellow paper drawing salad oil into itself like a yellow blotter. We kids dove for it. I got it first and held it above me, out of reach of my tiptoed sister Clara's clawing fingers. I climbed upon my father's chair and held the paper almost to the ceiling. My sister climbed right up on the chair beside me. Over my head I read the message while she hung on and my little brother Frederick tugged at my pants in an effort to dethrone me.

'Let me read it!' he shouted.

'You little fool!' Clara said. 'You can't read yet! You're not even in school.'

'Yes, I can too! You don't know everything, so there!'

The message read: 'Clito struck by truck while riding bicycle. Died this afternoon four o'clock. Funeral Sunday three o'clock.'

I let it go from my fingers and it floated zigzagging toward the floor. Clara and Frederick fell upon it and instantly it was in shreds, all over the floor. The commotion on the linoleum brought my mother and August in a hurry from the bedroom. My mother saw the shredded telegram lying about, and, drying her eyes with the hem of her apron, she said, 'I did n't get to see it. How did he die?'

'He was run over by a bicycle,' I said.

My father was in the front room reading the paper.

'No,' he corrected. 'The boy was run over by a truck.'

'No, he was n't,' I said. 'He ran into the truck.'

'The truck ran into him.'

So, with constant interruptions, we lost all conception of what had actually taken place. Before long I was insisting that our dead Clito had been riding in the truck bed, the bicycle at his side, and that he had fallen out when the machine struck a bump in the road.

My father was quite as inaccurate. He said that little Clito had been knocked down and killed by a man riding a bicycle. Now we were guessing recklessly. Even Frederick had an interpretation to offer. He insisted that he too had read the telegram, but he said that Clito had been killed by a German aviator who dropped bombs from an airplane. In the confusion nobody had anything more to offer.

Then Clara said, 'Maybe you're all wrong. Maybe he was run over by a motor cycle.'

In despair my mother asked if there was any mention of a funeral.

'Tuesday.'

'Monday.'

'Friday.'

'Was n't it Sunday?' Clara said.

While we quibbled hopelessly, my mother and August gathered up the bits of yellow paper and pieced them together on the table.

II

After supper my mother would n't let August go out. The rest of us did, but August had to stay in the kitchen with her. He could hear us shouting in the front yard, and he cried and kicked the stove, but my mother was never so firm. Even my father was surprised. When he walked into the kitchen and told her she was crazy and unreasonable, she turned on him, her eyes still crying, and told him to go back to his newspaper and mind his own business. Sucking a toothpick, he stared at the floor, shrugged his shoulders, and then went back to his reading.

'But, Mama,' August said over and over, 'I'm not the one that's dead! See?'

'Thank God. Thank Almighty God.'

That evening Uncle Giuseppe and Aunt Christina came to our house. Aunt Christina was the youngest sister of my mother and Aunt Carlotta. She

too had received a telegram. My mother dried her wet, dish-waterly hands when she saw Christina enter the front door, and the two women locked bosoms in the dining room and stood there crying. My mother put her nose into Aunt Christina's shoulder and sobbed, and Aunt Christina sobbed and stroked Mother's hair.

'Poor Carlotta!' they said. 'Poor Carlotta!'

Nobody was watching August in the kitchen. He saw his chance and sneaked out the back door. He ran around the house and joined us in the front yard. Our cousins, Aunt Christina's two kids, had come with her, so the whole bunch of us got up a game of Kick-the-can.

My mother forgot about August. She and my father and Aunt Christina and Uncle Giuseppe sat in the front room talking about Clito's death. The two women sat side by side in rocking-chairs. My mother still held her dish towel, and she let her tears splash into it. Aunt Christina cried into a tiny green handkerchief that smelled of carnations. Over and over they said the same thing.

'Poor Carlotta! Poor Carlotta!'

My father and Uncle Giuseppe smoked cigars in silence. Death was the supreme mystery to these people, and the women feverishly resigned themselves to the workings of the Almighty. But the men clung to those ancient platitudes, ancient as the mind of man. Since he was not a son of theirs, the passing of the little boy did not move them noticeably. They were sorry he was dead, but they were sorry only because it was the proper thing to be, so their sorrow was etiquette and not out of their hearts.

'Ah, well,' my father said, 'you never know. Everybody has to go sometime.'

Uncle Giuseppe's dark head and screwed-up lips agreed slowly.

'Too bad,' he said. 'It's too bad.'

'But he was so young!' Mother said. Wistfully my father answered, 'Maybe he's better off.'

'Ah, Victor! How can you say that? How do you suppose his poor mother feels? And poor Frank?'

'A man never thinks what's in a woman's heart,' Aunt Christina said. 'No, they don't know. They never will know. Men are so selfish.'

My father and uncle stared at their cigars in dismal confusion.

'Well,' my father said, 'all I know is we all have to go sometime.'

Uncle Giuseppe was trying hard to feel grief. He closed his eyes and said, 'No. We never know. To-morrow, the next day, to-night — next year, next month, we never know.'

'Poor Carlotta,' my mother said.

'Poor woman,' Aunt Christina said.

'Too bad for Frank,' my father said. 'He'll miss the boy.'

Uncle Giuseppe sat in a helpless way, uncomfortable in a straight-back chair. Many times he looked at the ceiling and walls as though he had never seen them before. Then he would examine his cigar, as though that were a curious object too. My father sat more at ease, since this was his house. He sat with his cigar between his teeth, his feet spread stiffly in front of him, his thumbs in his sweat-stained suspenders, his eyes squinting to evade the curl of cigar smoke. He would have liked to say something different on this subject of death, but there was nothing new he could think about.

'The best of us have to die,' he ventured.

'How true that is,' my uncle said.

My Aunt Christina blew her nose many times and then wrung the tip of it until it was as red as a radish. She was a stout woman who tried but never could cross her fat little legs.

'How does August feel?' she asked. 'He and Clito were such good friends. They loved one another so.'

My mother's eyes opened in fright, and she turned in her chair and looked behind her in a kind of terror.

'August!' she called. 'Where are you, August?'

No response. She twisted her body and peered tensely into the kitchen. She saw no one. Rising, she slipped her fingers into her deep hair and screamed.

'August!' she screamed. 'Where are you, August? Come back to me, August!'

My father jumped to his feet as though he had seen a ghost. He took her into his arms.

'*Diol*!' he panted. 'Calm yourself, woman!'

'Find August! In God's name, find August!'

Uncle Giuseppe went to the front door, and in the twilight he saw us playing our game beneath the black trees of the front yard. August was a little apart from the rest of us, leaning against the biggest tree, partly hidden in its shadows.

'Your mother is calling you,' Uncle Giuseppe said. 'Can't you hear her?'

All he said was, 'Aw, what does she want?'

'Go on, August,' we said. 'Go see what she wants.' For my mother's screams had stopped our game like an unexpected crash of lightning. Then the screen door was flung open violently, and it banged against the wall that supported it, and my mother dashed wildly from the house. She stooped and lifted August like an infant high above her, and, laughing and crying, she kissed him and kissed him and cooed into his throat.

'Mama's own little boy,' she moaned. 'Never leave me. Never, never, never, never leave me.'

'I'm not Clito,' he said. 'I'm not the one that's dead.'

She carried him back to the front room, and they all sat down again, and, though August hated it, he had to sit in

her lap and be kissed about a million times.

We slept together in the same bed, August and I, and very, very late that night — sometime after midnight — my mother came to our room and softly slipped between us, but it was still August she worried about. And, lying with her back to me, she awakened him by petting him so much. When she went back to her own bed, I had to turn my pillow over because it was so wet from her tears.

III

Who would go to the funeral? Sunday morning in the kitchen there was a fierce argument between my father and mother on this question. My mother wanted to take August with her, but my father wanted her to take me.

'No,' my mother said. 'I want August to come.'

'What's the idea?' my father said. 'There's no use making it harder for those people. You know how Carlotta and Frank will feel when they see August.'

'Oh,' my mother scoffed, 'what on earth are you talking about?'

'I know what I'm talking about,' my father said. 'What the devil's the matter with you women?'

'I said August was coming with me,' my mother said. 'And he is. If Robert wants to come, he can.'

'What about me?' Clara said.

'Nothing doing,' my father said.

'Me and Robert and August,' Frederick said.

My father looked at him contemptuously.

'Pooh!' he said. 'And who are you?'

'Aw,' Frederick said. He was so little he never could answer that question.

The telegram said the funeral was to be at three o'clock. It was only an hour's ride on the electric to Denver, but when any of our family went any-

where we had to turn the house upside down. Mother could n't find her hairpins and August could n't find his new necktie. When he did find it in the pantry the mice had eaten a hole in it, so he had to wear an old one of my father's.

Tucking the endless cravat into his waist, he howled, 'I don't like it! Look how big it is! It's an old man's tie.'

'Who said it was an old man's tie?' my father said. 'Wear it and keep still.'

But my mother wanted him to look nice. She did n't pay any attention to how I looked, but she would n't let August wear that necktie. She made Frederick go over to Oliver Holmes's and borrow a light blue one for August, and while I was gone to borrow hairpins from Mrs. Daley she sat on the bed in her petticoat, her hair streaming down and tangling her fingers as she sewed a button on Frederick's coat.

When at last we were ready to go, she could n't find her hat. Weary and fretting, she stood in a pile of boxes in the clothes closet calling everyone to search for her black hat. My father found it clear on the other side of the house, under my sister Clara's bed, but Clara said she did n't know how it got there, and that was quite a lie, because Clara is always secretly wearing my mother's things. When my father pushed the hat over my mother's lumps of hair, he sighed and said, 'Good God, wipe that powder off your neck. You look like you been baking a cake.'

She wet the end of her handkerchief with spittle and dabbed the powder away. Then she grabbed August by the wrist and hurried out the door. I ran after them, her purse in my hand, for she had forgotten it.

My father and Clara and Frederick stood on the front porch and watched us walk down the street. When we were half a block away, my father whistled to us. We three turned around.

'Hurry up!' he yelled loud enough for even that deaf old Miss Yates to

hear and throw open her window and look out. 'Hurry up! You only got five minutes to make the train.'

My mother squeezed August's hand and walked as fast as the worn heel of her right shoe would permit her, and I could see from the way August winced as he scratched his belly that he hated the whole thing and was ready to break into tears.

IV

We reached the electric on time, and an hour later we arrived at the Denver Union Station. From there we took a yellow street car to Aunt Carlotta's and Uncle Frank's house. As soon as she sat down in the street car, my mother started to cry, so that her eyes were red-rimmed when we got off at Aunt Carlotta's street. We stopped on the corner a minute while Mother fastened her garter and August and I went behind a hedge, and then we started up the street.

There were so many people and automobiles at my aunt's house that it was the biggest funeral in the history of our family, and there was such an abundance of flowers that some of the bouquets had to be spread on the front porch, and you could smell the funeral as soon as you got off the street car.

We went up the front stairs to the little cloakroom where dozens of Italians in Sunday suits stood with sad faces peering over the shoulders of one another to the parlor where the bier was placed in the centre of the scent-suffocated room, the lid off, the waxen and shining face of Clito's corpse sleeping in infinite serenity amid the moans and gasps and supplications of black-draped, dark-skinned, choking women who sometimes knelt and sometimes arose first on one knee and then on the other to kiss the rosary-chained, icy hand of the small thin corpse in the gray box with silver-plated handles.

August and I saw it all between the

legs of the men in the cloakroom as my mother dragged us through the crowd and up the stairs to Aunt Carlotta's bedroom.

My aunt arose from the bed, and the two sisters fell upon one another and wept helplessly. Aunt Carlotta had wept so much that her face was as raw as a wound. Her arms were around my mother's neck, the hands hanging loosely, the finger nails gnawed until there were tiny blood tints at the quick. I closed the door, and August and I stood watching.

Then we saw Uncle Frank. He was at the window. He did not move when we entered, but stood with his hairy hands in his back pockets. He had seldom spoken to us, but he was gentle and generous, and each year he sent us pajamas for Christmas. We did n't know much about him, except that he was an electrician. He was a tall man with a thin neck; his spinal column rounded out like a rope beneath his brown skin, so that he always seemed to have a trim haircut. His body was not quivering from sobs, and when we saw the dry-eyed reflection of his thin face in the windowpane it amazed us that he was not shedding tears. We could not understand it.

'Why does n't he cry?' August whispered. 'He's the papa, is n't he?'

I think Uncle Frank heard him, for he turned around slowly and skeptically, as one turns to heed the note of a new bird. He saw my mother and me, and then he spied August. Instantly his knees seemed to buckle, and he backed against the window and clapped his hand over his mouth. The look of him made my brother shriek, and he grabbed my mother around the waist and hid his face in the small of her back.

Uncle Frank moistened his lips.

'Oh,' he said, pressing his eyes. 'Oh, it's you, August.'

He sat on the bed and panted as he ran his two hands in and out of his

hair. Aunt Carlotta saw August then, and she spread herself across the bed, her face vibrating in the depths of the pink coverlet. Uncle Frank stroked her shoulder.

'Now, now,' he murmured. 'We must be brave, *mia moglie*.'

But he was not crying, and the more I thought of it the stranger it seemed.

My mother bent down to straighten August's crooked tie.

'Be a good boy,' she said, 'and give your Uncle Frank and Aunt Carlotta a big kiss. You too, Robert.'

I kissed them, but August would n't go near Uncle Frank.

'No, no, no!' he screamed. 'No, no!'

He followed me when I walked to the window that overlooked the back yard. We looked out upon the hot Sunday afternoon and saw what Uncle Frank had been staring at when we came in. It was the twisted bicycle. It leaned against the ash pit, a bundle of bent and knotted steel. August kept looking over his shoulder at Uncle Frank, as if expecting a blow, and when Uncle Frank arose from the bed and came to the window and stood beside us, August crept into my arms and began to whimper in fear. Uncle Frank smiled tragically.

'Don't be afraid. I won't hurt you, August.'

He patted my hair, and even through it I felt the dryness of his hand and how sad it was.

'See?' he said. 'Robert's not afraid of his Uncle Frank, are you, Robert?'

'No, Uncle Frank. I'm not afraid.'

But August cringed from the man's melancholy hands. Uncle Frank tried very hard to smile, and then of a sudden he drew two half dollars from his pocket. I took one, but August hesitated, looking at my mother on the bed. She nodded. A soft smile broke on the boy's face, and, sniffing, he accepted the coin and went into Uncle Frank's arms.

'Little boy August,' Uncle Frank said. 'Little boy August, so like my little boy Clito.' But he was not crying.

He sat August upon his lap, and by the time the procession to the graveyard was ready to begin, my brother was deeply devoted to him. They went down the stairs to the parked cars, August holding his hand and looking up at his face in curiosity and admiration.

Uncle Frank was the only one who did not cry during the burial. He stood a little back from the head of the grave, my sobbing Aunt Carlotta clinging to him, his eyes closed, his jaw hard. Around the grave the throng hovered, the men with their hats in their hands, the handkerchiefs of the women fluttering in the lifeless afternoon heat, sobs bursting like unseen bubbles, the priest sprinkling holy water, the undertaker standing in professional dignity in the background, the bier sinking slowly, the while my brother and I stood side by side and stared at the black ground appearing as the box descended, our eyes flowing and flowing, our chests hurting, our hearts breaking in terror and first grief as the life of Clito rushed from our memories for the last time, vividly, distressingly; our mother whimpering as she chewed her handkerchief, the straps around the box crackling, the silver pulleys squeaking, the sun brilliant against them, the priest murmuring on and on, men coughing in shame, women wailing, Aunt Carlotta weak and near fainting, clinging to Uncle Frank, and he there with a hard jaw and closed, arid eyes, thinking the thoughts of a father, thinking — God knows what he thought.

Then it was over.

We went back to Aunt Carlotta's, and we sat in the living room, Aunt Carlotta still weeping and my mother consoling her. Dazed and white, Uncle Frank stood at the window, August watching his face.

August said, 'Don't you ever cry, Uncle Frank?'

The man only looked down and smiled feebly.

'Well, don't you?'

'August!' my mother said.

'Well, why does n't he? Why don't you, Uncle Frank?'

'August!'

'Keep still, August,' I said.

'Well, why does n't he cry?'

Uncle Frank pressed his temples.

'I am crying, August,' he said.

'No, you're not.'

'August!'

'Well, he's not.'

'Shut up, August,' I said.

'But you did n't cry at the graveyard, and everybody else did.'

'August!'

'He was the only one who did n't cry, because I was watching.'

'August! You go outside.'

He went out indignantly, and sat in the rocker before the window, his back to Uncle Frank. He began to rock furiously, stiffening his legs with the motion backward. Uncle Frank turned from the window and went outside and bent over August's chair, smiling down at him. Then he spoke. I was watching from the window, but I could n't hear what he said. August grinned, and the two of them went down the porch steps and on down the street.

'Where are they going?' my mother asked.

'I don't know,' I said.

A half hour passed without their return, and my mother and aunt sent me in search of them. I went down the street to the drug store on the corner, and that was where I found them. They were in an ice-cream booth, August drinking a malted milk, sucking it down greedily. Uncle Frank sat across from him, his face cupped in his hands, great tears rolling off his cheeks and falling on the table as he watched August sucking down the malted milk.

AN ADIRONDACK FRIENDSHIP

*Letters of William James*¹

BY JOSEPHINE GOLDMARK

I

IN William James there was always the 'double pull,' the *Zwiespalt*, with which his letters were filled on his return from his frequent journeys to Europe. He was at once lover of the American wilds and also, fundamentally, the cosmopolitan, the lover of Europe, the restless traveler, the keen and sympathetic observer. It was an essential characteristic of his own individualism and insistence upon the unique quality of every individual life that he should turn upon each nation, each country, each person he met, that humane yet penetrating eye.

The joys of foreign travel Mr. James often encouraged his young correspondent, Pauline Goldmark, to seek — Alpine heights, the English countryside, or, it might be, the satisfaction of the historic sense, so difficult to capture in the abstract, so vivid in the presence of ancient beauty. He compared impressions, and in a phrase or a page evoked the foreign scene and its particular flavor.

Thus, for instance, in some consecutive letters of 1908 written from abroad: —

¹For permission to publish these letters the *Atlantic* is indebted to Mr. Henry James, and to Professor Ralph Barton Perry of Harvard, who has included them in part in his forthcoming work entitled *The Thought and Character of William James*. — EDITOR

MARIEMONT, EDGBASTON, May 31, '08

PAOLINA MIA —

Yesterday morning, coming down stairs at Oxford, I found your letter from Athens and the steamer lying on the hall table and have had it all to myself. Beautiful letter, showing how you too have felt 'the wonder that was Greece.' How many different ways of being wondrous in this world! In some respects the Athenians were like Iroquois, in some like Parisians of today, in others like their sole selves — you can't escape them. They are at the heart of all our European culture, but you must see their country to imagine them. How I wish I might have been with you there for 24 hours! You don't tell me where you lodged, or by what route you are making for Naples, or any other sordid detail. No matter — I don't deserve to know so much. I am glad you're going to Rome, which of all places in Europe is the one I'd rather spend a winter in again. Stay there as long as the (probable) heat will let you, and drink deep draughts of the wide horizontal perspectives, topographic, moral and historic. Read Machiavelli's *Prince* and *Life of Castracani* to give you the spirit of the Renaissance. I am spending 36 hours with Oliver Lodge, Alice being at Harrow. Tomorrow to London and back to Oxford on Tuesday for another week of unspeakable social fatigue. I have got thru my lectures, and love Oxford, both place, people, and institutions; but I started on my last legs and am tired as I have seldom been, with the unceasing 'sociability' required. I long for the country. I've grown fearfully old in the past

year, except 'philosophically,' where I still keep young, but I can't keep pace with your strong young life at all any more, and you do well to drop me out of your calculations. I'm out of the running in so many ways that I can only figure as a valetudinarian in the eyes of people like yourself, God bless you. But, ironically enough, I am more and more of an 'authority'!! We go in 10 days to the Cotswold hills and on the 23rd to Durham for another honorary degree — drat it all. If my extreme fatigue continues I shall make tracks for home to get my back under a pine tree with no social complications, and recover.

Keep us informed of your movements. Harry arrived 3 days ago, Peg arrives about July 1st.

The beauty and wholesomeness of this England are immense, and Oxford, now that I have been part of the machine for a month, seems familiar and democratic. Goodbye! Heaven bless you, dear Pauline — Your affectionate W. J.

ULLSWATER HOTEL, PATTERDALE.
July 2, '08.

Your letter, beloved Pauline, greeted me on my arrival here three hours ago, just as I had settled again into the unhealthy conviction that to communicate with me was more trouble to you than it seemed worth. Pardon the injurious thought. This letter, earthquake, photograph and all show you to be writing *con amore* and I thank you from my heart. All I really *needed* was to know your whereabouts, present, and future so far as that was fixed. I supposed the Rome address, which was all you had given me, to be long since obsolete, on account of heat; but how mistaken I was, since you are returning thither, and D. S. M. is actually installed there! So I send this also to Rome with some confidence that it will get you. Surely one has to stay indoors most of the day in Rome at this season, which will account for Miller's doing so much 'work.' Moreover when you are as old as M. and me, you will probably find that a bit of the habitual work daily — *reading* is enough — gives you a better moral digestion for all the sightseeing and lying waste. How I *do wish* that I could be in Italy alongside of you now, now or any time! You could do me so much good, and

your ardor of enjoyment of the country, the town, and the folk would warm up my cold soul. I might even learn to speak Italian by conversing in that tongue with you. But I fear that you'd find me betraying the coldness of my soul by complaining of the heat of my body — a most unworthy attitude to strike. Dear Paolina, never, never think of whether your body is hot or cold, live in the *objective* world, above such miserable considerations. . . .

I have been riding about on stage coaches for five days past, but the hills are so treeless that one gets little shade, and the sun's glare is tremendous. It is a lovely country, however, for pedestrianizing in cooler weather. Mountains and valleys compressed together as in the Adirondacks, great reaches of pink and green hillside and lovely lakes, the higher parts quite fully Alpine in character but for the fact that no snow mountains form the distant background. A strong and noble region, well worthy of one's life-long devotion, if you were a Briton. And on the whole what a magnificent land and race is this Britain. Every thing about them is of better quality than the corresponding thing in the U. S. — with but few exceptions, I imagine. And the equilibrium is so well achieved, and the human tone so cheery, blythe and manly! And the manners so delightfully good. Not one *unwholesome* looking man or woman does one meet for 250 that one meets in America. Yet I believe (or suspect) that ours is eventually the bigger destiny, if we can only succeed in living up to it, and thou in 22nd St and I in Irving St must do our respective strokes, which after 1000 years will help to have made the glorious collective resultant. Meanwhile, as my brother H. once wrote, thank God for a world that holds so rich an England, so rare an Italy! . . . A breeze has risen on the Lake which is spread out before the 'Smoking room' window at which I write, and is very grateful. The lake much resembles Lake George. Your ever grateful and loving W. J.

ULLSWATER HOTEL, PATTERDALE.
July 3, '08, 9.30 A.M.

DEAR PAULINE,

My pen ran off yesterday upon Anglicanism and other abstractions without deign-

ing to deal with your dear concrete letter, which gives me such an impression of your active healthy nature and susceptibility to happiness. . . .

You ask about Casentino and the Val Verna: I forget all names, but imagine that you mean the country about Assisi with wh. St. F. had so much to do. I have been there, and been immensely impressed, both with the landscape and the unique legendary history. The strange thing was the quick *success* of the good F.'s enterprise.

But how can *our* ideas of strangeness be applied to a time when the earth and the sky were all mixed up together, and we ourselves, God, Christ, the devil and the angels formed one vividly and immediately present little family circle? Vivid as a camera picture, and nothing in it more than a mile off, or a year away! I was particularly struck with that little private sanctuary of F., away up on the mountain side, with everything so tiny and its little bed of penance hollowed in the rock. The lair of the wild beast, indeed, and that beast the Saint!

I hope that on your way from Siena to Rome you will have stopped at Orvieto, if you have n't been there already, as you probably have. Not only the church but the town 'took' me immensely when I was there 3 years ago. The fierce little poor people's houses, with their outside stairs, and the masonry binding things with such style in its irregularity. Was that your own photo of the Greek goatherd? If so, I applaud; and wish you may have snapped off some of the little dwellings on the hill slopes at Orvieto.

Here, the heat continues and a misty glare envelops the mountains. I shall pass a quiet day. Unfortunately I've already been recognized by some Durham people, but as they have a 'motor,' I shall perhaps get some compensation. How I wish that you might have been of our party at Durham. Both the Cathedral and castle were so impressive. As for Oxford, the beauty is endless. One must live there a month to fathom its uniqueness. There never ought to be a second one attempted in this world.

Ah Pauline, Pauline. God bless you!
Your W. J.

ULLSWATER HOTEL, July 5th,
9.30 A.M.

DEAR PAULINE,

Well! I have got off three successive letters to you anyhow, and *that* part of my life at least can't be undone! Here goes for a fourth, and tho' I fear that you may flinch from the persecution, it makes me feel temporarily quite young again, — not more than 34 years old, or 34 and a half, to find that I can keep it up so well. A cool and rainy day, with the mountains mostly hid by clouds. Not unbecoming to the region, more so in fact than the cloudless heat glare. The friendly Squances took me out again yesterday afternoon for a 40 miles ride in their automobile which he drives very skilfully down the steep hills — Ullswater, Keswick, Grasmere, Ambleside — in fact the cream of the district, unrolling itself successively under the becoming cloudy sky.

Great uplifted moorlands and almost tropically embowered roadsides alternated in this drive, and the richest thing in the latter way was 'Fox Howe,' the house which Dr. Arnold (of Rugby) built on a bit of land selected by 'Mr.' Wordsworth (and well selected) for the view, and died almost immediately after. His children have lived there more or less ever since, and the septuagenarian Miss Arnold, who received us, proved a very jolly old girl — a friend of Miss Squance. How I should have liked you to see the country, so much of it at once! It is really a wonderful little country for strength and compressed variety — the hills all look much higher than they really are. England has nice things, natural as well as human, within her limits. . . .

If you want some good Italian reading, try to get Settembrini's memoirs, a Neapolitan of the revolutionary time, with the most extraordinary Italian grace of nature piercing through his horrible recital of suffering. Massimo d'Azeglio's memoirs I suppose you know — they exist in English. . . .

I suppose that you are tempted towards Tyrol, to do some mountain scaling. The Salters enjoyed their walking in the Austrian Tyrol more than any part of their year abroad, and after Rome *you* must long to get the breath of the Scipio's sepulchres out of your lungs. . . .

If I could obey my real impulse, I would

go home this month and spend the rest of my summer at the Putnams'. Goodbye, Pauline, goodbye. Your

W. J.

Atmosphere, light, perspective never more subtly reproduced than in a single paragraph in a letter from Edinburgh, engage the artist who was never lost in William James. (Had he not studied painting under Hunt in his youth before turning to the study of medicine?)

I think your party did n't come to Scotland [he writes]. Edinburgh and the country round about are *grossartig*, as noble and strong as any city in the world, I fancy. Today is sunny (for a wonder), and Alice, Harry and Peggy have gone to the Trosachs. The atmospheric effects in the town are extraordinary, vistas receding in plane after plane of aerial perspective, in an air full of delicate aqueous vapour, silvery brown smoke, and ancient decayed sunshine held in solution in it, so that it figures as a bodily object of the most exquisite sort. But let me not Ruskinize!

II

Circumstances had early made of William James a citizen of the world, who had lived much abroad. Yet such were his constitutional restlessness and what has been called 'the perversity which was a fascinating trait in his character' that he was seldom content to settle down for long. In spite of regularly recurring visits to Europe, he came to feel that a long sojourn there uprooted him from America and American life. That difficulty of readjustment which we must all experience in greater or less degree on returning from the older order of civilization, with all its wealth of historic association, was particularly marked in Mr. James. In his later years it was aggravated by his illness and necessary relinquishments of activity. Yet as early as 1894 he was writing to Carl Stumpf: —

One should not be a cosmopolitan, one's soul becomes 'disintegrated,' as Janet would say. Parts of it remain in different places, and the whole of it nowhere. One's native land seems foreign. It is not wholly a good thing, and I think I suffer from it.

His brother Henry had by this time made a different choice and had settled for the rest of his life in England. But William remained, with whatever reservations, rooted in America. He was, indeed, to stand out in the course of time as a 'typical' American.

To you [he writes to his brother], who now have real practical relations and a place in the old world, I should think there was no necessity of ever coming back again. But Europe has been made what it is by men staying in their homes and fighting stubbornly generation after generation for all the beauty, comfort and order that they have got — we must abide and do the same.

To Pauline he repeatedly expresses a similar sentiment, as in the course of the following letter early in their acquaintance. The opening sentence refers to an invitation for her to come for a visit to Cambridge: —

C/o EDMUND TWEEDY, ESQ.
Newport, R. I.
April 18, '99.

Alas, my dear Pauline, what a letter from you is this that Mrs. James sends me from home this morning? I *did* make bold to hope that you might come. Is there no one to take your place on the Consumers' League? Or can't you come — *after* the first of May? Mrs. Brandeis — that charming being — whom I recently saw at Mrs. Evans', told me of your summer plan, but said you were to leave early in May. Is the date such as to make a visit quite impossible? I should so 'admire' to see you playing the part of a member of our family.

What a winter of estrangement it has been! With no lectures given or heard, no pups offered and ignored or contemptuously rejected by telegraph, no snatches at conversation in the midst of crowds, no baskings on the lawn at Bryn Mawr, no

nothing at all, in short; and yet all sorts of real things to talk about, accumulating on my side of the fence. You may say 'why, since you have a week of holiday, don't you run down here, and come and see me and talk them over?' Well! that sounds natural; but . . . there are a number of reasons too long and subtle to be put down on paper why I must stay here at Newport and not go to New York during this April recess. So if you can't come to us in May, I must even waft you with this a quasi-eternal farewell. I am glad on the whole to hear of your determination to go abroad only for the summer and to spend most, if not all, of your time in the British Isles. . . . The *ideal* use to be made of Europe, in my opinion (at any rate when one is of my age), is to go there in the spring, and spend 3 months of irresponsible travel, and then come home. Not settle down anywhere for the winter. You get an extraordinary refreshment from the sight of the beauty and the novelty; and when that mood wears off, you had better get back to your own work again. It would be nice, all the same, to meet you in Europe next winter — no matter where. . . .

Now this is a long letter and a good one, and says nothing about pups, so I am disposed to demand an immediate reply. Pray write to me *here* and tell me whether you can possibly come after the 1st of May. . . .

And in any and every case, believe me — with friendliest regards to your mother and sisters,

Your sincere friend

WM. JAMES

III

A decade later the note of sadness, the *Zwiespalt* between 'incompatible allegiances,' is uppermost in a letter written from New Hampshire during the Indian summer season.

AT SALTER'S 'HILL TOP'
Thursday, Oct. 22nd, '08.

DEAR PAULINE, You see where I am. We reached Boston last Friday after a stormy passage, and I took the train on Saturday morning straight up here. I go down this afternoon to attend poor Charles Norton's

funeral. He was 82, and has had on the whole a fortunate life, having coöperated with most of the better things that were going in his time, and having given great help and encouragement to individuals by his appreciative sympathy and recommendations, when as yet they were unknown. Verily a good way in which to be remembered.

How I wish I had had you near me these last days to compare the way in which the exchange of continents had affected us severally. I think that to some extent, at any rate, our impressions would have been the same. One gets so quickly attuned to the beauty, solidity and tidiness of Europe that it makes one's own country seem strange, and in my case the effect is enhanced by the fact that I can bear no practical part in improving the face of nature now-a-days, and the excellent way in which Europe takes care of you instead of appealing to you to take care of her exactly suits my complaint. Here, everything is *to be done*. . . . When I came up here it was heart-breaking. Two souls in my breast. The ancient American beauty of the season, unutterably sentimental in its femininity and *dearth*, and the robust fullness of all that I had left in England. The two schemes of being are so discrepant that one should draw no comparisons. But the total result, anchored as I am to America, is to fill me with pathos and pangs. . . . I know that you too feel the double pull also, and I would give anything to have you near, so as to compare notes. How jolly, but how short that meeting was in London. . . .

Goodbye!

Your always affectionate

W. J.

This was, however, a passing mood. The autumn splendor, as a rule, awoke in him a spiritual no less than a physical response, and fortified his essential Americanism. On another occasion he writes from New Hampshire: —

About to leave these sylvan glories, what is more natural than to write a word to you, and express my sorrow that you had to return to town before they had developed? I have been fortunate enough to wait till yellow is beginning to be the prevailing colour,

but the whole preceding month has been a spectacle of jewelry, as if the world were rubies and gold, and emerald and topaz. The thing has been at once violently sensational and exquisitely spiritual. I never saw so much of it, or such warm Americanism in the atmosphere, and I wish that you could have enjoyed it with me. It makes one patriotic!

I have been thinking of Keene Valley and East Hill the past few days, for I have been writing, at Professor Knight's solicitation (a Saint Andrews professor — editor of *Wordsworth*), 37 pp. of reminiscence of T. Davidson, to go into a 'life' of him which K. is about to publish. When once I got started, I enjoyed the writing greatly — with D. as a subject, it became so easy to be racy. . . .

I am in fine condition, almost my own self again in spirit as indeed I ought to be, for my outward duties etc. are now 'fixed' so harmoniously. Goodbye! Have a good winter, don't over work yourself, and keep a place in your affections for your ancient but faithful friend.

W. J.

Over against this flaming picture — the 'hillsides reeking, as it were, and aflame with ruby and gold and emerald and topaz,' as he puts it in the article on Thomas Davidson — may be set an ordinary American winter landscape, as seen from a railroad window and sketched in black and white in the course of a letter from the train: —

BOSTON, NEW YORK AND CHICAGO SPECIAL
Feb. 24 [1904], 9 A.M. at Syracuse,
just after breakfast.

MY DEAR PAULINE, This is just a part of my yesterday's letter. I forgot to say certain things then. For instance to express a hope that the Bryn Mawr dinner went off well — if it has gone off. What male Being or Beings did you have there? Do you make speeches (here goes the train!). And did you or Mlle. Joséphine make one? . . .

We are rocking and stumbling along through a wild northeasterly storm. The snow is over, but the horizons disappear in the blackish grey of a frozen atmospheric jelly, while the white fields receive the trees against them as if drawn in pencil, the house

roofs and the car roofs when we pass them are pure white and break beautifully upon their almost black sides, altogether it is a beautiful drawing in crayon and stump; and good as summer is for the soul, I verily suspect that winter is more beautiful for the eye — *on the whole*, and I would n't spend a winter *entirely* without our wild cold and snow for anything. I saw some exquisite days, the perfection of weather, in Florida, but when I came back to Boston cold, I said, 'This is my native air and I claim it.' It is only a question of the number of weeks one shall claim it.

I go back, now, I hope, to a less interrupted half year, in which I may possibly do some of my own proper tasks; so far, it has been nothing but jobs to oblige others, to which I could n't say no. I am ashamed to say how much interested I have become in my own system of philosophy (!) since Dewey, Schiller, a Frenchman named Bergson, and some lesser lights, have, all independently of me and of one another, struck into a similar line of ideas. I am persuaded that a great new philosophic movement is in the air, and I pray to be spared to play an active part in it. Those movements seem ridiculously abstract in their original form, but they filter down into practical life through the remotest channels.

Now! there! Is n't that the best letter I ever wrote you? I pray you, make response! How has the work at the League gone? How has society gone? How has reading gone? Of course you are pro-Jap. Are n't they little Romans? This seems to me a case where one's anti-war principles have to yield before the presence of deep animal instincts. For the issue is unquestionably, 'Shall all races succumb to the white race?' And I don't believe that God meant that they should lie down just yet. However it turns out, it will make the world a worse place to live in for a long time to come. If the Japs beat, it may be one of the great turning points in human history. Certainly *they* feel that and will fight to exhaustion. And so, for that matter, ought Russia to. Goodbye, and God bless you, whoever may beat. Your W. J.

A different American scene, on the grandest scale, is reflected in a letter from the Grand Canyon of the Colo-

rado. Here Mr. James had stopped on his way across the continent to lecture at Stanford University, California, during the second term of 1906: —

DEAR PAOLINA,

I am breaking my journey by a day here, and it seems a good place from which to date my New Year's greeting to you. But we correspond so rarely that when it comes to the point of tracing actual words with the pen, the last impressions of the day and the more permanent interests of one's life block the way for each other. I think, however, that a word about the Canyon may fitly take precedence. It certainly is equal to the brag; and, like so many of the more stupendous freaks of nature, seems at first smaller and more manageable than one had supposed. But it grows in immensity as the eye penetrates it more intimately. It is so entirely alone in character that one has no habits of association with 'the likes' of it, and at first it seems a foreign curiosity; but already in this one day I am feeling myself grow nearer, and I can well imagine that, with greater intimacy, it might become the passion of one's life — so far as 'Nature' goes. The conditions have been unfavorable for intimate communion. Three degrees above zero, and a spring overcoat, prevent that forgetting of 'self' which is said to be indispensable to absorption in Beauty. Moreover, I have kept upon the 'rim,' seeing the Canyon from several points some miles apart. I meant to go down, having but this day; but they could n't send me or anyone today; and I confess that, with my precipice-disliking soul, I was relieved, though it very likely would have proved less uncomfortable than I have been told. (I resolved to go, in order to be worthy of being your correspondent.) As Chas. Lamb says, there is nothing so nice as doing good by stealth and being found out by accident, so I now say it is even nicer to make heroic decisions and to be prevented by 'circumstances beyond your control' from even trying to execute them. But if ever I get here in summer, I shall go straight down and live there. I am sure that it is indispensable. But it is vain to waste descriptive words on the wondrous apparition, with its symphonies of architecture and of colour. I have just been watching its peaks

blush in the setting sun, and slowly lose their fire. Night nestling in the depths. Solemn, solemn! And a unity of design that makes it seem like an individual, an animate being. Good night, old chasm! . . .

And now, dear Paolina, what of yourself? I try to think of your life and occupations, but can't do so successfully. Enlighten me. Write a good, *long*, gossipy, egotistic, tattling letter, telling me about everything, important and unimportant. Such a letter as I inwardly deserve, though I do so little outwardly to merit it. Address 'Stanford University, California.' . . . I have just taken the liberty of sending a copy of *Kipps* (first-rate!) to your sister Josephine — I hope that you have n't all read it already. Write! write! write! and lengthily! to

Yours as ever

W. J.

IV

Two late letters, written in 1909, the year before Mr. James's death, touch on a Western camping trip of Pauline's, with all the old ardor of enjoyment: —

SILVER LAKE, N. H.
June 22d, '09

DEAR PAULINE,

Instead of having to stay on at Cambridge as two and a half weeks ago I thought I should, I found that I could get away, so I came up here immediately to the Salters', where I have been living in a state of high contentment and communion with nature ever since. Previous to that I was at Stockbridge and Salisbury, and am only confirmed in my old belief that with May and June doing what they *are* doing, in the country, it is sin and suicide for any free man or woman deliberately to stay in town. The simplification of life, the good smelling air, the exquisiteness of the leafage, the wild flowers and birds, the coolness (until yesterday), have all been balm to my soul, and I find that by walking slowly enough I can get about anywhere and everywhere I will. I have thought of you shut up in New York, with aching protest. My own family, too, in Cambridge, seem to me perverse. . . . I have just finally declined an invitation to the Jubilee of the University of Geneva, where I understood confidentially that I was to be made a Doctor of Theology!!!!

The temptation was strong to go, so as to crow over Royce, and listen to his sarcasms in return — Irving Street would be more lively as a result! Besides, there was a possible breath of Switzerland again. But that is all dismissed, and I look forward to July and most of August at our place here (the family arriving about July 1st), with (*hoffentlich*) 3 or 4 weeks at 'the Valley' after that! Meanwhile I make myself happy reading Plutarch's *Lives*, which (strange to say) I open for the first time in my 68th year. The time for standard works is assuredly old age, so I don't *urge you* to go at Plutarch *now*, tho I'm sure you will enjoy him if you do. He's as enthralling as any modern novelist, as good a story teller, moralist, and psychologist, and more everlasting human business gets transacted in his pages than in any others I know — they are, as Emerson said, 'rammed with life.' Ah, Pauline, when shall you and I ever converse together again? I thought of you yesterday again in reading in a really charming volume called *In Tuscany* by one Carmichael. Have you seen it? If not, I must send you a copy. And don't forget to tell me whether you have the *Way of All Flesh* and *Tono Bungay*. You *must* go to the Columbia River, or wherever that western camping project was to take you. Lose no chance during all these young years to live with nature — it is the eternal normal animal thing in us, overlaid by other more important human destinies, no doubt, but holding the fort in the middle as the security of all the rest. Go! and drink your fill! and temporarily forget everything except the day that is. You will tell me all about it, when you get back to the Valley in September.

I shall go down to Cambridge again on Friday and stay till after Commencement, bringing the family up to Chocorua. I trust that you and yours are all very well and either gone already or on the point of going to the blessed spot. Believe me, dear Pauline,

Yours ever affectionately,

WM. JAMES

CAMBRIDGE, Sept. 5, 1909.

DEAR PAULINE:

Your letter of July 25th reached me duly and gladdened my heart by awakening

lively images of the bath in Nature's beauties and wonders which you were about to have. I hope you have *drunk deep*, for that goes to a certain spot in us that nothing else can reach, more 'serious' and 'valuable' tho' other things profess (and indeed seem) to be. Where 'Field' and 'Yoho Valley' are I have n't the least idea, but somewhere, I suppose, off the Canadian Pacific Road, which I only hope you will have enjoyed as I enjoyed it 10 years ago. The big *continental* consciousness that one gets in traversing America is an element of experience wholly unlike anything else, when one gets it for the first time — I fear, however, that the 1st time usually means the last time so far as the wondrous soul-dilating part of it goes. If you had sent me any possible address, I should have written to you — but you did n't. . . .

Write to me how it went with you this summer, dear Pauline — no very long letter if you don't feel like one, but enough to reassure your ever affectionate old friend.

W. J.

The last letter, like the first and almost every one of this correspondence, returns to the out-of-doors. It was again from Nauheim, from the beautiful park which he loved there; it was near the end. But it speaks of trees, and blackbirds, and the open air.

NAUHEIM, May 29th, 1910

BELOVED PAULINE,

On this rainy lonely morning, my heart goes out in your direction and I can't help sending you a *Gruss*. I went to my bath at six this a.m. (it is now 10.30) and had the park, the trees and the blackbirds all to myself. Would thou had'st been there! This was because I am expecting a certain powerful young professor named Goldstein from Darmstadt, who is translating one of my books, and I had to get the bath out of the way. It has begun to rain, and I hope that G. won't come; for to converse in this place and not to be in the open air is altogether wrong.

Well! God bless you, Pauline. Be good and happy.

Your old friend

W. J.

TWO POEMS

BEFORE ARARAT

OVER the leagues of lifeless sea
the white bird passed — repeatedly
the buffets of the savage wind assailed her flight;
while in the West, under the frown
of purple thunders southward rolled
along the marches of the night,
mantled in light and, like some old
rich-frescoed saint, gold-aureoled,
the sun went down.

The white bird passed: no sign was there
of living thing in all the dark
vast waters spread, and overhead
no sign in all the empty world of air;
no sign of land — no mountain peak
pointed above the seas its naked reef,
no top of tallest tree from which her beak
might pluck one token-leaf:
nothing save, far below her flying,
in the gray troughs of ocean lying,
the tempest-battered ark.

And Noah looked forth:
east and west and south and north
stretched fierce and wide
the sombre waters desolate,
while in the West the last dun light
of the sun died,
and night
came down upon the world — menace and fear and hate —
through which not one star burned,
not one small lamp of hope through all the skies of fate.

And as the white bird, wearily
and heavily flying at her journey's end,
returned
and at the feet of Noah fell dead,
Noah, sighing, to his children said:
'To-morrow I will send
over the lifeless leagues of sea,
over the world deep-drowned in misery,
another dove:
for God is not perpetual wrath, but everlasting love.'

ENCOUNTER

I MET a man upon the public way:
his face was brown as a cut rick of hay;
deep in his blue eyes dwelt that light of pain,
man's ancient heritage that none escape —
the light that dawns on the slow-rousing brain
and makes us Man forever and no more Ape —
though who shall say in those prehuman eyes
what smoulder of eternal anguish lies?

His face was brown and noble as old oak;
and as he passed he smiled and, smiling, spoke
the soft plain greeting of the peasant mind:
'T is a fine day!' and so passed on. But I
heard in those words the faith of all mankind
proclaimed, and stared, long after he went by,
as after an angel, cord-clad and leather-shod,
and met at random on the open road.

His wrinkled face, brown as a parchment leaf,
was like a palimpsest where the world's grief
was written: yet he smiled! What secret then
abode with the sad knowledge of his face?
What hope, on this so hopeless way of men,
looked from his eyes to greet life's few fine days?
That look held more of wise and brave and true
than all I have said or thought my lifetime through.

J. REDWOOD ANDERSON

UMBRIAN PILGRIMAGE

BY ELIZABETH WILDER

I

THE railway, creature of the common sense of the nineteenth century, is not everywhere triumphant. Like the *nouveaux riches*, it sometimes succeeds only by pretending to be unaware that the old established order of things ignores it completely. Everywhere in Italy the trains go tooting down the valleys, bustling with importance on their way from Florence, perhaps, to Rome, while the ancient feudal cities, — cities that watched the men of the Renaissance (and before them the Romans) drain these very valleys and lay out the low roads which now the railroad follows, — still remembering the centuries of swamp and malaria that intervened, the old cities stand aloof on their high hills.

Monterchi, in Umbria, is such a town: it draws itself up as though to prove its proud antiquity on a little Romanesque hill far across the valley from the railway station. When I dropped off the snorting narrow-gauge train that Sunday morning, I saw it shining in the eastern sky like an enchanted city. And since one bridges the distance between the ubiquitous present and the inviolable past only by a conscious humility, — and since, furthermore, there was no conveyance visible, — I prepared to continue my pilgrimage on foot. Leaving my suitcase and my raincoat in care of the station master, who agreed with me that rain was impossible, I set off down the road.

450

It was a brilliant, fresh June morning, flooded with sunshine. Never had Italy been so luxuriant; after the dignified severity of the Tuscan landscape, Umbria seemed all a leafy bower. The June grass and early wheat had just been cut, and the country looked like a great park. No one was at work on this Sunday morning among the sheaves piled on the tawny ground; the stillness, like the dewy freshness, was astonishing and grateful in crowded Italy.

Actually there is nothing on earth more delightful than walking toward a hill town. One sees it from a great distance, even several days' walk away. Like a shining parable of pilgrimage the visible goal dominates one's existence, holding the evening sun long after the road is dark. At first it looms incredibly remote, mysterious, still luring one on; and then as the towers and walls gradually take form, without quite losing its aspect of a celestial city, it grows in earthly charm. Then the donkeys can be seen mincing up to the arched gateway, and the washing waves hospitably at the windows.

Sweet indeed are the delights of pilgrimage! Let pedants argue, if they will, that works of art should be concentrated in large cities where they may be studied and appreciated by the greatest number of earnest citizens — all the instincts of humanity are against them. Human nature loves a holiday, and what could be a better excuse for a

holiday than a favorite picture off in Umbria? Travel is better for such an end, and the picture itself is dignified, it is set in relief, by the journey. Over the hills and along the road one thinks of it, while it takes on a more vivid life in the mind. One finds the church where the artist worked, and the people for whom he painted — though it may have been five hundred years ago. The picture is no longer a museum piece; it takes its place in real life. One sees it at home, in its own country, to think of it ever after in its perfect frame of vines and flowering fields.

This time I had come to see the 'Madonna del Parto' by Piero della Francesca. My friends had promised me that, next to the 'Resurrection' in Borgo San Sepolcro, it was his greatest picture — a promise which might wing one's heels to a shrine much more lonely and remote than Monterchi. And indeed, for my part, it seemed to me right and pleasant that one of the masterpieces of the world should be lodged in a forgotten town three miles' walk from a branch railway. In such a situation there was a hint of the mystery of genius, that spectacular birthright which so often disguises itself in rags and sells pencils on a city street.

I had reached the little stream which in perfect feudal form circled the hill where the town perched. But the *camposanto* was not up the hill; it was a few steps down the road to the left. I found it easily, following a grassy path, starred with chicory, across the field. The house which leaned against the graveyard wall was quite silent; but as I reached the gate a crowd of curly-haired children came leaping down from the meadow, calling to their mother. At sight of me, a *signorina sola*, they stopped, struck dumb, like little animals.

In the kitchen I found the mother,

a large, interested woman, just at the delicate point of rolling out the thin dough for noodles. Yes, she said brightly, — and with a fine sense of dramatic pause, — one needed a permission from the town hall to see the Madonna. Of course, I was alone — and it was Sunday and the Municipio was n't functioning — I was a stranger, a foreigner, even, and it was a very fine day — in short, if I would be so good as to wait for her *pasta*, she would let me in. When she had finished, she covered the board and led me through a bedroom to the little chapel, where I was left in charge of the twins.

II

Real beauty, splendid art, is always startling, whatever one's preparation. It is not merely difficult, it is impossible to report the effect of a masterpiece. As many photographs as I had seen of this Madonna, as much as I had read in her praise, I had not expected such dignity and such quiet, or such exquisite delicacy of color. How beautifully calm it was! There was a fine appropriateness in coming to such a picture on a serene Sunday morning in June, and finding it alone in the tiny whitewashed chapel of a village graveyard. I felt in the setting and in the people around me the same balance of humility and dignity which illumined the picture. At one minute it seemed to be only a woman great with child — until one saw the angels in their celestial robes holding back the curtains from the Queen of Heaven, until one realized in her face that basic nobility which mysteriously resides in human beings. It was a great picture — a picture of definite presence, which one found it hard to leave and would never forget. I stayed for a long time, watching its silvery radiance and admiring the magnificent head of the Virgin.

All this time the twins sat on the altar step, rolling an enormous white candle between them, and confiding to me a continuous stream of whispered, lisping Italian, not a syllable of which I understood. They were as sweet as babies could be, with their heavy black curls and big eyes, and their shy engaging gestures. Any number of handsome brothers came to peek at me before I left, and to grin at their mother's inviting me to dinner. That invitation I declined regretfully with, I trust, the same courtesy in which it was offered. Already I felt pleasantly that this was proving itself a pilgrimage into life, as well as art, where one discovered pretty babies and remarkable mothers as well as Madonnas.

But naturally it is impossible to see a town above one, a little town complete to battlements and church bells, without going up. The road was steep; as I panted up to the sound of the chimes, I realized what a splendid protection against merely human foes a steep hill can be. Only travel can teach one such things as this; for an idea which gets into the shin bones and there aches has a reality that printer's ink will never counterfeit.

In a mood for receiving inspiration, therefore, I rounded a corner and found the people. Here, on the irregular grassy piazza which crowned the village, a few steps above the church and just below the old city wall, was the Sunday fair. A fitting supplement to the sobriety of Sunday devotions, carts and booths offered all the temptation of earthly possessions. They were laden with bright-colored things, silks and fruit and aluminum pans, chains of coral, house slippers, brooms. Yielding to the atmosphere of indulgence, I bought myself such an Umbrian cotton kerchief as I had long coveted, the very kind all the women wear in the fields. Out of the whole scale of brown, from ruddy chestnut to gold-umber, I

chose at last a fine large square which, if worn in the sun and washed in the river, would in time come to a perfect saffron.

Then I went over to the church, on the general principle that one always looks into a church in Italy. It was half new and half old, the tower had come down in an earthquake, and the great bells still hung out on wooden frames on the bare ground beside the door. But within there was nothing to be seen, — neither art nor people, — only a half-burned candle blowing in the draft.

III

When I came to the door again, the scene had changed completely. The market was a marvelous mad confusion of people, shouting and demolishing; the once remote wind raced through the piazza flapping cloth and throwing over glassware, and the sky was already dark with purple-blue clouds. I thought of my raincoat in the railway station; it seemed a very silly thought. But wandering brings, if nothing else, alertness to the mind; I realized at once that I had been yearning to buy a large green country umbrella — and here was the market!

The umbrella man was wildly stowing bolts of calico into a tip cart, but he stopped to devote himself to me with the interest of a specialist. I asked after the green umbrellas with the crook handles, — those satisfying, beautiful, adequate umbrellas that will shelter a horse, — umbrellas which are as appropriate to open country as the chic small novelties of Paris are to crowded streets. In answer he brought out from under the booth a little brown umbrella, which he offered me for seventeen lire. I looked at it. It was brown, but it had silk stripes in blue, red, and purple, and the handle was a sunset immortalized in celluloid — an umbrella which he described

lovingly as '*di tutti colori.*' No, I said firmly, I preferred the green one. But this, he insisted, was an umbrella for a *signorina* (wickedly implying the abyss of provincialism into which the purchase of a green umbrella would plunge me). Nevertheless, I would take the green one, and what did it cost? He put me off for a few minutes more, dwelling upon the elegance of the small umbrella, its fantasy, its chic, its appropriateness to me (with crafty insinuation of my own elegance, chic, et cetera). When I refused to be won, however, he put a dignified stop to our conversation, and showed me once and for all who was master of the situation. As a matter of fact, he said, he had promised all five of these green umbrellas to a friend of his in Borgo San Sepolcro, and he was to deliver them this evening. They were sold. One bows to the inevitable as to a god. I paid fifteen lire and went off swinging my elegant morsel, wishing it a trifle less elegant and a touch larger.

Almost at once it began to rain very hard, a slanting, pelting rain. I took refuge in the church, with two country-women and a perambulator holding what seemed to be a lace cushion stuffed with a baby. The women, on their knees together, whispered and laughed, while I stood in the doorway to watch the last scuttling flight of the market, and said good-morning to the priest as politely as possible, in the hope that he would invite me to dinner. But he was young and looked frightened.

Just as I was considering whether or not to stand in the shadow and get myself locked in the church at twelve o'clock with at least a roof over my head, the sun came out. Clouds were still blowing down the sky, trailing their shadows after them over the plain, but they had lost their evil aspect, and the sky between was blue and clear. So with a light heart —

such is the charm of sunlight in Italy — I sallied forth to buy a handful of plums, cheese, and a half loaf of black bread for my lunch. Then I started through the gate back down the hill.

I had just reached the stream at the foot when a young woman watching me from her doorway beckoned me in. She was quite right, it was sprinkling again, though I had been pretending not to notice.

As we stood on the step watching the shower, she observed me in a quick, birdlike way — a pretty, bright-eyed young woman in a curiously stylish dress of flowered cotton. She too had traveled, she said. She had been even to Arezzo to buy her furniture, and had stayed overnight with her husband's aunt. I took it that, for all the stimulus of metropolitan gaiety, she was happy enough to be back here where life was more intimate. And in the summer, as she pointed out, there was often the cinema on a Saturday night; *Nostro Duce* sent it, and they turned it on the smooth-plastered outside wall of the church, everyone bringing his own chair to the Piazza. I was very touched to hear of this; that the Duce should, in his power, remember a place as far away and insignificant as Monterchi made him seem for a moment almost like the Heavenly Father.

But the rain was over, and I set out again. The pleasant young woman assured me that she would have liked to ask me to dinner; but she was newly married, she said, and, as her husband was out just then, she could n't be sure that he would approve. And she gave me a last sympathetic, inquiring look, wondering whether I should be able to understand these things, not being a married woman.

However, it did n't matter, for the rain was over. The clouds had been hurried across to the horizon, the sky was clear as glass, innocent and blue,

and the sun was almost too warm. I had half a mind to walk on down the road to the next town, which gleamed in the mellow distance on its own conical hill. But noon will have its way — I was hungry, and the sun was hot.

Beyond the town then, on the way back toward the station, I found a pleasant field and sat down in the angle of a cruciform shock of grain to eat my bread and cheese.

IV

The day, the fare, the lingering impression of the beautiful picture and the friendly people, had all combined to bring a mood of singular felicity. It seemed to me for the moment that in this earth and shining sky, in the firm delicious cheese and the benevolent warmth of the sun, there was more than enough to satisfy the human heart. I began to meditate upon the simple life.

Now envy of the simple life is probably the finest pleasure of sophistication. It is, indeed, a pleasure which only the sophisticated know; for living simply is quite another thing from prizing that simplicity. Peasants can never love their life as we do; as Dorothy Osborne said, 'they want nothing to make them the happiest People in the world, but the Knowledge that they are soe.' And yet — into what antitheses will thought not lead one — is it not just this blindness, this peace from self-examination, which we envy? A complete and blissful submersion in the act of living, a near communion with the earth, and unprotesting communication with men — it is for such things that we self-conscious beings hunger. To live on milk and berries and sunlight, working hard, without a thought, and sleeping soundly, without a dream; to take the bitterness and the pain and the joy

alike as simply and as tolerantly as sunlight and rain. There are moments when one feels that an unconsidered life is the only one worth living.

Yes, I mused, even though we know it for a mirage, nostalgia for this larger, easier life is in our bones. It is a spiritual impulse, not in any way to be associated with income or education. It has nothing to do with the adoption of pleasant elements from the life of the people — that taste which gives us peasant crockery, candlelight, and lentil porridge. No, all of that is art, and this is, on the contrary, iconoclasm. It is a revolt against the very idea of a rational scheme of life. From the beginning of time there have always been authors to declare that shepherds, or milkmaids, or tinkers, or hoboes lead the only good life. It is this melancholy which seizes the great Russian characters, an all but mystical rejection of what civilization means. This is perhaps the seed of all revolutionary impulses in the human heart — and yet, perhaps, at bottom it is only a homesickness for the free days of childhood, when it was never necessary to give a thought to the conduct of life. Don't we all, in some way, keep that remorseful preference for things which come without the intricate intervention of reason, the very feeling which made Saint Francis praise his dinner: 'And this is why I look upon it as a great treasure, because man has no hand in it, but all has been given us by divine providence, as we clearly see in this bread of charity, in this fair table of stone, and in this clear fountain.'

But life is too complicated to be held for more than a moment within a single desire. Every bite of my country bread made me realize that simplicity is lost with the first illuminating glimpse of comparative values. For this bread was dark, bitter, and unsalted; it told me I was a stranger; it

was not merely food to me, but black bread of Monterchi, in Umbria. I was glad to find a cake of chocolate in my purse. And what could be more sophisticated or more exotic than chocolate in an Umbrian cornfield! My mind raced backward through white factories, past wharves where tall masts swayed in the sun, over the sea and into the green light of the jungle where thin black men glided from tree to tree. My natural history might not be unimpeachable, but at least I realized clearly that a life too simple to include chocolate would never do for me. I was caught, willy-nilly, in the complex of civilization, and must make the best of it.

In such musing I finished my plums and my biscuits, and leaned against the stack thinking of less and less. The sun was warm, the hay smelled sweet, and only occasionally did a far-away voice sound through the stillness. Even the hills before me were remote beyond a wide valley floor piled with cut grain. Crickets droned in the grass, as though this were an interval at the play, and they tuning up for the next act in the passing of time. I was not asleep, but I was extremely contented, and quite, quite blank.

V

From this abstraction I was recalled by a simple sensory observation. It was sprinkling again. I watched the hills dissolve in mist, pulled myself in under the overhanging straw in the angle of the stack, and crossed my fingers devoutly. I hoped the shower would pass quickly; meanwhile I was glad to be so snug.

It did n't pass. With a cold northerly breath it beat down upon my little thatch. Luckily I was in the lee of the stack; I opened the foolish little umbrella as a lean-to, to catch the shed of the hay, but I cursed its size

less tolerantly than before. Thunder cracked around me like the Day of Judgment. Peeping out, I could see the sheet of rain which had obscured the hills moving steadily across the valley. The sky grew darker and darker, cleft with malignant lightning. I noted, as the one good point of my umbrella, that it was entirely wooden, and not, therefore, so perfectly devised as a lightning conductor. There was nothing to do, meanwhile, but to fold myself into the smallest and closest shape possible in the cleft of the stack.

Then, suddenly, the rain — not these passing, fitful showers, but the very conquering demon of summer storm — struck the field. Light was blotted out; the world was dark as midsummer midnight. The earth shook with thunder, it trembled with lightning. The straw, which had begun by protecting me, now poured its entire shed down my neck. I tied my new kerchief around my shoulders, put my hat in my purse and sat on that, and simply endured the flood, like a stone. But the field was already worse than mud, a thick desperate sticky morass. I stood up, bracing myself against the hay, holding my symbolic umbrella over my soaking form. And still the rain fell — fell with such force that the whole surface of the ground was dotted with fountains a foot high. I could not see even the nearest stack, a yard or so away. Yet, wet as I was, I laughed, for there was something exquisitely ridiculous in the feeling that at last I was very near to the elements — and the Simple Life.

After a little the lords of the storm decided for an interlude of hail — fortunately no larger than lemon drops. Then the wind died down, and the sky began to clear. It was still raining hard — though by contrast it seemed tranquillity — when I started back to the road, at last convinced that the

field was no place for me. I was completely soaked. My silk skirt, my crêpe blouse, every bit of clothing down to my skin, was drenched and dripping. My hair clung in matted locks to my head. My face dripped. My purse dripped blue. The kerchief, true to Umbria, dripped yellow. Like my umbrella, I was rapidly becoming *di tutti colori*. And by the time I had crossed the soft field to the road, my shoes were lumps of gray-yellow mud. Never, never, in a long experience of unfortunate wettings, had I been as wet as this.

On the road again, I looked up to see two fascinated men watching me from the upper window of a farmhouse. I was as wet as I could be, and I was very cold, but it was less fear of pneumonia than my sense of the conventions which led me to go over and knock at the open door. I felt that I must explain myself, ally myself again with civilized society. For I was keenly aware that no one should have been out in such a storm; that no one would conceivably eat lunch alone under a haystack; that, indeed, a *signorina* had no business to be *sola*.

All of this was apparent in the air with which the man and woman within the house gazed at me. I was very polite. In my best Tuscan I uttered all the delicate and noble sentiments which are required. I was very wet, in short, and hopelessly bizarre-looking, but if they would grant me the inexpressible favor to stand in their doorway until the storm had passed . . . It seemed to me that I talked for as much as five minutes while they stared, the woman obviously hostile, the man merely bewildered; for it is the custom in Italian to talk until you are interrupted. Meantime I was warming my shivering bones at the hearth. Finally the man recovered himself enough to say, 'Accommodate yourself, *Signorina*,' several times over. After this he

moved his hat to the back of his head and continued to stare.

It was a single square room with a ladder leading up to the second-story loft where I had seen the two men. In one corner loomed a great high bed. Opposite it, beside the door, was the open hearth, where a fire smouldered and a copper kettle rocked cosily. There was a table, on which stood a few heavy white dishes, and there was a kind of earthen sink, with little glazed pots and pitchers hanging over it — and there was nothing else. Everything was clean, but dingy and very rude. The people, too, were rude. A startled, suspicious look for the moment spoiled the easy blankness of their faces. Here, indeed, were my peasants, these earth-bound people. I shall never forget the tension of those first few moments when we stood almost at bay, staring at each other.

Just then a boy came hurrying in with a bicycle, and the two young men came down from the loft. It was an illuminating glimpse of peasant society. The man and his wife had never set eyes on the boy with the bicycle, either. But he accounted for himself immediately by saying that he was Piero's Giuseppe from beyond Monterchi, and that he lived on the estate of So-and-so. Where did I come from, they asked me. I was on my way from Monterchi to the station, I replied. Oh, staying with the Contessa? No, I said, just going to see Our Lady of the Cemetery. 'Ah,' said the woman, crossing herself (and these were her first words), '*Nostra Donna benedetta* . . . she is beautiful, eh?' I was touched by this, and explained that I had come from Florence ('Fancy, from Florence!' they muttered) and even from America — which was only a little aside from the truth — to see the picture. They regarded me in awed silence. The man asked me to sit down — as though I must be weary after such a journey. No, thank you, I

said, I was too wet. 'Yes, that's true!' cried the woman with great spirit. After that she smiled at me; I think I had only then convinced her that I was a woman or even a human being.

The young men, however, were more sophisticated. They had been often to Borgo, and to Arezzo. One of them had been to Rome. One of them had a cousin in Nuova York. We conversed quite amicably; indeed, it is worthy of note that one may converse intelligently, pleasantly, and impersonally with any Italian, of whatever station, in whatever situation. Suddenly one of them noticed that the sun was shining! My peasants were by this time warmed to a slow hospitality. I set off followed by their good wishes, their invitation to return again 'in drier weather,' and even their blessing.

I was still wet and bedraggled, but the sun was warm, and, refusing the very gallant offer of the boy's bicycle, I set off at a fine pace, determined to reach the station and my raincoat before another cloudburst. Oh, blessed Italian sun! If I had been so wet in England, it would have taken me all summer to dry — indeed, I might never have been dry in my life again. As it was, in twenty minutes or so the sun had done its work. I was not only warm, but toasted straight through, as dry as a stick. I waved my hat and my kerchief and my hundred-lire note and my ticket in turn as I walked. I waded in a clean little brook to wash off my shoes; the road had already drained, and even my feet were almost respectable by the time I approached the station. By a special miracle the water had taken out the wrinkles but left the pleats in my skirt, and my blouse seemed only freshened. But in spite of this happy outcome, and though I knew there were two full hours before train time, I had no other desire than to gain the security of the station master's white fence.

VI

A tubby blond man with gray hair, the station master was weeding his zinnias. How had I survived the rain, he called out gayly. I had taken it all, I replied in the apt Italian idiom. He leaned back on his heels. No! he cried. *Per Bacco!* I must come in and sit down. So I came around through the little gate, but I was not to sit down until his daughter had dusted the bench.

Resourceful and urbane from his continual contact with the procession of life on the railroad, the station master had a real gift for hospitality. Everything must be done to make me comfortable. And everything was done, with an enthusiasm which brought not only comfort but lively pleasure. I had but to apologize for my muddy shoes and a brisk conversation brought a blacking brush flying from the upstairs window. Luigi, creeping back from his play to scrutinize the delicious novelty which Providence had sent to his house, set himself to brush them with as merry a courtesy as one would wish from a boy of ten. Did I care for plums? Luigi would climb the plum tree and bring me some absolutely unbruised. Then — did I care for music? Rosa was dispatched to ask the neighbors if they would please play the gramophone at the open window. All the village children gathered around and were introduced and favored by me with the educational pictures from my chocolate. I admired all the babies, Luigi pointing out to me the particular excellencies of each one. So we talked on through the afternoon, sitting in the sunshine.

The two daughters, Maria and Rosa, were pretty, slender, dark-haired girls with gold lockets and lovely manners. What impressed me was their poise. Certainly it was an equivocal situation. I had swooped down among them, not

only a foreigner, but a very odd young lady, wearing a blouse from Constantinople, a hat from London, and no raincoat. Yet they entertained me with as much ease as if we had all three been fine ladies properly introduced in a Florentine drawing-room. They demanded nothing, they showed no surprise or shyness; we talked and laughed as unconstrainedly 'as if we had grown up in the convent together.' For they had the quiet self-possession which is the greatest of gifts: their respect for themselves made them respect others.

All in all, they were the most considerate hosts in the world, this family living above a railway station in the hills of Umbria. And they needed to be, for I was tired now — tired out by experiences. Was it all one day, I asked myself vaguely, as I looked back over the series of violent storms and quick friendships? Was this really I sitting on a white bench staring across a railroad track at a bare hillside? The *signore* appeared with a glass of fresh spring water. How had he known I was thirsty?

I was suddenly filled with a great affection for the little yard of flowers, for the two dainty girls with their gold locket, and for the sympathetic little man. The strains of 'Parigi, O Cara' floated from the open window over the garden where the little plums hung in the tree, over the bee-

hives and the well. I shan't forget this, I thought happily.

But at that moment the *signora* appeared at the upper window and threw out a squawking chicken with good-natured scolding. And then we heard the whistle, that windy, high whistle of a narrow-gauge train, behind the hill. Luigi, in a last burst of courtesy, presented me with an enormous daisy for my buttonhole. The *signore*, even in the midst of his official duties, managed to say a word to the engineer about my safety. Everyone lined up on the platform to wave me off. I felt that I was saying good-bye to lifelong friends, and stood waving my handkerchief until we had rounded the bend.

Then, as the train puffed on through the splendid landscape of valleys and wooded hills, I opened my suitcase and took out Proust. It was good to be moving fast again. To-morrow I should remember these friends with affection, and recall with delight the unforgettable glimpse of the Madonna del Parto. But meanwhile my energy for human contacts burned low; I hardly glanced at the baggy men around me. And my eye was a little weary, too, of the color green; the magnificent emptiness of nature palled. 'After the pilgrimage, rest.' It was good, after all, to get away from the bucolic and return to a subtler and a self-contained life.

AN EXCURSION IN NUMBERS

BY F. EMERSON ANDREWS

I

FROM the Eskimo counting upon his fingers to the mathematical wizard producing split-second answers with a slide rule, we count by tens. In our critical age, such universality is phenomenal; it cannot be claimed for any religion, code of morals, form of government, economic system, principles of art, language, or even alphabet. Counting is one of the very few things which modern man takes for granted.

The layman, and to a large extent the mathematician, has been so impressed by the lordly claims of 'the only exact science' that he has not even thought to examine its origins or to question some of its methods. Let us do that now, in a frankly exploratory spirit and with open minds. We shall, I think, come upon some interesting and even disturbing facts.

How counting began is not to be found in any record. The need for distinguishing between one and two, and gradually for reporting larger numbers, must have arisen very early indeed, long before there was writing. But from observation of existing primitive tribes, and, for that matter, from the way our children and we ourselves learned to count, it is perfectly obvious that fingers were and are the basis of our number system. For the purely physiological reason that we had ten fingers and thumbs, we first learned to count up to ten, and then based our whole number system on series of tens.

We may easily imagine how men learned to count beyond ten, but always by groups of ten. A herdsman, wishing to make sure he had all his cattle each night, had them driven past him. As each galloped by he counted it on his fingers, and when he had used up all his fingers he dropped a pebble on a cleared spot. (Incidentally, the Latin word for pebble, *calculus*, is the origin of our 'calculate.') When the herdsman had finished, the pile of pebbles represented the number of 'full hands' (tens) of cattle he possessed. Later he could compare this pile, pebble for pebble, with new countings, and see whether he had the proper number of cattle.

One of those useless abstract fellows, who sit around thinking instead of doing things, observed this counting and decided it could be used for many other things, such as wives, measures of wheat, days, distances, stars. And if, instead of pebbles, you made distinct kinds of durable marks, lo! you had a number system.

The Roman numerals, though by no means the earliest, illustrate both the advantages and the disadvantages of such a system of numbers. A straight line, looking like a single finger, represented one, two straight lines stood for two, and so on. Five straight lines began to be a little hard to distinguish, and besides, this was a full hand. So the symbol V was used, which is prob-

ably the formalized picture of an open hand. Similarly, X for ten is simply two V's, one on top of the other. The letter C was taken for 100 because it was the initial letter of the Latin word for one hundred, *centum*; and so with M (*mille*) for one thousand. Other refinements were introduced, such as L for fifty and a way of putting smaller symbols to the left with the meaning of 'less than' — as IV for one less than five. And so a number system was available in which any number could be written, and this system was the one in chief use in Europe for more than two thousand years — much longer than our present number system has been known.

These Roman numerals, although they could represent any given number, were totally useless for complicated mathematical processes. Imagine the difficulty, for instance, in so simple a problem as figuring out how many days there are in three years of 365 days, using only Roman numerals. The Roman schoolboy could not multiply CCCLXV by III and get anywhere. Unless he did it mechanically on an abacus, he had to add CCCLXV plus CCCLXV plus CCCLXV, making it equal the formidable CCCCCCCC-LLLXXXVVV. This had then to be simplified by a number of painful changes into MXCV. Obviously, more complicated multiplications and anything at all like division or roots presented practically insuperable difficulties. Perhaps that is why ancient mathematicians so frequently specialized in geometry, where logic and a ruler and compass are more needed than an efficient number system.

Meanwhile, in the East, a different system of numbers was developing. The Hindus were accustomed to counting with measuring rods. Their first numbers, therefore, were horizontal lines instead of vertical ones. Our present 2 is just two measuring rods lying

parallel, connected by a hasty pen stroke, and our figure 3 developed similarly from three measuring rods. This method of writing numbers resulted in having a single symbol representing each of the lower numbers, instead of a piling up of symbols as in the Roman system. It was borrowed from the Hindus by the Arabs (from whom it gets the name, Arabic) and by them carried into Spain, and so through Europe.

Meanwhile, a still more important invention had been added — a symbol for zero. This was really a stroke of genius. Upon the insignificant zero, symbol for nothing, rests the whole of mathematical science. Without it, no number system could use a small quantity of numerals to express all numbers. Without it, all the complicated mathematical operations of to-day, which depend so much upon 'place value' in numbers and the use of decimals for fractions, would have been impossible. Let it be noted that all this was due to the zero, not to the number system based on 10 — which the Romans and others had always had. Nevertheless the number system so developed seemed to casual observers a perfect number system, and is to-day accepted not only uncritically but with a deep-seated feeling that it is somehow a divine dispensation.

II

Arabic numerals embody a serious error, from which we have suffered ever since. Instead of being an ideal number system, as we are apt to assume because we have never even thought of another as possible, the 10-system has enormously complicated all mathematics.

Ten is doubtless a convenient number of fingers to have, though men have gotten along with less and a few people have been born with more. But as the purely arbitrary unit which determines

the form of our numbers, it was a miserable choice. It was not the worst choice, for ten can be divided by two, which is something in its favor. But the other divisions we oftenest need are three and four, and for neither of these is ten suitable. As a basis for a percentage system, it is inexcusable. Because we have arbitrarily created a 'whole' that has 100 parts, we have made it impossible to divide our whole, without fractions, into either 3, 6, 7, 8, 9, 11, or 12 parts — to mention only the more probable simple divisions.

We did much better, mathematically, in creating our measuring system. A foot consists of 12 inches. We can have in even inches half a foot, a third of a foot, a quarter of a foot, or a sixth of a foot. A yard divides in even inches into two parts, three parts, four parts, six parts, nine parts, twelve parts, or eighteen parts. Imagine the trouble to the cloth seller and the shopper if 35 inches had been made a yard (logical under the 10-system), which could then be divided only into fifths and sevenths!

Sailors did rather well in their system of measurement. Six feet are one fathom, 120 fathoms one cable length. The nautical mile is based upon $\frac{1}{60}$ of a degree (about 6080 feet) and does not fit into the table.

We have all observed that most of the things we buy at the store come, not by tens, but by dozens, and by the dozen dozen, or gross. This applies not only to eggs, oranges, buns, but to nearly all packaged goods. In fact, the word 'grocer' comes from the same root as 'gross' — a grocer is a man who deals by the gross. For ease in packaging and ease in computation, most commodities are sold by the dozen and gross instead of by tens and hundreds.

From a similar practical point of view, we divided time almost happily. The year has twelve months, so there can be four seasons — and quarterly

interest — in even months. The week has six working days (though these are becoming five). The day consists of two sections of twelve hours each. Thanks to this division, men and machines can work in shifts of twelve, eight, six, four, three, or two hours and come out even. In dividing the hour and the minute we combined this superior system of 12 with the bad system of 10, which we already had, only too literally, 'on our hands.' We chose 60, the lowest number on which 12 and 10 meet.

Imagine for a moment the sorry situation if the day had been divided into 25 hours, logical under our present number system. A factory working three shifts would have to end the first shift at the close of eight and one-third hours; working four shifts, the first shift would end at six and a quarter hours. In figuring wages on hourly rates, thirds and quarters would enter most computations, with parts of cents left over and such complications in the time sheets as would make necessary a tremendous amount of extra labor for paymasters.

In dividing the circle into 360 degrees we again compromised. The zero shows how desperately we tried to fit it into our awkward numerical system. But by no possible stretching could North, East, South, and West be made divisible into ten. Men refused to have five cardinal directions; mathematicians refused to invent a sensible number system. So the first part of our degree system, 36, is divisible by the four directions, and the last part bows to the number-god 10.

There are many other examples, but by this time we have perhaps amply demonstrated that our system of counting on fingers is poorly suited to our practically based units of packaging, distance, time, degrees, and the like.

Thus far I hope my lay friends have followed me in comfort. To pursue our

explorations from now on, some mathematical instinct is needed. Perhaps those who desire to take their ease had better stop here, but I can promise the ones who wish to stretch their minds a bit further that they will not go unrewarded.

III

If our number system based on 10 has so many faults, could a better one have been invented? How?

The answer is amusingly simple. When separate symbols for quantities were being originated, the Hindus and the borrowing Arabs should have forgotten the old fetish of counting on fingers and invented twelve, instead of ten, separate symbols. We have seen how frequently 12 is used in practical measures. Its advantages in abstract mathematical theory are at least as great. It has, for instance, exactly twice as many factors as 10 — being divisible by 2, 3, 4, and 6 instead of simply by 2 and 5.

Does the adoption of a different number base seem a great jump? After all, 10 has not been the only number system of the past. Many primitive tribes never got beyond 2 (the pair) as the basis for their system. It ran: one; pair; pair and one; pair and pair; and not much higher. A people in Brazil counted on the joints of their fingers instead of on the fingers themselves, and therefore based their number system on 3. A tribe in California, tying up their numbers with the sacred four quarters of the sky, made 4 their basis. Twenty — all the fingers and all the toes — is an obvious base for number systems among primitive peoples, and was frequently used. The system of 20 was employed by the Mayas in Yucatan, whose astronomical calculations are still a marvel to mathematicians. In Europe it was used by the Basques, still surviving in the French language in such words as *quatre-vingts* — not

'eight tens,' as with our eighty, but literally 'four twenties.'

Twelve seems never to have been used as a number base by primitive people simply because no part of the body served very well for counting by twelves — it had no natural reason for springing up. By the time its mathematical advantages were recognized, men were so used to counting by tens that it was not introduced. Just once it came very near to being tried. Charles XII of Sweden is reported to have been on the point of introducing the number system based on 12 when he died.

Modern mathematicians generally admit that 'the duodecimal system' would be better than our present decimal system, but from their vague remarks it is evident that almost none of them have tried it. This is not an uncommon attitude in the specialist. Astronomers spent many centuries trying to explain the curious behavior (as seen from a stationary earth) of the stars and planets in terms of complicated twists and epicycles before one of them at last took the imaginative leap of regarding the earth as going around the sun, which solved all the bothersome problems at once. The suggestion of the earth's moving had been made centuries earlier, even as the suggestion of the system of 12 has been made, but tradition was so strong that not one astronomer for many centuries was willing even to try out the practical implications of the suggestion.

We, however, are bound on precisely that adventure — with regard to the number system. And the system of 12 is not hard to try out. Tradition, not difficulty, has stood in the way.

First, we must invent the two additional symbols which the Hindus and Arabs forgot. At present 10 and 11 are compound numbers; we must reduce them to a single symbol. For 10, let us borrow the well-known Roman X, and

call it *dec*. For 11, let us use $\mathcal{E}$, and call it *elf*. The new figure 10 now means, not 'one ten and no units,' but 'one dozen and no units.' To avoid confusion let us call it *zen*, which will remind us both of its ten-appearance and of its dozen units.

Since we shall have occasion to use figures from both number systems, from this time on any figure regularly printed (for example, 65) belongs to the present 10-system; any figure printed in italics (for example, 65) belongs to the 12-system.

We come now to the most important detail in the consideration of the new system — the interpretation of its numbers. It is difficult only because it involves an imaginative leap to an understanding of what 'figures' really mean rather than an unreasoning acceptance of their conventional meanings. The next paragraph must be studied until it is absolutely clear, or we shall get nowhere.

In the new system, 14 means, not 'one ten, plus four units,' but 'one twelve, plus four units,' or the quantity we now express as 16. Similarly, 86 means, not 'eight tens, plus six units,' but 'eight twelves, plus six units' — our present 102. And 200 means, not 'two tens-of-tens, plus no tens, plus no units,' but 'two dozens-of-dozens, plus no dozens, plus no units' — or the quantity we now express as 288.

Once this paragraph is entirely clear, the reader can work out for himself any type of mathematical problem in the 12-system which he is now able to do in the 10-system. He will find it possible to test his results, and compare the efficiency of the two systems, by working out sample problems in both systems and checking the answers. Any number in the 10-system is changed into the proper 12-system number by dividing it by 12 in the way here demonstrated. Example: Change 1492 into the corresponding duodecimal.

$$\begin{array}{r} 12 \overline{)1492} \\ 12 \overline{)124} + 4 \\ 12 \overline{)10} + 4 \\ 0 + X \end{array} \quad \text{Answer: } X44$$

Correspondingly, any duodecimal may be changed into the proper decimal-form number by multiplying its second column by 12, its third by 144, its fourth by 1728, and so on in the successive powers of 12. For instance, $X44$ equals 4, plus 4×12 , plus $X (10) \times 144 = 1492$.

IV

While, as I have suggested, the reader might do all the rest of the exploring by himself, it may be simpler if we go in company a little way.

Let us begin with a simple problem in adding. A has five dozen and seven eggs, B has three dozen and six eggs; how many eggs do both have? Solve by both mathematical systems.

$$\begin{array}{r} 5 \times 12 = 60 \quad + 7 = 67 \quad 57 \\ 3 \times 12 = 36 \quad + 6 = 42 \quad 36 \\ \hline 109 \quad 91 \end{array}$$

Observe how much simpler the system of 12 is in this practical problem. The dozens and units are set down immediately, without bothering to multiply; they are added by simple addition, care being taken only not to 'carry' until a column adds to 12. The answer, too, is much simpler. The figure 91 is shorter than 109, and it is also more expressive. It means at a glance 'nine dozen and one,' and while 109 likewise means nine dozen and one, a process of division has to be performed before we are certain of it.

Let us try, again by both processes, an example in subtraction. Milady has a strip of hall carpeting eight feet, seven inches long. Her new hall is eleven feet, two inches long. How much additional carpeting does she require?

$$11 \times 12 = 132 \quad +2 = 134'' \quad \mathcal{E}2''$$

$$8 \times 12 = 96 \quad +7 = 103'' \quad 87''$$

$$\frac{31''}{27''}$$

$$31 \div 12 = 2 \text{ feet, 7 inches} \quad 2 \text{ feet, 7 inches}$$

Again, feet and inches can be set down directly in the new method but not in the old, and the answer can be read off at once without dividing back into feet.

Before we proceed with multiplication, it will be necessary to construct new multiplication tables for the system of 12. To demonstrate the quite simple principle involved, I present three of these tables; the reader is invited to make the rest for himself.

Three-Line	Six-Line	Zen-Line
$3 \times 1 = 3$	$6 \times 1 = 6$	$10 \times 1 = 10$
$3 \times 2 = 6$	$6 \times 2 = 10$	$10 \times 2 = 20$
$3 \times 3 = 9$	$6 \times 3 = 16$	$10 \times 3 = 30$
$3 \times 4 = 10$	$6 \times 4 = 20$	$10 \times 4 = 40$
$3 \times 5 = 13$	$6 \times 5 = 26$	$10 \times 5 = 50$
$3 \times 6 = 16$	$6 \times 6 = 30$	$10 \times 6 = 60$
$3 \times 7 = 19$	$6 \times 7 = 36$	$10 \times 7 = 70$
$3 \times 8 = 20$	$6 \times 8 = 40$	$10 \times 8 = 80$
$3 \times 9 = 23$	$6 \times 9 = 46$	$10 \times 9 = 90$
$3 \times X = 26$	$6 \times X = 50$	$10 \times X = X0$
$3 \times \mathcal{E} = 29$	$6 \times \mathcal{E} = 56$	$10 \times \mathcal{E} = \mathcal{E}0$
$3 \times 10 = 30$	$6 \times 10 = 60$	$10 \times 10 = 100$

Before we proceed to solve any problems, it may be well to glance at the tables themselves. The learning of any mathematical table is at the outset a feat of pure memory. For instance, it would be just as easy to learn that $7 \times 9 = 53$ as that $7 \times 9 = 63$. The only aids to memory are simplicities in the tables themselves. In our present number system the 10-line and the 5-line tables are easy to learn and remember. But in the 12-system the 10-line is just as easy as our present 10-line, the new 6-line table corresponds in ease to the present 5-line — and in addition the 3-line and 4-line tables are 'repeat' tables, and to a less extent also the 8-line and 9-line tables. Moreover, the genius of the 12-system is such that more of its multiplications come out in round numbers than in the 10-system

with its smaller base, and the 12-system is able to express all its mathematical tables in terms of two figures or less, with the exception of one number, 100. Our present tables run into three figures eleven times.

There are many other advantages in the new tables which disclose themselves when one uses them. Of course there is for us the profound disadvantage, also, of remembering first the totals we have committed over many years. In working problems in the 12-system, people who have been trained to the 10-system must refer to the actual tables, but that is inherent in our early training. Remembering to multiply by the new tables, let us try a practical problem: —

Find the floor space in a hall 56' 4" (48' 4") long, by 26' 4" (22' 4") wide.

Let the reader perform this problem by any form of mathematics he knows, getting an answer in square feet and square inches, and compare the length of his solution with this simple one: —

$$\begin{array}{r}
 484 \\
 224 \\
 \hline
 1694 \\
 948 \\
 948 \\
 \hline
 X3754
 \end{array}
 \begin{array}{l}
 \text{Point off two places for square inches,} \\
 \text{and the answer is directly —} \\
 X37 \text{ square feet, } 54 \text{ square inches}
 \end{array}$$

But what of decimals? Because of a simple confusion in names, many persons jump to the conclusion that it will be impossible to express fractional quantities by whole numbers after a point by any other than our present 'decimal' — founded on 10 — system. This is, of course, nonsense. 'Decimals' in the literal sense of tenths can be expressed only in the 10-system, but the same form of expressing fractions is available to any number system which includes a zero. As a matter of blunt fact, the 10-system is a singularly poor one for the expression of decimal-form fractions.

It will be obvious that $.4$, meaning four twelfths or one third, is an entirely adequate representation for a third, and a deal easier and more accurate than $.333333$ plus. Also, $.3$ for a quarter is better than our present $.25$. And $.6$ (six twelfths) is as adequate for a half as $.5$ (five tenths). Let us examine the corresponding decimals and duodecimals for the low fractions:—

One.....	1.	1.
One half.....	.5	.6
One third.....	.33333	.4
One fourth.....	.25	.3
One fifth.....	.2	.24972
One sixth.....	.16666	.2
One seventh.....	.14285	.186X3
One eighth.....	.125	.16
One ninth.....	.1111	.14
One tenth.....	.1	.12497
One eleventh.....	.09090	.11111
One twelfth.....	.08333	.1

A glance at this table reveals that the 10-system has 50 per cent more (in this sample) of endlessly repeating numbers which cannot be accurately expressed without fractions. Moreover, in the case of both one fourth and one eighth, it requires an additional figure to express the same fraction.

Briefly, the 12-system is capable of expressing more fractions as whole numbers after a (duo)decimal point than the 10-system. It is particularly efficient with the smaller fractions which are most frequently used. Possibly most important of all, it is much more accurate for the same number of figures. For example, an ordinary decimal carried out to two places expresses a quantity to the nearest hundredth part; in the 12-system it expresses it to the much finer 144th part. Carried out to four places, the duodecimal has more than twice the probability of accuracy of the corresponding decimal. Therefore duodecimals are usually more accurate when carried out to the same number of places, and not infrequently an operation may be simplified by using a duodecimal one figure

shorter than the necessary decimal. For instance, the square root of 2 can be expressed in simple twelfths (1.5) more accurately than in tenths or even any possible hundredths.

What has been said of decimals can be repeated with still more pertinence for percentages. We have already spoken of the inexcusable shortsightedness of creating a whole with 100 parts. In the 12-system the whole has the same visual and computational advantages of being expressed as 100 per cent, but it has 144 parts. This means that percentages are not only more accurate (by nearly a half), but, because 144 is a splendidly factorable number (which 100 is not), a percentage system based on 144 parts can express with complete accuracy a vastly greater number of much-used fractions than our present system.

Imagine the magical ease of working with a percentage system where a third is an even 40 per cent and two thirds 80 per cent instead of being inexpressible in whole per cents, as at present; where a quarter is 30 per cent and three quarters 90 per cent; where even a sixteenth (a fraction frequently needed, especially in stock calculations) is precisely 9 per cent instead of the present miserable 6.25 per cent!

I shall present no more figures, for fear of mathematical indigestion. But I trust our adventures along the first mile of a new trail have sufficiently pointed out the way. The interested reader may follow the trail, as I have done elsewhere, much further, and in any field of mathematics that specially interests him. Logarithms are much more accurate than in the 10-system. The search for prime numbers (numbers not divisible by any whole number except 1) is narrowed. All perfect squares in the 12-system must end in either 0, 1, 4, or 9. Factoring is so simple in the 12-system that long division might become nearly obsolete.

There are many other discoveries, some of which my own limited investigations have doubtless not hit upon.

V

And now where are we? Some of us have not yet clarified this new idea, with the result that the 12-system seems rather to confuse than to simplify mathematical calculations. Certain others (and many trained mathematicians may be in this group) have accepted and worked with the traditional system for so long that the mere idea of sailing to the Indies of the proper answer by another route is at once discarded and laughed at.

A few of us, I trust, have confirmed our earlier opinion that the system of 10 is a survival from barbaric finger-counting, unsuited to a civilized science of mathematics. We know that our present Arabic numerals were first introduced into Europe in 976, less than a thousand years ago; that number systems have changed repeatedly in history, and may change again.

Let us consider just for a moment the highly improbable chance of the present adoption of the duodecimal system. Colossal adjustments would be needed — but no greater than Turkey underwent quite recently when its new alphabet was adopted, no greater than the whole civilized world underwent in the tenth and eleventh centuries in changing from Roman to Arabic numerals. The present generation would have a most awkward time, chiefly in unlearning the old multiplication tables; but children for all future generations would find mathematics made vastly easier by the present sacrifice.

And would it be so tremendous a sacrifice? For the common man, getting used to the system of 12 would be

very little more troublesome than getting used to measuring by meters and weighing by grams and kilograms. Most of Europe has already managed that. But if we in America are going to make any change of that formidable sort, instead of changing our measures to fit a bad number system would it not be more intelligent to adopt an ideal number system which would also fit our present rather efficient measures?

We already have many units based on 12, with all of which startling mathematical short cuts would be instantly available with the adoption of the 12-system. The English have a 12-based monetary system. As for ours, its decimal-form advantages need not be changed. Let the Brain Trust play with this idea: under the number system of 12, every dime is immediately worth 12 cents, and every dollar twelve dimes — 144 cents. Would that not accomplish at one stroke the currency inflation we may have forced upon us by more dangerous methods — accomplish it without altering at all the relative possessions of people or the adequacy of the gold reserve behind existing currency?

The unhappy fact remains that man is ruled more by habit than by reason. We shall continue counting on our fingers in the logically silly system of 10 to the end of our days. Nevertheless this excursion beyond tradition has, I hope, vividly introduced an idea that may be new to some of us; has given us all a clearer conception of what quantity really is and the various means we have or might invent for setting it down; and may even help arouse the needed intelligent interest in what promises to be mathematics' next great step forward — the adoption of an efficient number system.

THE CHINESE MIND

BY J. O. P. BLAND

I

IN defending his government's position in the matter of its 'Hands off China' declaration, the Japanese Ambassador at Washington stated that 'Western nations know nothing about Chinese mentality.' The statement is characteristically sweeping; nevertheless, if Geneva and Washington accurately represent the sum of Western knowledge of China, there is a good deal to be said for it. Mr. G. F. Hudson, in his *Europe and China*, expresses much the same opinion when he asserts that the ordinary educated European public was better informed about China in the eighteenth century than in the nineteenth. Be this as it may, there is no denying that the attitude and proceedings of the League of Nations in regard to Far Eastern affairs during the past five years have reflected an amazing ignorance of Chinese mentality, and a curious predilection for misleading information — a state of mind, in fact, quite sufficient to justify the Japanese indictment. It is, moreover, unquestionably true that for the last thirty or forty years public opinion in Western countries as a whole, on most Far Eastern subjects, has not been based upon direct knowledge or experience of China, but chiefly upon impressions derived from contacts with the semi-Westernized Chinese, — officials, diplomats, propagandists, and students, — a class which, by its education and vocations, is bound to

profess its belief in Western institutions and a determination to remodel the sorry scheme of things Chinese in accordance with Western ideas, as formulated at Geneva.

Hence that atmosphere of unreality, of highly intellectual artificiality, which has distinguished all the proceedings of the League; hence the element of elaborate and pontifical make-believe which has characterized and stultified the councils of the nations, in regard to China, since the Washington Conference. Hence the chief cause and origin of the vision constantly proclaimed by professors and liberal-thinking politicians, by 'the F. O. School of Thought' and the Institute of Pacific Relations — the delusive vision of a New China, steadily progressing toward unity and stability of government by the light of European ideas and institutions. And hence, in the natural sequence of events, the dramatically sudden emergence of Tokyo's 'official spokesman,' to announce that, because 'foreign nations have not the remotest idea as to how to deal with the Chinese,' Japan must call a halt to policies which merely prolong a 'chaotic situation' and are therefore 'a direct menace to Japan.'

Notwithstanding its humiliating experiences in the matter of Manchuria, the unrepentant League clings firmly to its idea of 'modernizing China' with the help and advice of Dr. Ludwig

Rajchmann, and other technical 'experts.' So steadfast is its faith that there is even talk of 'a project for international financial assistance to China,' although Japan has drawn attention to the fact that the proceeds of Mr. Soong's latest borrowings in the United States were squandered by the Nanking Government on munitions of civil war. Dr. Rajchmann, whom the Japanese denounced as an *agent provocateur* at the time of the Manchurian trouble, has now compiled his official report to the League; it gives the usual fantastically optimistic picture of the reorganized and prosperous Republic which is to emerge from technical contacts between Young China's public-spirited 'specialists' and the 'unique material' available in the Secretariat of the League and the International Labor Office.

Not long ago the *Times* correspondent in China — an observer of ripe experience — stated, in a detailed review of the situation, that the pathetic condition of the internal economy of the country is chiefly due 'to the inefficacy of the administration and the absence of practical control of trade, industry, and transportation.' While recognizing 'the high aspirations which animate officials at headquarters' and the 'evidence of whole-hearted efforts at betterment on modern lines,' and observing that the Nanking Government has had a great deal of 'money to play with,' he denied that any progress had been made in the direction indicated by Dr. Rajchmann and his colleagues. As to the prospects of success for the ambitious national schemes of the 'Soong dynasty,' 'how can any of them prosper,' he asked, 'when so much of the country is against the government, when the law of the land does not prevail, when most of the provinces are dominated by war lords, for which reasons the economic conditions nearly everywhere have fallen to zero?' This

summary of the actual situation, published by the *Times* in February, undoubtedly represents the truth of the matter; but, if one may judge by the reception accorded to Dr. Rajchmann's latest report, it is a truth which the idealists of Geneva and Chatham House are determined to ignore as completely as they did two years ago.

When the Japanese Ambassador at Washington asserts that the Western nations have no understanding of the Chinese mentality, his denunciation is no doubt based chiefly on his country's experience of the collective ignorance of things Chinese displayed since 1929 by the leading spirits of the League. It gives a somewhat blunt expression to the fact that, in the Westernized type of Chinese with which Geneva makes its contacts, the dominant characteristics of Chinese mentality are usually obscured, by reason of its ready adaptability to environment; that, under a brilliant veneer of Westernism, the true grain of the solid Chinese timber is usually hidden from the susceptible European. As an Oriental and a neighbor, the Japanese speaks with knowledge of the Chinese mentality, of its enduring vitality, its deep-rooted atavism, and implicit belief in the moral superiority of the Celestial type of civilization. Mr. Saito and his countrymen are aware (as Geneva is not) that, no matter how lavish the Western veneer, its effect upon the Chinese mind is invariably transient; sooner or later the graduate of Harvard or Cambridge reverts, mentally and socially, to the ancestral type.

What, then, is the peculiar quality of the Chinese mind, of its outlook on life, which chiefly differentiates it from that of other races? Such differences are not easily defined, but the dominant characteristic of the Chinese type of mind lies, I think, in its nearness to nature, in its instinctive rever-

ence for the absolute and the universal. The elemental difference between East and West, which (*pace* Geneva) neither time nor tide can bridge, may be ascribed to the hold which the patriarchal family system of morals and politics has acquired over the race mind of the East, and to the peculiar virtues and defects produced in the masses by that system. Or, to put it in another way, it may be ascribed to the fact that, throughout its time-tested existence, China's civilization has remained essentially agricultural, faithful ever to the good earth, a rustic or 'vegetable' civilization. The men who rise to the top, be they fierce war lords or mild intellectuals, are all alike in that their mental origins are deeply rooted in the soil, that their minds, top-dress them as you will, remain forever responsive to the patriarchal or husbandman conception of life.

Not the least attractive quality of the Chinese mind lies in the philosophic serenity which it derives from this closeness to nature, a quality which we of the West have been taught to admire (but not to imitate) in the Biblical worthies of the Old Testament. To our sophisticated modernity, the social system and political institutions produced by the Chinese philosophy seem naïvely archaic; nevertheless they have outlived all others, and they are, I believe, essentially superior to our own, because they are more consistently based upon the realities of human nature. Every Chinese, in his heart, is firmly convinced of that superiority, and therefore disdainful of the material civilization of the West. There would be a better prospect of a solution of the China problem if Geneva and Washington could be led to appreciate this fact, and, in particular, to realize that Young China's professed acceptance of Western ideas has no more real significance than, shall we say, Sun

Yat-sen's 'conversion' to Christianity, or Chiang Kai-shek's short-lived belief in Bolshevism. The League of Nations, unfortunately, clings to the faith proclaimed by its own cultural crusaders, firmly convinced that Nanking's 'devoted band of statesmen' have definitely parted from the ancestral ways, and are determined to put on the whole armor of Geneva's light—in which delusion lies the cause of the bitter words spoken from Tokyo, and of the Japanese Government's objection to a continuance of the misguided activities of Dr. Rajchmann and his colleagues.

II

Some interesting chapters of a book on modern China might be written around and about the men who have risen to power or fame since the Revolution of 1911, showing how their characters and careers invariably reflect the unchanging spirit of the world's oldest civilization, the atavistic influences of countless myriads of peasant lives, closely attuned to the ancestral soil. The list of such men would properly begin with that Marquis Tseng (China's Minister to Great Britain from 1879 to 1886) who, in an article published in 1887, was the first of the many who have announced the 'awakening of China'; it might fittingly conclude with the present Dictator of the Kuomintang's Central Executive Committee at Nanking, General Chiang Kai-shek. Between these two worthies, fifty years apart, a long list of names might be given to illustrate Young China's invariable tendency to revert to type and to the fundamental ideas of China's social system, a tendency peculiarly noticeable in the careers of the most conspicuously 'Westernized' officials, politicians, and diplomats. In this connection, the names of public characters such as Sun Yat-sen, Tang

Shao-yi, Wu Ting-fang, Wen Tsung-yao, and Alfred Sze will occur at once to anyone familiar with Chinese affairs. The list might be prolonged indefinitely by citing those public men whose daily lives and processes of thought in their native environment bear no relation whatsoever to the schemes and sentiments which, in their official capacity, they have propounded, for foreign consumption, in regard to the impending Westernization of China. Reflecting on this aspect of the case, we may reasonably assume that the purpose of the *ballon d'essai* launched by the Japanese in April was to impress upon the Western world the fact that the mentality of the astute intellectuals who represent China at International Conferences is an *article d'occasion*, ingeniously constructed and highly polished, but of no permanent significance in the scheme of things Celestial.

In several recent works dealing with present-day China (notably that written by Mr. Lionel Curtis) much praise has been bestowed upon Chiang Kai-shek, the present Dictator at Nanking, and upon his brother-in-law, the late Minister of Finance, Mr. T. V. Soong. In the English and American press it has been customary for some time past to assume that the 'Soong dynasty' (as Chiang and his immediate entourage are known) are the best rulers available, that they have made appreciable progress toward unity and stability of government, and that their collective mentality is enlightened, progressive, and constructive, with a definitely patriotic purpose behind it. This opinion, and the support which it receives from many prominent centres of political and cultural activity connected with the Far East (for instance, the Institute of Pacific Relations), have now been definitely challenged by Japan's 'unofficial spokesman.' In plain English, the Japanese declare

that Geneva's failure to understand the mentality of Chiang Kai-shek and his colleagues is the true cause of the 'chaotic situation' of China, and therefore a menace to the peace of the Far East.

Let us briefly examine this question by casting a retrospective and impartial eye over the career of General Chiang Kai-shek. Judging by his record, let us consider whether the mentality of the most successful of China's present-day rulers is indicative of the traditional Chinese conception of politics, or whether it represents a genuine intention to reconstruct China's administrative and political machinery on Western lines. Does it stand for the Western principle of government by law, or the Oriental preference for government by human volition?

I select the career of General Chiang for several reasons. First, because his is the mind which, almost continuously since 1927, has represented the dominant political element in China in its relations with the Western world. Secondly, because he comes from typical peasant-farmer stock; although part of his military education was acquired at an academy in Japan, and although his entourage, domestic, personal, and political, is conspicuously 'Western' in its outlook, he himself knows no foreign language and, in his methods of government, conforms to the classical Chinese tradition. Thirdly, because his career, like that of Sun Yat-sen, Feng Yu-hsiang, Chang Tso-lin, and other masterful aspirants to power, gives continual evidence of his readiness to promote his personal ambitions by the profession of any and every kind of political opinion or moral conviction.

Space does not permit of a detailed survey of his political and domestic affiliations; the reader may find them fairly set forth in Mr. George E.

Sokolsky's *Tinder Box of Asia*. It will suffice for our present purpose to refer to certain characteristics of the man and phases of his career, which afford a much better guide to the mentality of the present-day rulers of China than the polished sophistries with which Mr. Quo Tai Chi and Mr. Wellington Koo have habitually beguiled the Western world.

III

Chiang is now in his forty-ninth year. The foundation of his career may be said to have been laid in 1913, when, after two years of service with the revolutionary army, he became one of Sun Yat-sen's secretaries and a close follower of his fortunes. When Sun turned to Russia in 1923, seeking assistance in furtherance of his ambition to govern all China, he sent Chiang Kai-shek as his representative to Moscow, where Chiang acquired useful connections and a general working knowledge of Bolshevik methods, military and political. On his return to Canton, Sun appointed him President of the Whampoa Military Academy, in which capacity he speedily dominated the Cantonese Kuomintang and organized the most efficient military unit in Southern China. At the time of Sun's death in 1925, he was in command of the revolutionary army which, with the advice and material aid of Comrades Borodin and Blucher, he organized on Red lines. With it he swept his way, cheerfully proclaiming the Bolshevik faith, to the Yangtze. But when, after the establishment of the Canton party's government at Hankow and the surrender to Chinese mobs of the British Concessions at that port and Kiukiang, Comrade Borodin began to assume dictatorial powers, Chiang gave a remarkable display of the qualities which account for his rise to power and ability to

retain it — that is, a capacity for swift decisions, firm action, and complete indifference to any obligations which might obstruct the path of his ambition. Borodin and his Bolshevik colleagues were promptly ejected from China, after which Chiang's attitude became ruthlessly anti-Communist, and his new government at Nanking, once possessed of the Shanghai Customs revenues, proceeded to establish good relations with the mercantile community and bankers of Shanghai.

During his subsequent career, checked but on the whole successful, as military leader and controller of the Executive Council of the Kuomintang at Nanking, from 1928 till the present day, the proclaimed objects of his policy have been the unification and pacification of China, together with a far-reaching programme of economic, financial, and administrative reconstruction — objects, in fact, in every way admirable and calculated to gain for him the support of the friendly Powers, and lacking only in genuine efforts to achieve them. Like his famous predecessor, Yuan Shih-kai, Chiang has surrounded himself with the most brilliant of the Western-educated intellectuals of Young China and engaged the services of a number of distinguished foreigners, as technical experts, to advise on his various schemes of reconstruction; but, beneath and behind all his programmes and fair promises of reorganization and reform, his methods of government and their results have remained essentially Oriental, and in no case has any foreign expert's advice resulted in any serious modification of these methods. Especially is this the case in the all-important matter of the nation's vast and useless expenditure on military forces and armaments, in regard to which Chiang's frequently proclaimed and most laudable resolutions have never concealed the real na-

ture of his personal ambitions. These remain precisely what they were in 1925, the only difference being that, whereas formerly he kept himself in power with the help of Russia, he now uses Geneva, and through Geneva the good will of the Western nations, for the same purpose. His enemies — notably the Cantonese party — have no hesitation in declaring that this is so; they now go further, indeed, and charge him with negotiating secretly to secure an amicable arrangement with Japan which will enable him to get the better of his rivals in the never-ending struggle for power. From the Chinese political point of view there would be nothing remarkable in such an arrangement; broadly speaking, every political faction since the Revolution, including Sun Yat-sen's Cantonese government, has repeatedly displayed its readiness to invoke the assistance of Japan against its rivals, on terms detrimental to China. Finally, the Cantonese faction asserts that Chiang's 'New Life Movement' is merely a political stunt, an adroit manoeuvre, intended to impress public opinion in America, and especially to regain the sympathy of the religious and philanthropic bodies in the United States, which has been somewhat alienated by the course of events since 1928, and by the anti-Christian attitude of the Kuomintang.

It is not only in the field of foreign affairs that Chiang has preserved the unbroken continuity of Chinese tradition in the methods by which he has consolidated and improved his position as chief ruler and controller of the public funds; his statecraft in dealing with domestic foes and hostile factions has also been, in all essentials, purely Oriental. While continually exhorting his war-lord opponents in the best classical manner to forsake the evil ways of militarism and to sacrifice their personal ambitions to the sacred cause

of nationalism; while solemnly admonishing them against maladministration, speculation, and ill-gotten wealth, he has continually plundered the revenues for the maintenance of the largest army in the land, maintained solely for the protection of his personal position, and has incidentally acquired a private fortune which, by common report, exceeds that of any of his contemporaries or predecessors.

IV

At a meeting of the nucleus of the Russian Communist Party and Cantonese group, held in April 1926, just after Chiang had expelled his Russian advisers, a colleague of Borodin, one Comrade Stepanoff, emphasized the importance of Chiang Kai-shek's personality as a factor to be reckoned with.

To me and to our Chinese comrades [he said], Chiang appears as a brilliant figure with clearly expressed features. His prominent attributes are ambition and lust of power. He longs to become a hero in the eyes of all China. He calls himself a revolutionary, not only in the national sense, but a revolutionary as regards the whole world. . . .

But the question is, what does he understand by revolution? He wants, for his purposes, power and money. I emphasize, as having observed it myself, that he wants money not to enrich himself, but to effect some grand liberal gesture. He is exceedingly lavish as regards rewards and pecuniary recompenses. He is inclined to bribe newspapers and the like, but does it in order to be heralded and made known, to be supported in his plans, etc.

Besides, he is rather clever. He understands pretty well political questions, not only of a local Chinese but of a world-wide nature. But in this, too, he is egoistic and conforms himself to the circumstances about him; without relying on the masses, he wants their support and partly knows how to use them, in order to reach the aims of his ambition. In pursuing the same

purpose, he uses us and the Chinese Communists, but only as long as we assist him and are useful to him.

That was written eight years ago. Since then the Dictator's mentality, and the political technique which expresses it, have been occasionally modified by a factor of extreme importance to present-day China — namely, his marriage to Mei Ling, the youngest of the famous Soong sisters. In an article recently contributed to the *People's Tribune* ('What Religion Means to Me'), this very gifted and modern-minded lady explains how and why she has come to regard it as her duty to guide her husband spiritually, to exercise (as her mother did) the kind of influence which has led Chiang 'to become a Christian.'

It would be extremely interesting, did space permit, to trace the visible results of this influence upon the Dictator's policies and proceedings since he 'put away' his liberally endowed first wife and took the fascinating Mei Ling to spouse, in December 1917. In the light of recent history, it is reasonable to suppose that his breach with the Russians and his

'clean-up' of Communists earlier in that year were conditions preliminary to that marriage, imposed by the 'Soong dynasty.' In any case, his political activities and tendencies, during the past five years, bear the unmistakable stamp of his wife's influence, of a mentality which combines in a very remarkable manner the Chinese primordial, philosophic outlook on life with the mental equipment of an American graduate. There can be no doubt, for instance, that the Nanking Government's activities in and around the League of Nations since 1930; its abandonment of further attempts to subjugate the northern and southern factions by force of arms; the declaration of its new policy, that war lords should 'live and let live'; and, lastly, its inauguration of the 'New Life Movement,' whereby the nation is to be uplifted to an ideal state of brotherly love, charity, and personal cleanliness as the result of official example and exhortation — all these are evidence of a new element influencing the mind of China's chief war lord, leaving its purposes unchanged, but modifying its methods.

THE ORIGINAL LANGUAGE OF THE GOSPELS

BY EDGAR J. GOODSPEED

I

MORE than forty years ago an aspiring young English scholar undertook to account for the resemblances and differences in the first three Gospels by the theory that they had all been translated from a primitive Aramaic Gospel, the expressions of which were understood differently. The idea was very seriously considered and debated by the leaders of critical study, but was definitely rejected for a number of reasons. One was that it created more difficulties than it solved, for it made the very numerous exact identities of Greek wording among the Gospels harder than ever to explain. Another was that there were no contemporary Aramaic documents extant with which to compare the supposed Aramaic idioms demanded by the theory.

This scholar's method was to pick out here and there expressions in our Greek Gospels that sounded to him like constructions used in Aramaic, the everyday speech of the first-century Jews of Palestine, and translate them as best he could into that idiom. If the Aramaic he thus produced could then, by supposing some misunderstanding or miswriting of it, be translated back into a Greek form that gave an easier meaning, or into the parallel, slightly different form given in another Gospel, the theory was considered supported.

The subjective character of this method is obvious and it did not long

continue to hold the interest of New Testament scholars. Recently, however, it has been revived in various novel forms, with much talk of new sources and new evidence. In reality no new sources or evidence favorable to these solutions have come to light. On the contrary, all the discoveries of the past forty years have made such solutions more and more improbable. For one thing, they should of course, if sound, increase the rhetorical power of the Gospels, the Oriental vigor of their imagery; but they invariably dilute and diminish these. This in itself is enough to show that the procedure is a mistaken one. Mr. Chesterton once observed that the style of Jesus was gigantesque — full of camels leaping through needles and mountains being hurled into the sea. The effort to tame such a style and reduce it to the commonplace is plainly futile. The tamer it becomes, the more improbable it is.

But the greatest difficulty with the method was that there seemed to be no historical occasion likely to have called forth the Aramaic Gospel it assumed, especially at so early a date as it claimed — 50 or 52 A.D.

This is the core of the problem. How did such a Gospel come to be written? The Gospel is Christianity's contribution to literature. It is the most potent type of religious literature ever devised. To credit such a creation to the most

barren age of a never very productive tongue like Aramaic would seem the height of improbability.

For in the days of Jesus the Jews of Palestine were not engaged in writing books. It is not too much to say that a Jerusalem or Galilean Jew of the time of Christ would regard writing a book in his native tongue with positive horror. Even a century before, a Jew who wrote a book felt obliged to put it under the name of some ancient worthy like Enoch, the seventh from Adam, or to claim as its author some ancient Jew of what was called the Prophetic Period, which was understood to extend from Moses to Ezra, and from which it was believed all sound books on religion must come.

This aversion to writing books was not merely negative. It was positive. They had plenty of things to say and they said them, but they would not write them. Those were the days when the famous oral amplification of the Jewish Law was being developed by such masters as Hillel and Shammai. But the Jews would not write it; they memorized it. It seemed an act of impiety to write it, for then it might seem to rival the Scripture itself.

Those days also witnessed the translation of the Hebrew Law into the Aramaic vernacular. But this too remained unwritten for generations. Indeed, it is impossible to realize the fantastic unreality of the first-century Jewish attitude toward writing books.

There is a rabbinical story that about 50 A.D. Gamaliel the First, the grandson of Hillel, saw a written copy of an Aramaic translation of Job, and immediately had it destroyed. The story may not be true, but its intention is obvious: if anyone was wicked enough to write down the Targum on Job, it must be destroyed. This was the orthodox Jewish attitude toward writing books in Aramaic, in Jerusalem about the middle of the first century.

If anything could heighten the picture, it is the behavior of Jews of that very period who escaped from these narrowing walls into the great Greek world of the day. Such men wrote books freely, but they wrote them principally in Greek. There is a peculiar irony in this, that gifted Jews should have to turn to Greek as a medium of literary expression. But Philo, Paul, and Josephus tell the story. They wrote, but they wrote in Greek.

Of the Jewish Apocrypha written within a century of the life of Jesus, the great majority were composed in Greek, not Aramaic, and it seems abundantly clear that in the times of Jesus the Jews were not writing books in Aramaic; indeed, they were actually resorting to the strangest devices to avoid doing so.

Even if the Jews had been given to Aramaic composition, and contemporary Aramaic literature had been a garden instead of a desert, the early Christians could hardly have contributed to it. They were constantly overshadowed by the sense of imminent catastrophe. The Messianic Advent overhung them like a huge wave of fate, threatening — or promising — to break at any moment. It was their urgent task to hasten about the ancient world warning men of what was at hand. Clearly it was no time for writing books.

II

But within a generation of the death of Jesus Christianity had entered the Greek world and begun to establish itself there. In that world it found a wholly different attitude to writing and publication. 'If you find a saying of a certain philosopher and have no paper,' ran the Greek proverb, 'write it upon your garments!' The Greeks took notes, and they wrote books. They were insatiable readers. Novelty did not repel them; it attracted them. The Athenians seemed to Luke to spend all

their time telling or listening to something new. Certain it is that from the time Christianity really entered the Greek world it instinctively went about recording itself in writing — first letters, and then books.

These books were copied and re-copied with such zest and zeal that there are even now more manuscripts of the Greek Gospels than of any other work of literature in the world. The oldest of these, the recently discovered Chester Beatty papyrus, is from the first half of the third century, and was actually copied only half a century after the first assembling of a New Testament. So near do our Greek documents bring us to the making of the New Testament, and so ample is the existing manuscript evidence for them.

No contrast could be more marked than that between the literary aridity of Palestinian Judaism in Jesus' day and the abundant fruitfulness of the same times in the Greek world outside. Once out in that Greek atmosphere, even the Christians felt the spirit of it and began to write. Paul's letters were written to the Greek churches in Asia Minor, Italy, and Greece. But they were hardly books; they dealt quite definitely with immediate personal situations and were read and laid aside and soon temporarily forgotten.

Not so the Gospels. In them Christianity first clothes itself in literary form. They are its first books, worked out in spite of its background, in spite of its Messianic expectations, under the pressure of the demands of that Greek world in which it now found itself. How, When, Why, and For Whom? To these questions the history of Christianity in Palestine has no answers.

The answer, according to both tradition and criticism, is found in the West, at Rome. Peter was dead. The veteran apostle in his last days had visited Rome and there preached in his native Aramaic to the Greek Christians

of that congregation. With what rapt attention must the Roman Christians have listened as the old man told of his walks and talks with Jesus in Galilee a generation before. As he spoke, his words were translated after him into Greek by young men familiar with both languages. Then suddenly he was taken from them and hurried to martyrdom — the most famous of all martyrdoms — about which have gathered such legends as the *Domine, quo vadis?* interview. Peter, it was said, fleeing for his life from Rome, met Jesus coming into the city. 'Master, where are you going?' 'I am going to be crucified a second time!' Peter turned back and met his death like a hero.

There must have been something tremendous about that martyrdom to create such legends as clustered about it. But the fundamental fact was that the Roman Christians would never again hear the old man's memories of his companionship with Jesus. With him a priceless treasure of memorabilia of Jesus perished forever from the world.

But not altogether. For among those who had been his interpreters before the Roman congregation was one in whose memory some of his oft-repeated stories had become fixed. Out of such memories arose the Gospel according to Mark. Persecution (probably Nero's) has already left its traces upon the church, and the shadow of the siege and capture of Jerusalem falls more than once across its pages, which cannot have been written before A.D. 70.

Mark's hasty and primitive Gospel was soon expanded, probably at Antioch, into the far more impressive and effective Gospel of Matthew. The terrible fate of the Jewish nation had now had time to sink into the Christian consciousness. Matthew saw in it the nation's punishment for its rejection of its Messiah, and the unmistakable shadow of the great catastrophe is on many a page of his Gospel. Indeed, the

Gospel of Matthew cannot be understood without it.

Renan called Matthew the most important book in the world. Certainly it is the climax of gospel writing, for the books that followed it were more than gospels. Moreover, they now began to be written by Greeks. Luke's history of the beginnings of Christianity was organized in two volumes, the first of which covered the life and work of Jesus, not as a separate subject, but as an indispensable part of the whole movement. Its progress was traced from its beginnings in Palestine until Paul found it firmly established in Rome, and the book was evidently written when the movement was such a success that its future seemed assured.

Twenty years later, the necessity of restating Christianity in terms immediately intelligible to the Greek mind led to the Gospel according to John, which is more a dialogue than a gospel, and is full of Greek feeling from beginning to end. To further the influence of this great book, so rich alike in theology and in devotion, there were soon gathered about it the older local Gospels to form the great quartette we know. So understood, the Gospels articulate with what we know of the progress of Christianity in the Greek world.

III

Some years ago, a young German scholar happened to pick up a pamphlet containing some newly published Greek papyrus documents. Each transcript was signed by the man who had deciphered it, and one of these signatures caught the young scholar's eye, for it was the name of a friend of his. He became sufficiently interested to read the text of the document above the name, and immediately felt the likeness of the language to the Greek of the New Testament. He pursued the idea, read numerous other such pieces

and became convinced; the Greek of these letters, deeds, and contracts written in New Testament times by people in Egypt was just like the Greek of the New Testament.

The Greek of the New Testament had always been a good deal of a problem. It was not like classical Greek; it was not like the Greek version of the Old Testament; it was not like the literary Greek of its own day. The older learning was forced to describe it as a Holy Ghost language, devised by Providence for the purposes of revelation. It remained for the Greek papyri, hidden in the sands of Egypt, to reveal to us its real character. It is simply the informal, colloquial Greek of its day.

Not long after the youthful Deissmann had observed the resemblance of the Greek of the papyri to that of the New Testament, two young Oxford Fellows settled down for a winter of excavation in Upper Egypt, in the camp of Professor Flinders Petrie, the distinguished Egyptologist. They were there to learn the art of excavation and to pick up any Greek papyri that might present themselves. Professor Petrie's interest was in prehistoric Egypt, and, when the site very soon proved to be as late as the Roman period of Egyptian history, he at once turned over the digging to his young friends.

There were fame and fortune for Grenfell and Hunt in those low, drab mounds of Oxyrhynchus. One day, fifteen hundred years before, the Romans had cleared out their record office and sent the old papers out to be burned. But the fire had smouldered and gone out, and the sand had covered the worthless old papers and protected them from damp, so that Grenfell's men carried them to his camp sometimes in the very baskets in which the Romans had sent them out to be burned. It was the greatest discovery of Greek papyri ever made. But what made Oxyrhynchus forever memorable

was the finding there of a leaf of Sayings of Jesus.

Three years later at Tebtunis, Grenfell and Hunt again struck it rich. They chanced upon a crocodile cemetery, and had exhumed dozens of crocodile mummies, but no papyri, when one January day a workman in vexation struck one of the mummies with his mattock and broke it open — and behold, it was wrapped in papyrus from head to tail! So were all the Tebtunis crocodiles!

With every such increase in our papyrus resources, Deissmann's brilliant discovery receives abundant confirmation. It used to be the fashion to class some five hundred New Testament words as found only in Biblical or ecclesiastical Greek. Within twenty-five years after the advent of the papyri, this list had shrunk to fifty — about one per cent of the New Testament vocabulary — and it has now practically disappeared.

Many unusual constructions in New Testament Greek used to be explained as Semitisms — that is, as due to imitation of Hebrew or Aramaic idioms. But in the presence of the Greek papyri these too have rapidly dwindled until they have lost any possible literary significance. It has become clear that New Testament Greek is not a kind of ancient Yiddish, as some have supposed. The thousands of Greek papyrus documents from the very years of its origin have definitely established its right to be, and, against the protests of classicists and Semitists, have recovered for it its rightful position, of which it had long been disinherited. The Gospels were written not in muddy Greek or an awkward patois. They were, rather, masterpieces of popular literature, the first books written in popular Greek. Their rapid advance to influence is an unanswerable testimony to their clearness and force.

Their kinship with the vernacular

Greek of the papyrus letters and documents becomes steadily clearer as more and more of these appear in print. It is an amazing fact that we now have definitely dated papyrus documents from every single year of the first century; not late copies, but the actual originals. If we possessed one single Aramaic text from anywhere in that century, or even a copy of one, in the language of Palestine, we should be fortunate. But none has ever been found.

Yet the Jews were in Egypt long before the Greeks, and were numerous and active there in the first century. But, like Philo, they expressed themselves in Greek, not in the Aramaic vernacular of Palestine.

We cannot connect the Gospels with Palestinian Judaism. It definitely refused the Gospel. There is no escaping that. We may wish it otherwise, but the hard fact remains. We cannot at this late date alter it. Jerusalem had neither the will nor the skill to produce the Gospels. No one has ever succeeded in fitting them into its literature or its life. Appeals to Aramaic writings five hundred years earlier, as though their diction could prove something, reveal the desperateness of the endeavor. It is like seeking support for nineteenth-century English in the idiom of Wyclif.

The Greek Gospels are a convincing monument of the conquest of the Græco-Roman world by Christianity, and also of the conquest of Christianity by the Greek genius. It is no accident that these important and most telling of books arose in Greek circles and on Greek soil. Where else in antiquity could such books have arisen? Taken as a whole, the Gospels are integrated with no one place or period, but reflect clear and definite stages in the spread of the new faith among the Greeks. And the New Testament will be best understood as the literary precipitate deposited by the Christian movement when it impinged upon the Greek world.

TOAD'S DESTINY

BY PEGGY VON DER GOLTZ

I

SPRING slipped into the valley, washing away the winter's snow, melting the ice on the water hazard. Tattered fishes hunted ravenously. Frogs and newts and turtles crawled out of the bottom ooze and sunned themselves in the shallowest water. The garter snakes, who had been awake for a month or more, prowled the swampy margin, catching gaunt sluggish frogs with little effort. Seeds were swelling, bursting. Over in the rough, fern fronds unrolled. Up on the hill, boys in ragged sweaters raced in and out of the caddy house. And close by the foundation wall, two feet underground, Bufo's heart beat a little faster.

Bufo had slept a full six months, and more than once during the long night his heart had faltered. One more degree of cold, another half inch of ice, and death, who stood so close, would have stilled his heart forever. Bufo was scarcely conscious even now. His legs were drawn tight against his belly. His face lay submissively on long thin hands. His skin had adopted the color and texture of the dark earth so completely that the toad was indistinguishable from the clods about him.

As the afternoon sun warmed the earth, and his own cold blood, Bufo raised his head. He half opened his eyes and exhaled some of the stale, cold air that had been in his lungs all

winter. His spurs dug into the earth and he tunneled upward, for Bufo needed air, and food, and water. He traveled several inches and was beginning to need a rest, when the earth gave way and he fell, sprawling, into a narrow tunnel. He sat for a long time blinking foolishly, and wiping his face with skinny fingers. Although it was entirely dark, he kept trying to see. He heard a faint rustling, and then he knew that he was in a mole hole. The last time Bufo had blundered into such a place a trap had snapped, just behind him. The memory of danger came back now. He struck out with his armed hind feet, and never stopped until he could see the sky.

As soon as his feet touched the grass, Bufo sighed, and his inflated body collapsed as suddenly, as grotesquely, as a pricked balloon. He huddled close to the ground, breathing fast, watching and listening everywhere. Common-place sounds seemed very loud. Ordinary movements of birds and beasts and boys frightened him.

The dank moisture of the underworld was fast leaving him, and he needed water desperately. The long-fingered shadow of a lilac bush looked a little damp. He hopped over, stretching his legs cautiously. A few forgotten raindrops lingered in a spot where the earth packed hard, and Bufo wallowed in the tiny puddle. His whole parched

body drank, for he could obtain water only by absorption through his skin.

The sun fell behind the hills, and the spring twilight was cool with a hint of rain that made Bufo think his journey to the water hazard would be a pleasant one. He knew that his puddle was a temporary oasis, and he needed much water. He was hungry, and he knew that the first bugs, the earliest worms, live close to the water. He was not yet lonely, but as he squatted in his puddle, with the blue dusk around him, he listened to the harsh love songs of the frogs. No toads were singing, but they soon would be.

He left the puddle and hopped with slow determination through the soft grass, across the moss-smooth putting green, and into the coarse shelter of the woods. Wherever there was moisture he paused and absorbed as much as possible. Then the hungry little hermit plodded on.

He was crossing a small clearing in the rough when a swift dark shape moved above him. Bufo leaped desperately into a pile of brush and lay breathless, motionless, deflated, as an owl struck the very spot where he had stood. He huddled under the branches for a long time. Even his heartbeats stilled, for the owls rarely miss their prey, and the toad's small venom is no defense against the beak and claws of the sad night hunter.

Though the owl had gone back to its limb, Bufo dared not leave his shelter. He dug stealthily in the soft mould until he had made a burrow, just large enough to protect his back. And there he waited, with the eternal wistful optimism of the meek, until his enemy should have found another supper. After a while the owl swooped again, and Bufo saw it skim the ground with a field mouse clutched tight. Then he knew that the owl would not be thinking of him soon again.

II

The young April moon was shining when Bufo reached the water hazard. He paused a moment to look for enemies, then plunged straight into the shallow water. It was good to be wet. There was pure joy in diving to the very bottom, in feeling his body grow plump and young.

He swam over to a rotting stump and sat with his head and throat out of water. He wiped his face with dexterous four-fingered hands. He rubbed the back of his head with his big spurred feet. He looked at the moon, and saw in its slim crescent a reflection of his own golden eyes. He was content with his world as he found it.

He swallowed mouthful after mouthful of air. His black throat swelled until it was a great bubble, larger than his head. So Bufo sang to the moon. He sang to his brothers who were plodding through the woods to the water hazard. He sang to the female toads who still slept in the dark earth. His song was clear, monotonous, but sweet as any bird's song; for a million years ago the toads taught the birds to sing.

The green frog colony a few yards away was noisy. The leopard frogs up toward the creek croaked and rattled uproariously. But through all the songs of the water hazard Bufo's small voice could be heard — the plaintive, lonely call of the hermit come back to his own. And down the hill and through the meadow, across dusty roads and out of the woods, toads came.

By morning dozens of grotesque little monsters squatted on stumps and branches, and in the black mud. Bufo looked them over and noticed with some satisfaction that he was the largest toad in the cove. Some of the youngsters were probably his sons.

That pale little fellow who had come to the water hazard for the first time looked remarkably like a female Bufo had known four springs ago.

A warm rain was falling, bringing earthworms to the surface. A fat worm squirmed out, scarcely two feet away. Bufo's horizontal pupils narrowed until they were cunning slits. He waddled awkwardly out of the water, trying hard to be stealthy. But he was too hungry for much deliberation. With a great lumbering hop he seized the worm, sat back and started cramming it into his mouth. The worm slipped through his fingers with startling ease. Bufo lunged again and caught it just as the slimy body was boring into the wet earth. Bufo pulled. The worm stretched and stretched, but again it drooled out of his mouth. He sat back wondering. Suddenly he realized that he had caught the worm by the tail. He had n't done such a thing for years.

He waited until another worm came up to avoid drowning, and this time he circled it with slow hops until he was sure that the pointed end faced him. His tongue shot out, and his big toothless mouth snapped quick and hard. His tongue was not very adhesive after the long fast, but his fingers were agile, and his eyes closed, rolling down into his mouth, pushing the worm along. He hopped back to the water, blinking and gaping, a little sorry that he had eaten such a large worm.

Late in the afternoon Bufo sat on a stump. The toads were singing. The frogs were croaking. An old male turtle piped faintly. But Bufo was uncomfortable. His skin felt dry and dirty. He humped his back and stretched; the skin tore. He stretched again, and it split down his legs. Bit by bit he sucked in the loosened skin. His feet wriggled out of their worn garment. His hands clawed free. A

tough ball of skin accumulated under his tongue, and at last the dark sheath slipped off his face. He swallowed the rubbery wad — now he could really sing.

His skin felt moist and clean. He knew that he was handsome. His back was light, as light as clean sand. His warts stood out, magnificently hideous, tipped with red and orange. His monstrous rough head was a curious setting for the beautiful golden eyes, eyes that have been the stock in trade of sorcerers, eyes that have stewed in witches' cauldrons.

Bufo wondered when the females would come. He looked across at the woods and sang. He was so busy singing that he did n't hear the turtle clambering up on the rock behind him. He did n't realize that it was there until he saw the red mouth opened wide, ready to drag him down to the water. One scared glance, and Bufo lunged into the mud. An old grandfather toad came up to breathe — and Bufo landed on his back. The old toad turned, and bit. Bufo's fear became fury. His toothless jaws fastened in the old toad's throat. They forgot caution and danger. They rolled and tumbled in slow rage, through the mud, up on to the bank. A golf ball whizzed an inch above them, and they never knew it.

Two men, two boys, and a dog were coming down the fairway, but the toads were deaf even to the dangerous sound of human footsteps. Bufo was on top, kicking with his spurred feet, pawing helplessly with his hands — when he was snatched off the ground. The grandfather toad rolled over and without a backward glance plunked into the water.

Bufo felt an awful, hot breath. He saw long white teeth. A slimy sweat of fear covered his body. Then a wave of agony swept through him, as the puppy tightened its hold. The weak venom

that was Bufo's one defense oozed out of his warts. The puppy dropped him, and ran yelping across the dam.

Bufo lay where he fell, his body pressed close to the earth, his eyes half closed, until the last sound and smell of the dog had faded. Then he walked very slowly to the water. His back hurt. Close to the water's edge, where arrowheads were nosing up, he saw a garter snake coming toward him. He hesitated for a long instant of dread, but he was too sore, too clumsy, to reach the safety of the water in time. Gradually he flattened himself, closed his eyes, and lay as still as death — not even breathing. The snake paused and watched him; but Bufo's own consciousness was suspended. The snake glided on, and a minute later caught a careless frog.

III

Bufo sat in a silver patch of moonlight, singing. She hopped quietly out of the woods and was half across the fairway before he saw her. Then he scarcely believed she was real. She was the female every toad dreams about. Enormous, unbelievably fat, she looked so rough and light that he knew she had shed her winter skin. Her warts were brighter than Bufo's, and her eyes were black pools where moonbeams glimmered.

Bufo blinked and swallowed. His fingers twitched. Every toad in the water hazard had seen her. Every toad was singing. When she turned aside to catch a moth, Bufo's heart fluttered — maybe she would n't stop at the water hazard. He must not lose her now; he had waited all his life for such a female. The rest of the toads were in the water waiting for her, a hundred males waiting for the first female. Bufo crept to the very end of his log and watched. Should he jump into the water with the other males? Somehow he must be sure of winning her,

and he was no longer the biggest toad in the puddle. He teetered on the tip of his log and waited. He stopped singing. The female plopped into the mud beneath him, and Bufo jumped — carefully, even though it was a short hop. He wrapped his arms about her and clung tight.

The toad chorus paused for a startled minute, but another female was coming out of the woods — so Bufo and his bride were forgotten.

Through days and nights of ecstasy Bufo clutched his female, blind to danger, oblivious of hunger. She laid ten thousand eggs. The long streamers draped from plant to plant. Rope after rope of transparent gelatinous toad-spawn covered the bottom of the cove, for the meek must be prolific in order to survive.

During the long mating Bufo learned why his female was so fat, and why she had changed her skin so early. She had not slept in the cold earth as he had; she had been awake all winter in a warm place. She told him that the sun shone a little nearly every day. He did n't believe her. She told him that where she lived all the plants had aphids and red spiders on their stems and leaves. She could eat all night and not travel farther than from here to the big stump. Bufo did n't believe that either, although he knew that she was not like other toads.

Bufo's marriage ended as soon as the eggs were laid. He was very hungry, for during the long courtship he had fasted. He stayed in the cool water during the day, but all through the long twilight, until he could no longer see the flutter of a May fly's wings, he ate.

In the warm shallow water, dark flecks mottled the coils of toad spawn. Ten thousand tiny tadpoles wriggled free of the discolored streamers. The water swarmed with tadpoles. Turtles and newts, frogs and fishes, ate them.

Water tigers and beetles sucked their blood. But still the eggs were hatching. A million polliwogs clung to water weeds, munched soft algæ, and grubbed in the mud for the discarded refuse of their betters. Lower than the fishes, sexless, incurious, defenseless, unfinished, the toad children ate and grew. After a while legs sprouted from their fat bellies. Their lungs developed, and they blundered to the surface of the water for air. Life stirred in the tiny arms that were folded across their chests, and the arms broke through the bandages of thin skin that held them. Carnivorous digestions developed from vegetarian beginnings. Puckered tadpole mouths widened into derisive grins, and the babies could not eat. They rested half out of the water, absorbing their tails, immutably, irrevocably becoming toads.

Bufo was not interested in his children. He would not eat them, as the frogs ate their tadpoles. But, except for a vague pride in his own creative ability, he was indifferent to the polliwogs. He assumed that the largest toad tadpoles were his, for he had been the first to breed.

Bufo's chief concern was food. He noticed the scarcely perceptible lengthening of the last nights in June. The days were uncomfortably warm in the water hazard. And he knew that grasshoppers and beetles and crickets were invading the fields. They were better food than he could find over the water hazard, and the competition would be less keen. He was tired of toads, and frogs and turtles. He was a hermit again — he needed to be alone.

A great yellow moon hung so low over the water hazard that it seemed to Bufo he might catch and eat it if his tongue were a little longer. But he saw a firefly glowing, and forgot about the moon. His wife hopped out of the water and licked up a fat cater-

pillar. Then she started up the hill toward the woods. She was going back to the easy solitude of her greenhouse.

Bufo watched her go with the smallest shade of regret in his heart. Yet he never thought of going with her. He had been a hermit too long to think of gregariousness when it was n't necessary.

He remembered his corner behind the caddy house. The earth would be cool there, and damp. Caterpillars would fall off the vines. Crickets would be chirping, and slugs would leave slimy trails through the night.

Bufo started up the hill, and a thousand baby toads swarmed up the bank beside him. Some of them had not entirely absorbed their tails. All of them were dark and moist. They traveled slowly, for they were less than half an inch long. Three or four years from now the survivors would come back to the water hazard to breed.

Bufo was singing as he plunged ahead of the babies. He sang softly, for he was not calling his tribe together, he no longer wanted a wife. He sang because his belly was full, and the night was warm, and he had fulfilled the destiny of toads.

A little garter snake squirmed up the bank. He passed a dozen baby toads and nipped at Bufo's heels. Bufo quivered and lunged forward. The snake was not more than two days old; it could not hope to eat him; but Bufo was afraid of all snakes. The baby nipped again, and again Bufo jumped. A big dark head shot up before him, a wide mouth opened, and Bufo's song was stilled. The big snake turned aside toward the woods. Bufo's legs still protruded from her mouth, but they no longer moved. The baby snake caught an earthworm. And a thousand baby toads trudged up the hill. They neither paused nor looked about them.

THE TURN OF THE TIDE IN EUROPE

BY FRANK H. SIMONDS

I

SOME months ago, on the morrow of the bloody suppression of the Socialists in Vienna by the Dollfuss Government, I wrote in this magazine on the outlook for peace or war in Europe. At that time I pointed out that there were three possibilities: France and her allies might launch a war of prevention; the National Socialists in Germany might precipitate a war of aggression; or, finally, in the face of the German menace, Europe might construct still another of those familiar coalitions by which, in the past, it has met and mastered the attempts of a single state to establish Continental hegemony.

Patently it is the third of these possibilities which has actually materialized. Within a relatively brief span of time the world has heard Stanley Baldwin announce in the House of Commons that the frontier of Britain is at the Rhine. It has seen Weygand in London, and British and French soldiers resuming the association which existed before 1914. It has witnessed Red Russia renewing the relations of the Romanoffs with Republican France. Most significantly of all, it has beheld Mussolini with the mandate of Europe, countersigned alike by France and by England, mobilizing his army and mounting guard over Austrian independence.

The consequence has been the decisive defeat of that Nazi *Putsch*

which was to have accomplished by violence the union of Austria and Germany. In many respects that defeat recalls another equally decisive episode in post-war history — namely, the rout of the Red Army before Warsaw in the summer of 1920. Actually that rout put a term to the expansive phase of the Soviet régime, at least for many years. Its thrusting power broken, Red Russia by slow degrees passed from the offensive to the defensive and from the World Revolution to the consolidation of the results of the Russian Revolution.

Much the same results seem likely to flow from the bloody events in Vienna on July 25. Had the murder of Dollfuss been followed by the triumph of the Nazis and the creation of a National Socialist dictatorship, obviously controlled from Berlin, only war could have abolished that dictatorship, and in that war most of the Continent would have been involved eventually. The speed and efficiency of Mussolini's mobilization averted that disaster, and, in leaving his agents in Austria to face the firing squad and decorate the gallows, Hitler destroyed his own legend. The killing of Dollfuss demanded to be followed by triumph because it was, of itself, an act of violence which was certain to destroy the last surviving sympathy in the civilized world for Hitler and his movement. Not since the assassina-

tion at Sarajevo has there been a crime so peculiarly calculated to shock the sensibilities of European mankind. It was therefore bound in the nature of things to crystallize world opinion and to arouse public opinion everywhere.

This Austrian *Putsch* was the decisive episode for Hitler, as the Battle of Warsaw was for Trotsky. When the Red armies had failed, Europe, tardily aware of the danger which had menaced it, reacted promptly. The rôle Millerand had played in the affair won him the presidency of France and bestowed upon his country a prestige which was the foundation of the later supremacy of France on the Continent. For Mussolini and Italy, the consequences of the Austrian episode promise to be almost as considerable.

II

As regards the immediate future, it is plain that the uprising in Austria, following closely upon the meeting of Mussolini and Hitler in Venice, has put an end to all present possibility of a German-Italian alliance. And that, after all, constituted one of the gravest of all possible threats to European peace. For both Rome and Berlin have disruptive purposes. Both seek to upset the status quo of the Peace Treaties, and in the present circumstances that status quo can be modified only by war.

Ever since Hitler came to power the Duce has vainly sought to find a basis for common action with him. In fact, Mussolini made the same effort when Brüning was Chancellor and his Foreign Minister, Curtius, visited Rome significantly. To that end Mussolini again and again declared his approval of the German demand for a revision of the Treaty of Versailles, both in its armament and in its territorial clauses. And, of course, his aim was to break the French supremacy on the Conti-

nent, equally restrictive of his own influence and prestige. But Mussolini failed to do profitable business with Brüning because the last republican Chancellor was, like the present Dictator, a champion of the Austro-German union, and in 1931 sought to bring it about by his notorious project for a common tariff wall enclosing both the Reich and the Austrian Republic. In the face of that direct danger, Mussolini was compelled, with obvious reluctance, to rally to the French cause and defeat this project. For the Duce must in the very nature of things stand firm against any project to extend German frontiers to the Brenner and the hinterland of Trieste.

When Hitler came, Mussolini began all over again. In the Disarmament Conference his representatives stood with the German in asking parity for the Reich, and from Rome the Duce once more preached territorial revision. But it was revision in the east and not in the south that he favored, in the Polish Corridor and not in Austria. Hitler was at the same time both encouraged and warned. Italian support was his for the asking, but the price was the recognition of the permanence of Austrian independence. When, however, Hitler made a ten-year truce with the Poles and turned his attention to Austria, Mussolini's whole programme came down in a heap. Seeking an ally in Germany, he was compelled to mobilize his army to meet a German menace.

When in the last days of August the new Austrian Chancellor kept the appointment with Mussolini which had been made for Dollfuss in July, there emerged from the conference a statement of utmost importance for the immediate future. In positive terms Mussolini accepted for Italy the rôle of protector of Austrian independence. His personal prestige, the position of Italy in Europe — these were now

engaged. Henceforth the fate of Austria became the stage of battle between two dictators, and while Mussolini was making his historic decision Hitler was conducting a plebiscite to demonstrate the extent of his hold upon the German people.

III

It is obvious that what has happened within Germany during the weeks since the 'blood bath' of June 30 plainly discloses the growth of domestic dissension. Hitler no longer heads a united nation. The first and finest phase of his régime is over. He may still retain power at home for a considerable period, but he cannot now run the risks of a doubtful foreign war, and for the next few months he must face the deadly peril of economic and financial crisis. Food, raw materials, and foreign credits are all lacking. He is now on the defensive at home, and a war could only accentuate the domestic misery which stares him in the face.

Patently the actions of Hitler's régime are unpredictable. Nevertheless the 'purge' of the Storm Troops has put the *Führer* almost completely in the hands of the *Reichswehr*, and, ironic as is the fact, it is the Prussian soldier who to-day constitutes one of the best guarantees of European peace. For no professional soldier could wish to take on the odds which have accumulated against Germany in recent months. Not even at the close of the World War, when half the nations of the planet were in arms against Germany, was the Reich morally or materially as isolated as at the present moment.

Like Trotsky and the Red Régime in Russia after the Battle of Warsaw, Hitler and his Nazi following are now thrown back upon the domestic field. Russia, France, and Britain, as well as Italy, are hostile. To go west — that is, to come to grips with France —

is to meet British as well as French troops in the Rhine area. To go south is to meet Italian troops in the Tyrol and Czech forces in Upper Austria, while French armies would doubtless move on the Rhine. East, moreover, Hitler cannot go, because he has made his ten-year truce with Poland.

IV

The territorial settlements of Paris have, then, survived their most serious challenge. The third German offensive against them, counting the resistance which led to the occupation of the Ruhr as the first and the attempted Austro-German Tariff Union as the second, has failed. Each of these adventures has brought down unlimited ruin upon the German head. After fifteen years of so-called peace, the German situation — economically, politically, and socially — is as desperate as it was on the morrow of the Armistice. In many ways it is even more desperate, because in the first post-war years British and American sympathy and material assistance went to the Germans. Together the two countries lent to the Reich billions which have been largely lost, and in international conferences gave Germany support in the matter of both armaments and reparations. Neither money nor sympathy will be available henceforth. On the subject of the National Socialist régime, British and American public opinion has crystallized.

On the Continent, however, the situation has oddly changed. It is no longer France but Italy that occupies the front-line trenches in the face of the Germans. Despite all the outward show of vitality which accompanied Barthou's 'swing round the circle' of the French allies, the French system is visibly crumbling. Poland has escaped altogether, making her truce with Germany and turning a

cold shoulder to French urgings for a Locarno of the East. Too long, in her own judgment, treated like a satellite by the French ally, she has set up as a Great Power on her own. Yugoslavia is also visibly cooling toward France. For the Serbs the value of the French alliance lay solely in the protection it gave against Italy; but, under the impulsion of the Hitler menace, France and Italy are visibly abandoning their post-war feuds. Friends they are unlikely to be, but allies in the face of a common danger they are becoming — with every show of reluctance, to be sure. And as a result Belgrade is turning toward Berlin as Warsaw did. Concomitantly, the relations between Italy and Yugoslavia are becoming more and more acute.

Here, at the moment, is the worst danger spot in Europe. If Mussolini had sent his troops across the Austrian frontiers after the murder of Dollfuss, the Serb forces would have gone in also, and there might have been a clash. Belgrade is entirely willing to see Austro-German union, because it carries no menace for Yugoslavia, and could provide a ready and convenient ally. For France, after all, is far away.

To offset this Serb hostility, Mussolini has Austria and Hungary as allies, but his friendship with Hungary excludes the chance of any agreement with Rumania or Czechoslovakia. In the Balkanized Middle Europe of to-day, a Great Power seeking allies must choose one of two possible friends, assured in advance that the other will become at once an active member of an opposing coalition. Thus Rumania certainly, and Czechoslovakia not impossibly, will turn to Berlin now that, on the one hand, France and Italy are becoming allies, and, on the other, Italy has allied herself with Hungary. Were Berlin to offer Czechoslovakia a ten-year non-aggression pact like that

bestowed upon the Poles, it is a fair guess that Beneš would accept it.

This process of squeezing France out of Central Europe must, however, prove exceedingly embarrassing for Mussolini. His hope had been to destroy the French partnership by dissolving the Little Entente. He had calculated that, with the dissolution of that alliance, Rumania and probably Czechoslovakia would join his Austro-Hungarian camp. But it is to Berlin and not to Rome that the Little Entente states are visibly looking, and the economic detail reinforces the political, for Germany and not Italy is the promising market for these agrarian states.

There are, then, these two oddly conflicting tendencies discoverable in the Danubian area. On the surface, Hitler has been defeated and the programme of *Mitteleuropa* arrested. About Germany there has been drawn a circle of Great Powers, and on land, at sea, and in the air the Reich is confronted by a superiority in force which would make war for it now a form of suicide. Beneath the surface, however, the old French system in the Danubian area, which has been the bulwark against German expansion for nearly a decade and a half, is disintegrating; and, as it disintegrates, the states which belonged to it are drifting toward a German orientation.

For the moment, to be sure, this drift can have no real importance. The conviction that the Hitler régime is impermanent is general now all over the world. The nations of the Little Entente, with the possible exception of Yugoslavia, are not likely to go to decisive lengths in making agreements with Germany for the present, although Czechoslovakia might follow the Polish example and negotiate a non-aggression pact. On the other hand, as the ties with Paris loosen, they are likely to choose Berlin rather than Rome as their ultimate direction; and even in Austria

an Italian protectorate is sure in the end to prove irksome and unpopular.

In reality the present question seems to be whether the gradual drift of the Danubian states toward Berlin can be restricted to a pace which will prevent any real change until the Hitler episode is terminated. Of course Mussolini will now renew his efforts to establish some form of union between the Danubian states, if only economic. He may try to seat a Hapsburg upon the Austrian throne. He may attempt to bring about some restoration of the old union between Vienna and Budapest, but the barriers to success in this last enterprise are almost insuperable.

V

The simple truth is that, once the old Hapsburg Monarchy was destroyed, the union of Austria with Germany and the economic, financial, and political supremacy of Germany in all the Danubian area became well-nigh inevitable. If at the Paris Conference the economic ties between Hungary, Austria, and Czechoslovakia could have been preserved when the political were destroyed, the basis for future political association between the Czechs, the Germans, and the Magyars of this area might have been assured. But the racial passions and the economic prostration of the post-war period have largely removed chance of this.

Before Hitler came to power most informed Frenchmen were largely reconciled to the idea of eventual union between Austria and Germany. All of the Left, too, was profoundly opposed to a French policy which undertook to maintain the status quo on the Danube and the Vistula, because it saw the task beyond French resources and certain in the end to bring disaster. When Hitler arrived, all elements in France united to oppose any extension of German frontiers or power while the Nazi régime

endured, because such extension would only strengthen a dictatorship based upon violence; and that resolution still holds firm. It is the French calculation, however, — and in that I think most British judgment concurs, — that Germany will emerge from the present phase in her post-war history terribly weakened. The shrinkage of her foreign markets continues, and, since she depends upon the outside world for the raw materials essential to her industry and lacks the means to purchase these, that decline is likely to proceed. The Jewish boycott goes steadily on; German credit is sinking; within Germany the standard of living is declining. In such a situation the task of re-arming becomes ever more difficult.

In the end the French and British believe that Hitler will succumb to the economic forces which are arrayed against him. But at least in Paris the view is held that such a collapse will not come until Germany has been weakened to a point which will render her less formidable than she has been at least since 1929, when the Great Depression arrested her recovery and prepared the way for Hitler. If, by that time, the evolution in the Danubian area has reached a point where French responsibilities have been liquidated by the action of the states of the Little Entente themselves, then France will occupy an advantageous situation.

VI

What has complicated the French problem ever since Mussolini came to power has been the obvious attempt of the Duce to play Germany against France in the effort to break down French predominance. That predominance, in its turn, rested upon the system of alliances France had constructed immediately after the war, and included Poland and the Little Entente. But the objective of French policy was

not hegemony, but security, and security was to be attained only by encircling Germany with armed states.

Once, however, the issue of Austro-German union had been raised, it was Italian and not French security which was immediately compromised. So far from being able to play the balance-of-power game between France and Germany, Mussolini was compelled to look to Paris for support against Germany. France, therefore, recovered her freedom of action, and her situation was further improved by the fact that Britain, taking alarm at German plans for expanding her air force, was at last prepared to renew her military arrangements with the French. If Hitler should to-day attempt to occupy Austria, it would be Italy that would have to bear the brunt of the war which would ensue. That was plainly demonstrated when Mussolini was forced to mobilize at the moment of the murder of Dollfuss. If Hitler should undertake to intervene in the Saar, while France would have to meet the first thrust, she would now be certain of British military support, as the recent conversations between French and British general staffs have disclosed. Certainly France would back Italy in Austria, but it would be Paris and not Rome which would fix the terms.

Before Hitler came, the French situation was difficult because neither the British nor the Italians were concerned with French security; both were ready to placate Germany at French expense and also eager to see French supremacy modified. Hitler, however, by supporting Göring's air programme, aroused British anxiety for security, and by launching his Austrian adventure he alarmed Italy as to her security. Thus French dependence upon her Polish and Little Entente allies disappeared.

If, by any chance, the Disarmament Conference were to reassemble, neither British nor Italian delegates would give

further support to the German demand for parity in arms with France, for that would constitute an obvious extension of the menace Hitlerized Germany has for Britain in the air and for Italy in Austria. In a word, the ultimate effect of the triumph of Hitler has been to restore the ranks of the European coalition which opposed Germany during the war. Britain, France, Italy, and Russia are united in common hostility to the present régime in the Reich because its programme threatens the security of all four.

To destroy this coalition, Hitler must renounce his Austrian adventure, abandon his air programme, and resign his plan to seize Ukrainian lands for colonization. But when he has abandoned all of these projects publicly and formally — and he would have to give solid proofs of his good faith — there will be nothing left of his own programme. And it would be a very long time before the British would be sufficiently reassured to resume their support of Germany against France.

VII

Whatever else Hitler may now do, there is no discoverable escape for him from the present impasse save by seeking some form of truce. His immediate concern is with the plebiscite in the Saar, which comes early next year. There the employment of familiar tactics of violence has already aroused protest in Geneva and apprehension everywhere else. While it still seems probable that the vote will favor reunion with the Reich, there are unmistakable signs of anxiety in Berlin; and a defeat in the Saar would be for Hitler the last straw, since, until he came, even the French conceded that the vote for the Fatherland would be unanimous.

For what it is worth, my own judgment is that the Hitler régime will not

survive the winter, and that what is most likely to follow is some form of Hohenzollern restoration, with one of the grandsons of the ex-Kaiser as the new sovereign. Such a restoration would now enlist the approval of the British and the French. The only alternative one can discover is a Red Revolution and a Communist régime, but that seems totally unlikely unless the misery of the masses goes beyond anything which now seems indicated.

The reassuring detail is the fact that the danger of war, which was real and acute even as late as the *Putsch* in Vienna in July, seems remote and destined to diminish still further. No one of the four Great Powers has any further temptation to exploit the German situation for its own profit or protection. It would be absurd to imagine that the underlying rivalries and jealousies which divide the Great Powers have been abolished. It would be equally unwise to calculate that, once the German danger is exorcised, they will not revive promptly. But, unless all signs fail, the present coalition of interest will last until the Hitler domination is over in the Reich or the *Führer* has given such guarantees of good behavior as to have ceased to be a menace to peace and order. In my judgment it is the former that must take place, since all the considerable European states are for different reasons equally satisfied that it is impossible to carry on ordinary relations with a nation that is dominated by the men and ruled by the methods which to-day are in control in the Reich.

I fear I shall be accused of undue optimism, but I cannot conceal my conviction that the events in Vienna on July 25, which constituted a sensational celebration of the anniversary of the decisive action of twenty years before, marked the turn of the tide in Europe. To survive, Hitler had to win that battle, for thereafter the alarm which

the assassination of Dollfuss was bound to awaken in Europe would otherwise prove fatal to his cause. It was, in fact, his Battle of the Marne, and when he lost it he lost his war as well. Now, as in 1914, the struggle has descended to the trenches, and another siege of Germany has begun.

VIII

But dictators do not flourish on the defensive. Even Napoleon, the greatest of them all, could not rally the French people to support his Empire once Allied armies were in France and his foes had offered peace on terms acceptable to a weary nation. One wishes that there were a Castlereagh and a Metternich to-day outside of Germany and a Talleyrand within, for the great problem of the not-very-distant future may very well be to make peace with Germany again.

Real peace was actually made at Locarno, and it might have lasted if Stresemann had lived and the Great Depression had been delayed for at least a few more years. Now it all has to be done over again, and the years of Hitler have dug a new gulf between the German people and the rest of the world at least as deep and broad as that which was produced by the World War itself. I recall vividly the impressions of the gap between German and world opinion gathered on a first visit to Germany on the morrow of the occupation of the Ruhr, when Stresemann was just beginning to lay the foundations of Locarno. And I recall even more vividly the hopes aroused by the great scene at Geneva when Briand welcomed Stresemann to the League and the two great statesmen proclaimed a truce in that Franco-German struggle which for two generations had been an insuperable obstacle to the organization of peace in Europe.

To-day, as at all times since the close

of the World War, the possibility of peace in Europe turns upon the arrival of some form of coöperation between Great Britain, France, and Germany, and Italy and Russia have also become hardly less important factors. In a word, there must be some restoration of that Concert of Europe which from the Congress of Berlin to the outbreak of the World War managed to preserve peace in the Old World. Briand, Stresemann, and Austen Chamberlain tried to combine the old Concert with the new League of Nations after Locarno, and for a moment succeeded. But when France, Britain, and Germany fell apart after Stresemann's death in 1929, the League proved as futile as the Concert had been in 1914.

When Hitler first came to power, Mussolini tried to revive the Concert in his four-power project, but the allies of France, Poland, and the Little Entente forced the hand of French statesmanship and the project was wrecked. To-day it could hardly be revived without the inclusion of the Soviet Union. Beyond much doubt, too, the British and the French would both insist that the machinery of the League should be employed in the operation of such a Concert, and that would require the return of Germany to Geneva and the admission of Soviet Russia to the League. Neither is at all unlikely.

The greatest force to-day making for a new truce if not for actual peace in Europe is exhaustion. No people desires war, and events have demonstrated how mistaken was Hitler's assumption that by employing the methods of violence he could avoid the use of force. On the contrary, he has been far less successful than Stresemann in obtaining concessions from the former foes. And he has ended by restoring the coalition against Germany which Stresemann dissolved. But, what is most important of all, he has worn out his own people. The moment of enthusi-

asm and exaltation has passed, the processions and parades have palled. The *Führer* has killed only Germans, and there have been almost as many Aryans as Jews in the casualty lists.

In sum, Hitler has now become a domestic, not an international, problem. As a threat to European peace he has shot his bolt. The great crisis that his coming precipitated has passed without bringing that new war which at the moment seemed probable and for a long time remained possible. There are dangerous elements in the situation, of which the Yugoslav-Italian is the worst, but something like a common front has been restored between the Great Powers, and it is only when they are divided that the danger of a general war is acute.

It is, moreover, an odd coincidence that, as one assassination in Austria precipitated a world war, another seems to have averted a second conflict like that of 1914-1918. The killing of Dollfuss crystallized public opinion the world over. It put an end to Italian hopes and British hesitations. It restored a unity in Europe, at least among the Great Powers, that had not existed since the moment when the German delegates received the Treaty of Versailles in the Hall of Mirrors.

In the end it may perhaps turn out that Adolf Hitler has accomplished what Woodrow Wilson failed to do — that is, made the world safe for democracy. In any event he has already made it difficult for all dictators, and most difficult of all for himself. Ever since Mussolini's march on Rome succeeded, Democracy has been on the defensive. But since Hitler's march on Vienna failed there has been developing a healthy doubt as to whether assassination is a satisfactory substitute for the ballot box, or the firing squad more efficacious than the parliamentary machine for determining the will of a free people.

SIGNS OF THE TIMES

BY EDWARD WEEKS

IN the heat of the year it is more than ever apparent that we are descended from a nation of shopkeepers. The half of our citizens who live in cities, being expelled by the heat, take themselves in legions along our Roman roads. The country and more rugged half of our population range themselves by the roadside and aim to sell whatever they possess to the carloads that pass without end. This meeting of opposites, this casual encounter of the city slicker and the country Jim, is full of unsuspected humor.

We Americans are mighty careless of our scenery. Whether we travel by train or motor, we seem to prefer commerce to nature, a good signboard to a better view. Our highways are simply long corridors of markets. Here by the road's edge are lusciously displayed Oregon apples, Georgia peaches, and cherries from California (sent out by truck from the city before day-break); here are crates of string beans, green and tender peas, sweet corn still with its beard, crisp radishes, and summer squash; here (for stronger palates) are fried clams, hot frankfurters, kraut juice, and chocolate-covered dill pickles; here alongside this booth is a chained bear pacing his circle, across the highway a huge haunch of beef is turning on the spit, two hundred yards farther a dance marathon shuffles its grim farce in a sleazy pavilion. And, enticing the weary traveler to pine groves or beside streams, here are

individual cabins affording all the comforts of home — and no questions asked. What exodus, setting forth in holiday spirit, was ever more tempted to stop! The fleshpots of Egypt were as nothing.

Yet for the most part the cars roll by unheeding, as if their drivers were hypnotized by the motion or drugged by the fumes they inhale from each other's exhaust. Steadily, at twenty miles to the hour, on the go, driven by that iron determination of every American motorist — not to let the man behind get ahead of him. The daring spirits impatiently weave in and out of line until suddenly stung by one of those mad hornets of the state police. A Connecticut constable surely had them at heart when on the hill leading into his village he posted this sign: —

DRIVE CAREFULLY — DEATH IS SO
PERMANENT

But hare and tortoise alike must stop when the red light flashes at a cross-road. For thirty seconds the pilgrimage halts and contracts into itself like a caterpillar; for thirty seconds eyes may be lifted from the concrete roadbed. That, of course, is what makes every intersection so valuable a spot for the local salesman. True, he has got to work fast if he is to attract the family's attention before the light changes and father begins grinding the gears. But what could be more prompt than these

words emblazoned over a filling station in Lynn, Massachusetts: —

APPLES— CIDER— GAS

What could be more telling than this happy legend which used to enliven the Newburyport Turnpike: —

RABBITS
FOR ALL PURPOSES

It strikes me that when an American sign painter gets to work his humor is very apt to mix up with the paint. The result often has that touch of exaggeration which so tickles our risibilities. When the fence enclosing the Boston Public Garden was painted a summer or so ago, this smiling phrase was displayed at suitable intervals: —

YOU BET. IT'S WET

and I rather think it kept a good many fingers clean. This being a dry summer, something had to be done to keep smokers out of our brush. Where could you find a better warning than this, which appeared on a National Forest Highway: —

CHAPERONE YOUR CIGARETTES
THEY SHOULD N'T GO OUT ALONE

Again, I like the keen determination in the slogan which, characteristically, was found on a back road in New Jersey: —

SAW FILING — KEY FITTING —
MOSQUITO NETTING

An Englishman, of course, would never commit himself so definitely; he makes himself known by understatement, and when he advertises that 'Our Fresh Eggs Can Hardly Be Approached' other Englishmen know precisely what he means. But understatement never comes naturally to us, and when motorists are advised by a famous camp in Maine that they 'will find that our service, camps, food, and grounds are better than you can expect for the rates we charge,' suspicion, I fear, outweighs the candor.

I must speak of another device to catch the passing eye; I mean the rhyme scheme. This dodge is very effective in the open country where the motorists are beginning to pick up speed. After all, it takes forethought to stop a car running at fifty. In the hill country of New Hampshire, for example, you may whisk by this little refrain: —

Fill up your vest
At the Cuckoo's Nest

That is a teaser. A mile farther on comes another: —

Your seat needs a rest
At the Cuckoo's Nest

Then: —

Three miles by test
To the Cuckoo's Nest

And finally: —

Well, I'll be blest
HERE'S the Cuckoo's Nest

These couplets invite ribaldry if not guests, and I have known travelers to regale an hour concocting such replies as

I've been bitten blue
At the Ocean View

or

Have some grease, flies, and gin
At the Peek-a-boo Inn

The possibilities are limitless. We have too little poetry in our lives anyway.

I'll give poets all the license they need, but I am bothered by cute spellers. When a Kansas tailor calls his shop a 'Pantatorium,' he's said something and I won't object. But when a sign invites me to spend the night at 'Ye Olde Mille Streame' or to comfort myself at the 'Duesupleze,' I'd rather be shot. A farmer on the Mohawk Trail had the right idea when he called his trusty gasoline pump 'Ye Olde Gasse Shoppe'; one or two more men of his calibre, and the antique racket will be laughed out of business. And I notice that

New York City, which looks down its nose at us yokels, had a sophisticated rash of its own not long ago: Chez Florence, also a Chez Quick Lunch, also a Chez Quick Shoes & Hat Service. Chez, my eye!

A road not far from my house has recently been widened and repaired by the CWA. The placard that seeks to protect the men from errant motorists says with superb honesty:—

SLOW
MEN
AT
WORK

If plumbers were also equipped with this slogan, I should not mind. There is an element of surprise in our signs which quite delights me. When, as you approach Quebec, you are met by the inscription,

TANKS FOR VISITORS
UNDIVIDUAL CABINS

you can forgive the French accent and anticipate what is to come. When, in the British Museum, you read the

placard, 'These basins are for casual ablutions only,' you may be reminded that there once was an impoverished novelist who used them for more thorough bathing. Should you fetch up in a certain district in Northern Massachusetts, keep your eye peeled for that most inviting sign of all time:

NUDIST COLONY — KEEP OUT

Who could resist turning in on this rude, rutted lane! And after you have proceeded for a mile and a half, and are well bogged down in a marsh, you won't find a nudist — but you may find a farmer and team to pull you out. I am told that his prices are \$1.50 and up—depending on your temper. Or if you know your Vermont, and have tried your luck in her upland brooks (as thousands of uninvited visitors have done before you), you may remember that exasperated sign which, with all the patience of Job, tells its story:—

They's fish in this stream. Worms behind the barn.

And a boy to help dig. Fish and be damned!

THE FIRST OF THE MODERNS

BY EUGENE BAGGER

I

WHEN Henri-Marie Beyle, aged fifty-nine, died in 1842, he had published, under the assumed name of Stendhal, a dozen or so unsuccessful books and had been a familiar, though hardly a popular, figure of the literary salons of Paris. He had few friends, many enemies, and the reputation of a pretentious and troublesome dilettante, a too-clever coiner of unimportant paradoxes, a poseur and crank, a kind of self-made sphinx whose secret was that it had none worth bothering about. To the general public he was practically unknown, and his scanty obituary notices in the Paris dailies misspelled his name.

Snubbed by his own age, he sought comfort in making, as one of his biographers puts it, a rendezvous with posterity. He said that he would be understood in 1880; he called his literary work a lottery, the prize of which was: to be read in 1935. It is the usual dodge of the rebutted artist. What makes Stendhal's case exceptional is that for once the dodge worked. Posterity kept the tryst; what is more, it was strictly on time. In 1830 his chief novel, *Le Rouge et le Noir*, was denounced as crazy, dull, and immoral, a worthless shocker unfit to be read by ladies. Thirty-five years later Taine, already in the front rank of critics, proclaimed him, on the strength of the same book, as the greatest psychologist of the age, 'perhaps of all ages.' By 1880 he was

not only understood, but also beloved and worshiped by a generation whose spokesman, Zola, hailed him in a famous essay as the father of all moderns. His fame has been constantly growing since. Far from being a mere classic on a bookshelf, to-day, ninety-two years after his death, he is one of the most widely read, and certainly the most persistently discussed, French authors of the nineteenth century. The various editions of his works, some of them translated into a dozen languages, his biographies, and the critical appreciations and commentaries of his writings fill a fair-sized library. He has become the hero and the patron saint of a literary cult, with the remotest corners of his life explored, the abstrusest windings of his fancy traced, the obscurest of his scribblings deciphered, published, and expounded by a band of passionate and scholarly devotees. 'We shall never stop talking about Stendhal,' says M. Paul Valéry.

All his critics have felt that this very fullness of posthumous justice, no less than the accuracy with which he predicted it, calls for an explanation; that it is one of the aspects of that mystery which already in his lifetime surrounded him and which, as Zola noted, has been obscured rather than cleared by the efforts of his commentators. 'Rare enough,' writes M. Léon Blum, 'are the writers to whom posterity showed more favor than the judgment of their

contemporaries. But Stendhal is perhaps the only one who, ignored or misunderstood in his lifetime, found himself in an intimate accord, in close kinship, with the thought and sentiment of another period.' In his own age he was an alien, even an outcast, driven from exile to exile; why should he, one born before the French Revolution and dead in the days of Louis-Philippe, be thus naturalized as a citizen of the twentieth century?

The answer to that question is contained in one word — a word first uttered in print by an American critic. Stendhal, writes Mr. Joseph Wood Krutch, was a neurotic. Those conflicts of his soul which he so ruthlessly bared and which his contemporaries found both incomprehensible and repellent are the very agonies of the inhibited Will struggling for release which the writings of Freud, Adler, and their followers have revealed at the bottom of our own torments. Mr. Krutch guesses that Stendhal's modernity consists partly 'in the fact that he displayed the evidences of his complex maladjustments more freely than most authors before his time had done,' but here he falls wide of the mark. What is new in Stendhal is not his frankness about his maladjustments; it is his maladjustments. Stendhal was not only a neurotic; he was the first neurotic.

II

Modern psychopathology reveals the neurotic as a social misfit, and traces his troubles to a clash between what he wants and thinks he ought to get, and the exactions and vetoes of civilized existence. But modern psychopathology, like its parent, eighteenth-century rationalism, ignores history and identifies a mere local and chronological phase — the psychic constitution of Western man under modern democracy

— with the universal and eternal condition of mankind. Whether we hold, with Freud, that the soul is moved by sexual desire, or, with Adler, that it is driven by the power impulse, the striving for mastery over fellow men, we interpret neurosis as the thwarting of that paramount motive, as the frustration of the Ego. Sexual gratification, as Adler points out, is a form of achieved mastery; the Freudian 'repressed sex' is an aspect of the repressed Self. But the repressed Self will break out in a social disturbance (and neurotic disease is a social disturbance) only in a society which proceeds from the basic postulate that *nothing should repress the Self*. This postulate is comparatively new — four hundred years old, at most — in our civilization; it is unknown in other civilizations such as the Buddhist.

Neurosis as we know it is the upset of the individual's psychic equilibrium occurring only in a society which conceives self-fulfillment in terms of Power, and regards it as every man's birthright; it did not occur in mediæval society, which conceived self-fulfillment in terms of Salvation, and regarded it as a rare gift awarded to the just by a transcendent Judge. Neurosis, then, is the psychic scourge of an age which has dethroned God and enthroned in His place the Sovereign Ego; of an age, moreover, which cancels its promise of limitless self-fulfillment by extending it to *all* selves and thus sets up their clash as the limiting principle in the place of the abolished divine command.

The modern dogma of the Sovereign Self was invented in the sixteenth century, worked out in the seventeenth, turned into a standardized mass product of theory in the eighteenth, and established as the basic concept of a new dispensation by the French Revolution, which at the same time undermined it by making its power promise universal and thus unfulfillable through

the principle of Equality. Stendhal belonged to a generation which found its expectancy of limitless self-fulfillment, seemingly realized by the brief Napoleonic interlude, blocked by Waterloo; to a generation which, in the words of Alfred de Vigny, 'had been nourished on the Emperor's bulletins and always had a naked sword before its eyes,' and which now discovered that 'the times were not great enough.' Baffled in their quest of glory, they changed the venue and sought self-fulfillment in happiness — only to find themselves baffled once more. They looked for an explanation, and found it in the formula, 'grandeur unappreciated.' They were baffled precisely because they dared to be great in a world that would not tolerate greatness; their failure was the proof and direct consequence of their superiority. Rejecting the reality which had rejected them, they solved their problem by retreating into a different, a better world, constructed of the ingredients of far away and long ago, a world attained only by the road toward the unattainable, a world in which their very defeat on the plane of mediocrity counted as victory, a world in which their selves, unhampered by the sordid facts and base exactions of society, could reign supreme. This exodus of the chosen people of superior souls into the promised land of fictitious greatness became known as the Romantic Movement.

In analyzing two of the minor heroes of Stendhal, Octave of *Armance* and Lucien Leuwen of the unfinished novel bearing that name, M. Léon Blum finds the key to their solitude, their disenchantment, their 'inevitable defeat,' in a secret flaw of their own souls — in the 'fundamental ineptitude of their being, the measureless greed of their appetites, the chimerical intensity of their exactions.' These traits, M. Blum adds, are not peculiar

to the Stendhalian protagonists; they stamp the whole Romantic generation. In the language of present-day psychology that 'secret flaw,' that 'fundamental ineptitude,' are called the inferiority complex, and that 'measureless greed of appetite,' that 'chimerical intensity of exactions,' are called overcompensation.

The twentieth-century neurotic, like the Romantic of a hundred years ago, finds his claim of unlimited self-fulfillment rejected by a hostile and unappreciative world; so he, like the Romantic, retreats into an imaginary El Dorado, a private reality where his Ego achieves absolute mastery by means of fictitious proofs of grandeur unchallenged by the tests of public verification. We might say that the modern neurotic is a belated Romantic minus the glamour of Romanticism; and that the early Romantic was a precocious neurotic who as yet had no suspicion as to the meaning of neurosis. Or else we might say that the Romantic is a neurotic dressed up by poetry, and the neurotic is a Romantic stripped by science. What is essential is that both are Dupes: self-deceived victims of ingrowing grandeur, pathetic incarnations of the Fallacy of the Sovereign Ego.

Stendhal was one of the first exponents of the Romantic movement. He launched, says Gustave Lanson, its first manifesto, the treatise *Racine et Shakespeare*, to this day one of the great briefs of the Romantic case against Classicism. He did more: in his *Charterhouse of Parma* he created what is probably the greatest example of those fictive escapes into other ages and climes whereby the Romantics sought to deliver the Sovereign Self from the meshes of the competitive order. He never ceased to voice the aspirations of the Romantics, their abhorrence of the common ruck, their claims of a superior sensibility, the glories and

sorrows of the chase of an ever-receding rainbow of happiness, the disillusionment with the flattening out of desire fulfilled. But, even as a Romantic, Stendhal was obsessed with a distinctly un-Romantic, even anti-Romantic, clarity of vision, with a capacity for grasping the logical implications of a world outlook supposed by its other adherents to be at eternal loggerheads with mere reason. The life philosophy which he called *Beylisme* is the result of his thinking out the Romantic cult of the Self to its last logical limits: a gospel of the Romantic Incarnation, a hieratic portrayal of a twice-life-size Henri-Marie Beyle surrounded by a halo as the goal of a human evolution of which ordinary individuals merely served as stepping-stones. *Beylisme* is the creed of Nietzsche's Superman in a Gallo-Latin edition issued fifty years before Nietzsche's time, the 'blonde beast' with a Mediterranean pigmentation and house-broke by the heritage of Mediterranean culture.

But this very clearness of vision, this preoccupation with what he himself was pleased to call *LO-gique* which caused him to anticipate the last flower of Romanticism, also made him uncover its root. It is here that Stendhal, one of the greatest Romantic artists, parted company with his fellows. He was not content with living and describing the Romantic Ego; he insisted on examining it in the light of cold analysis. This examination resulted in his unmasking the Romantic superiority as inferiority saving its face, the victory of the Romantic personality as the make-believe of the defeated. Thus the supreme psychological importance of Stendhal consists in this: in him the basic conflict of the soul under democracy, the clash of the individual's sovereignty claim with the similar claims of all other individuals as expressed by the principle of Equality, became articulate for the first time.

That conflict remained latent in all other Romantics; Stendhal dragged it to daylight. The Romantics had invented a wonderful new toy: the Self decked out in a cloak woven of starlight and threaded gold from the Incas' treasure and studded with the pearls and emeralds of the Indies; a toy producing lovely sounds, chiefly in the form of adjectives, of a mysterious haunting sadness, of longing inexpressible and unquenched, of dreams beyond the dreams of this world. Stendhal ripped this toy open and showed that it worked by the self-inflation of Insufficiency.

It was precisely this exposure that his fellow Romantics could never forgive him. The Romantic Movement was a conspiracy to maintain the pretensions of the inflated self. One of the arch-conspirators now turned informant. No wonder that his accomplices hated him with a hatred that was to last beyond the grave. His very friend Mérimée denounced him bitterly for 'expressing odious truths,' for 'exposing to the light of day certain sores of the human heart too foul to be seen.' We may sympathize with his bitterness; for those odious truths, those foul sores, were the truths and the sores of Mérimée's own heart.

Contemporary detractors and latter-day champions alike attributed Stendhal's analytical bent to his roots in eighteenth-century rationalism; did n't he regard himself as the disciple of Condillac and Helvetius? What neither the detractors nor the champions realized, but what he himself sensed with prophetic intuition, was that in Stendhal's disclosure spoke not the past but the future; his analysis was not a shadow of the Enlightenment, but the light of the Neurotic Age dawning below the horizon. We shall see that Stendhal's anticipation of future modes of thought and feeling was itself a neurotic escape device, but

a device whereby the neurotic, one neurotic in ten million, breaks his deadlock and ceases to be one. For the moment suffice it to state that the theme of Stendhal's chief novel, indeed of all his novels, is the individual's struggle to impose upon a resisting society an exaggerated conceit of his own importance, an overdrawn self-image which compensates him for his sense of inferiority. It is a theme which Stendhal invented, and which was to become the theme of the Great Art of democracy, the theme of *Madame Bovary* and of *Jude the Obscure*, of *Peer Gynt* and *The Way of All Flesh*, of *The Egoist*, *Lord Jim*, and *Of Human Bondage*. But it was also the theme of Stendhal's life. And whereas in his novels he treated it in terms of 'the world as Art,' expressing it through the timeless objects we call images, he also left a variant of that theme in terms of 'the world as History,' in the fragment called *La Vie de Henri Brulard*, the profoundest, subtlest, and most moving of all autobiographies.

This double treatment of a single motif is what M. Albert Thibaudet has in mind when he speaks of *Le Rouge et le Noir* and *Brulard* as the *dessus* and *dessous*, the obverse and reverse, of Stendhal's creation. By chiseling a self-portrait in the round, as it were, instead of the mere relief of other artists, Stendhal has bequeathed to the age which he helped to create and which was to do him belated justice a monument of Modern Man in the fullness of his sham splendor and his authentic misery, strutting with a strength that is but an armor plate forged of dreams to shield his weakness; fancying himself the master of his destiny, but knowing in his heart that he is the puppet of his desires; and yet rising at last we shall see by what self-wrought miracle from the defeat of his poor self-duped Ego to the deathless triumph of Genius.

III

To say, as people often do, that we are all 'more or less' neurotic nowadays is merely a rough-and-ready way of stating the psychological truth that, since the goal of omnipotence which Modern Man has posited for himself is unattainable, we have, all of us, to eke out our self-conceit by resorting to fictions: by pretending, for instance, that distinctions like luxurious living, social exclusiveness, sporting records, and so forth, are marks of true superiority. If we, again, say that 'the majority are normal,' we merely mean that the particular tokens of fictitious self-fulfillment which are current among them are accepted as valid by large numbers. Under the democratic dispensation, psychic normality, like all other values, is established by taking a vote. The neurotic recognized as such is he who feels the defeat of his sovereignty claim more keenly than the rest, and is thereby driven to save his self-conceit by more drastic methods of self-deception: by coining private superiority fictions which are rejected by others. This keener sensibility has its origin in what Alfred Adler calls an infantile inferiority situation. The 'neurotic proper' is thus the product of a baffled and warped childhood.

The story of Stendhal's early years, as related by himself in *Henri Brulard*, is probably the most complete literary record of an infantile inferiority situation that we possess. There is the 'excessively harsh environment': a home in which laughter and amusement were forever taboo after his mother's untimely death; the stupid well-meaning severity of his father; the stupid venomous severity of his Aunt Séraphie; the bigotry and exactions of his clerical tutors; the ban on all games, deemed both unsafe and unrefined; complete isolation from other little boys for fear of vulgar contacts. There

is an early sense of 'organ inferiority,' of physical weakness, of 'being no better than a little girl.' The child conceives the notion that he is despised, slighted, persecuted; that 'the world' hates him because he is not like others.

Over-compensation sets in with a vengeance: he feels that he is the smallest of the small, and decides that he must become the greatest of the great — the greatest French playwright, the greatest mathematician, the greatest general. 'The world' being the enemy, he comes to distrust everybody, turns into a little savage: he remembers that at the age of two he bit the cheek of a woman who tried to kiss him; that at the age of four he dropped a knife on another from a balcony. His greatest fear is that of being duped: a priest teaches him the Ptolemaic system; his agnostic grandfather tells him that it is rubbish; to the end of his days he will regard all priests as liars and rogues. He develops a terrific thirst for knowledge, reads every book that comes his way, partly as an escape from his gloomy home, and partly because he early realizes that knowledge is a weapon. He is only nine when he discovers that lying is the natural self-defense of the oppressed; thereupon he sets out to practise lying as a swordsman practises fencing. At the age of eleven he turns to attack: he forges a letter to wheedle a concession out of his father; his account of the episode is a perfect little case-history of criminal psychology, revealing the offender as the megalomaniac at bay. He becomes a 'dangerous radical': at the age of ten he rejoices when he hears the news of the execution of Louis XVI. But a little later he fires a pistol at the Tree of Liberty erected by the revolutionaries in a public square. Some of his biographers gravely point out that *both* reminiscences cannot be true: that if he was a little Jacobin he

could not also be a little royalist. Could n't he? In both instances he simply rebelled against established authority. In his royalist home he was a Jacobin; in the Jacobin street he turned royalist. The pattern repeats itself later: during the Empire he was an ardent republican; no sooner did the Bourbons return than he became a no less ardent Bonapartist, one of the founders of a literary Napoleon-worship.

Routed by an overwhelming hostile reality, the boy finds refuge in a tremendous discovery: he has a Mind, an Inner Life, where he is free and safe, and where he can picture himself as being better, stronger, cleverer, more brilliant, more powerful, than anybody he knows. At the age of fourteen he has an inspiration; he himself calls it a stroke of genius: 'Mathematics will deliver me from Grenoble.' He means: if he wins a prize in mathematics at school, 'they' will send him to Paris — the gateway of freedom, greatness, happiness, conquest. A very young general of artillery was just then leading the armies of the Republic from victory to victory. . . . And this young general, Bonaparte by name, had also started out as a student of mathematics. . . .

Two years later the boy wins his prize, and is sent by his father to the École Polytechnique in Paris, the nursery of artillery generals. He arrives a few days after the 18th Brumaire when that other mathematician made himself dictator of France by a military coup. For the boy there was still an entrance examination to pass. When the morning came Henri Beyle stayed in bed.

IV

All his biographers have perceived that there is something symbolic in this sudden dereliction. But symbolic — of what? It could not have been the

mere fear of being 'ploughed.' The youth had just passed a difficult test with flying colors. He had an immense conceit of his capacities, and a no less immense ambition. It was an age of meteoric careers; he was seventeen; his cousin Pierre Daru was one of the most important men in the War Department; as a graduate of the Polytechnique, and with Daru to back him, he could count on being a general at thirty. Other young men, quite uncousined, had done as much. Moreover, in his later life Beyle gave ample proof that, whatever else he may have been, he was no coward, physical or moral. No, his truancy could not have been due to ordinary funk.

The puzzle is solved by the Adlerian theory of the neurotic deadlock. The normal person craves success and dreads failure. The neurotic, too, dreads failure; but more than failure he dreads success. For failure only means humiliation on the spot; the worst is over, and done with. But success may mean a long chain of humiliations deferred; it means facing new difficulties, shouldering responsibility and the obligation of keeping up to the mark. Now the neurotic knows that he cannot keep up to the mark. To him achievement seems a mere prelude to being found out. Being ploughed would have meant an unbearable blow to Henri Beyle's self-conceit as a great mathematician; still he could always comfort himself with the thought that he was a great poet. But being passed would have imposed on him the unbearable strain of having to act like any normal young man; and acting like a normal young man was precisely what he knew he could not do. Defeat could be explained away; but victory must be followed up. He solved his dilemma by shirking it. He stayed in bed, and went on dreaming dreams of grandeur that were not to be shattered by the vulgar grind and hustle of mere fulfillment.

Evasion of all tests is the essence of that compromise whereby the neurotic manages to keep a perpetual loophole open for his self-conceit, and escapes a final answer to the question which corrodes his soul: 'Am I a genius or a rotter?' And the inarticulate guess of the biographers is right: Stendhal's failure to show up at the Polytechnique examination sets the pattern of his life for the next twenty-nine years. All his vacillations and delinquencies, his self-contradictions and *bizarries*, his brilliant starts quickly sidestepped, his panicky retreats from victories all but won, represent elaborations of that single pattern. 'To determine the truth of Stendhal's character is difficult; to reduce it to unity is doubtless impossible,' writes the profoundest and subtlest of his biographers, M. Léon Blum. He is wrong. The formula of which he despairs is supplied by the principle of neurotic ambivalence. The term 'ambivalence' has become, with 'fixation' and 'Oedipus complex,' the principal stock in trade of bootleg psychology, dispensed freely at Freudian cocktail parties and in Adlerian speak-easies. In its genuine form the principle of ambivalence states that the neurotic is forever torn between two extremes of self-appraisal; that he is unable to decide which is true, — his conviction of insufficiency or his conviction of greatness, his 'complex' or his 'over-compensation,' — so that his behavior is dominated now by the one, now by the other, with the result that his actions cancel out one another, and he gets nowhere. To put the same idea flippantly yet accurately, the neurotic sets out to eat his cake and have it too, and ends by falling between two stools.

The pattern repeats itself in the succession of Stendhal's abortive careers as clerk in the War Department, cavalry officer in Italy, and grocer's assistant at Marseilles — the last being

his idea of training for the career of a get-rich-quick financier. The pattern repeats itself in his relation to women. He invented an infallible recipe for dealing with women: 'The moment you find yourself alone in a room with one, rape her.' An excellent plan, no doubt; but not once in his long amorous career did he even try to carry it out. Instead, he had to be encouraged for six months or so by the prospective victim of rape before he dared to touch her hands. The stupid Freudian cliché has been invoked to explain the discrepancy: we are told that he had a mother fixation; that he saw in women understudies for incest, and shrank from them because he feared that they would not measure up to the idealized image of his mother. Stuff and nonsense. What he feared was a snub; but what he feared still more was a welcome. For being welcomed by the beloved one would have meant a Test — a test of his masculinity, which he doubted; and also a test of his capacity for proving himself a man in other fields than the sexual. He utilized 'being in love' as an excuse for postponing *all* action; he told himself, 'I cannot think of anything except Mélanie [or Angela, or Mathilde, or Clémentine, as the case might be]; I am paralyzed by desire; I cannot concentrate; but once I possess her I shall begin to work in earnest.' This is the well-known neurotic formula: 'If I get *this*, I shall do *that*.' In other words, the neurotic wants to be paid in advance by life; he demands greatness without effort; and once he has pocketed the advance he usually loses interest in delivering the manuscript — non-delivery is an excellent way of nipping rejection in the bud.

Every woman that he ever loved represented to Stendhal another Polytechnique examination; with this important difference, that while the Polytechnique did not cajole or bully

him into passing the test, some of the women did. This great theoretical violator of virtue waited, in practice, to be violated. And once he was violated he was 'disappointed.' That was his way of showing the woman that he was a Superior Being: 'You don't come up to my expectations; you are n't good enough for ME by half.' Disillusionment was, of course, a release from the obligation implied in the neurotic if-clause; he did get *this*, but he still refused to do *that*. Disillusionment meant Freedom; he was free to start the same game over again, to collect another advance on the royalties of self-fulfillment.

The last truth of Stendhal's relation with women was that this professional seducer, this would-be Casanova, was mortally afraid of them. His bragging about rape was the amplified echo of a scared child's whistling in the dark. For he *did* have an infantile fixation; only its object was not the mother he loved, but that virago of an aunt whom he hated and dreaded. Séraphie had been the rock on which all his infantile craving for mastery foundered. His 'fixation' was not the incest complex, that overworked rabbit out of the Freudian conjurer's hat; it was the fear of being spanked. With all his theorizing about rape as an act of courtesy toward expectant ladies, with all his studiously fostered reputation as a sensualist, Stendhal was, as M. Léon Blum alone among his biographers has perceived, in practice almost undersexed. What he *really* wanted from women was not lust but a sense of power; subduing haughty beauties was his way of getting even with Aunt Séraphie.

V

The patronage of his cousin, now become the great Count Daru, one of Napoleon's 'organizers of victory,' thrust on him, in the end, a career in

spite of himself. For eight years as an official of the Imperial War Commissariat he has his share of authority, responsibility, adventure, luxury; he tastes worldly success, and finds it to his liking. He surprises his protector, possibly even himself, by proving himself not only as good as any man, but better than most; he wins distinction by unusual competency, devotion to duty, and cool unflinching courage in danger. He is promoted, and promoted again. But this steady advance along a single track proves, in the long run, too much for him; for he is a Superior Person, and a superior person must be Free — free to dream himself supreme. So he is positively relieved when the Napoleonic power house of cards collapses and his career is over. His comment is magnificently curt: 'In 1814 I fell with Napoleon.' What a narrow escape from the humdrum prospect of becoming a Prefect or Ambassador!

The next six years are the happiest of his life. A decade and a half earlier, as a youthful lieutenant of dragoons, he was garrisoned at Milan; and Milan has become, in retrospect, the Golden Age of his dreams. He now returns, and a miracle happens: the dream comes true. A miracle? Not really; rather, an exceptionally favorable constellation for the blossoming out of the neurotic pattern. All his life Beyle had been dragged down to the depths of misery by his exaggerated notion of his own importance which 'the world' — that is, his native environment — persistently tested and rejected. But in Milan *there were no more tests*; Milan accepted him at his face value fixed by himself simply because he was a stranger whose claims were not important enough to call for verification. When in 1814 he was charged with organizing the defense of his native Grenoble against the Austrians, he signed a poster as *de Beyle*. The usurped par-

ticle of nobility set the whole town laughing: 'Fancy the son of old Lawyer Beyle giving himself airs!' Milan knew nothing of old Lawyer Beyle. In Milan, as M. Léon Blum brilliantly puts it, he could acquire the habit of not being judged. He was docketed, for the asking, as 'M. de Beyle, a distinguished retired high official of the Empire.' The dream that had come true was the dream of all neurotics: the dream of Greatness without Effort. What Beyle discovered in Milan was the psychological trick of turning the status of outsider into a device of Superiority, the sleight-of-mind substituting 'above' for 'apart from' in his relation to his environment. In a word, at Milan Henri Beyle, the first neurotic, became the first Expatriate.

But the satisfactions of irresponsible love-making, of evenings spent at the opera or in the salons of the Milanese nobility, of fraternizing with Lord Byron and other lions of passage, were not enough for Stendhal. He knew that by contenting himself with the offerings of the moment he sidestepped the quest of his life: the quest not of happiness, but of grandeur. He must show that even Milan was not good enough for Henri Beyle. Running away from the competitive game was not enough; he decided to beat the game; he resorted to the *ultima ratio* of the baffled megalomaniac — to crime. He became a thief: he translated from the Italian a life of Haydn, changed a passage here and there, and published it as his own — an amplified echo of his forgery at the age of eleven. He was found out in no time; in a letter to a newspaper he met the disclosure with superb effrontery. The *Life of Haydn* was his first plagiarism; it was not to remain the last. In his subsequent books he pilfered whole pages from Dr. Johnson, of all men, and from the *Edinburgh Review*; parts of the famous description of the battle of Waterloo, in the *Charter-*

house of Parma, he copied out of the published diary of a Scots private who, unlike him, had been there.

By 1821 the dream came to an end. His funds run dry; his last love affair peters out in a tragic mess; he has trouble with the Austrian political police; he clears out. He returns to Paris, to grapple with that reality which he took so much pains to dodge. Start after start had only brought him up against a blank wall; only one outlet was still open — literature. He writes half a dozen books and gets them published; but no one reads them except the reviewers, and these find little good to say. Still, his books secure him a certain status in the salons; he is a brilliant talker, but offensive on purpose, and if his wit earns him invitations to dinner, it earns him still more enemies. He is regarded as 'destructive,' but he does not mind that; it is a distinction anyhow. By and by, however, his sallies provoke less indignation and more yawns. 'Old Stendhal is getting to be a bore.' *Old Stendhal!* Yes, it's no use concealing it: he has turned forty-five, forty-six — an elderly pot-bellied dilettante with a brilliant future behind him. . . . Invitations to dinner grow scarce; he is sinking deeper and deeper in debt; to save money he walks in the park during the luncheon hour — he has plenty of time on his hands to take stock of a life of missed opportunities, a life wasted by his own folly. He feels he has reached the end of his tether. Suicide — why not?

Then one day — it is just after New Year, 1830 — he shuts himself up in his shabby little furnished room and begins to write. For three months he writes and writes — he is dead to the world; then he emerges with a manuscript. A novel — *Le Rouge et le Noir*. A publisher takes a chance. A flop, like the others, if not worse. Yet he is not discouraged; he trusts the verdict

of posterity. 'I shall be understood in 1880.' Another device to dodge that here and now which he could never face — another expatriation, in the fourth dimension, for a change. Eighteen hundred and eighty: his Milan in Time. . . .

By 1880 *Le Rouge et le Noir* is acclaimed as the greatest of novels.

VI

How did he do it? How did it come about that Stendhal, this ex-lieutenant of dragoons turned grocer's clerk, ex-imperial official turned remittance man and loafer in foreign cafés, ex-anything that he ever tried to be, this plagiarist, snob, liar, braggart, shirker, quitter, parasite, wastrel, deadbeat — that this all-round failure achieved, on the brink of throwing up the sponge, one of the greatest masterpieces of all literature? Character, said Heraclitus, is fate — was there ever a man less fated by his apparent, his only-too-obvious, character for immortal achievement than Henri-Marie Beyle? That masterful summarizer, Sainte-Beuve, summarized his case in a brief sentence: 'He was not meant to become such a great man.' Agreed; but he *did* become great. How does a man who was not meant to become great become great?

We know that he was a neurotic. And modern psychology tells us that artistic creation has a neurotic origin. Freud explains art as the sublimation of the repressed sexual wish. But Freud does *not* explain why the repressed sexual wish issues in the case of A in sublimation, — that is, art, — in the case of B in homosexuality, in the case of C in a compulsion to walk nearest to the curb or to avoid railway trips. On the contrary: Freud admits, in his study of Leonardo, that he cannot, and does not even hope to, explain this. Adler does not explain artistic

creation at all; he is not particularly interested in it. But the work of art can be explained, in terms of his system, as the neurotic's private superiority fiction raised to public validity. Yes, but raised how, and why, and when? Art is a product of over-compensation. Quite; but all neurotics over-compensate; why does only one neurotic in a million over-compensate by way of a masterpiece?

We have followed Stendhal along the dark tortuous passages of his neurotic soul; at last we stand in the final antechamber of his riddle. And not of *his* riddle alone. The riddle of Stendhal is that of all modern art. Why, how, and when does the neurotic called Stendhal turn into a genius, while the neurotics called Tom, Dick, and Harry remain neurotics? Is it possible to determine the moment, the process, and the cause of that quasi-miraculous transformation?

It is possible. The key to Stendhal's riddle has been supplied by Stendhal himself. It appears on pages 509-511 of the second volume of his *Correspondence*. It has thus been public property ever since that *Correspondence* was published in 1908. Thousands have read the passage in question; at least two of his commentators, Léon Blum and Georg Brandes, refer to it; both have missed its significance. The key has not been recognized as a key.

VII

It was on the 18th of December, 1829, that Stendhal met Lieutenant Louaut.

The meeting was an accident, but the sort of accident that *would* happen to Stendhal. He thinks of challenging the philosopher Victor Cousin to a newspaper debate about the motives of human action. He reads in the newspaper *Constitutionnel* the account of how Lieutenant Louaut, an elderly

army officer on half pay, plunged into the Seine after a drowning bargee and saved him at the risk of his own life. Stendhal goes to see him. 'Would you mind telling me why you did it?' Louaut does not mind in the least. 'The newspapers call me a hero. I am nothing of the sort. I saw the man fall into the river. I am a good swimmer; but I am old, I suffer from the gout, the water is cold, I might catch pneumonia and die. So I turn around and walk away. But I still hear his screams; it is terrible. I run until I cannot hear him screaming any more. And then somebody says, just quiet-like: "Lieutenant Louaut, you are a coward!" What the devil! I look around, there is nobody. I run back, dive in, drag out the beggar. That was all. You see, *I really did it because I was afraid of being a coward*. I only hope I shan't be laid up in bed for three months. I'd be bored to death.'

Stendhal tells this story in a letter to his English friend Sutton Sharpe, dated December 28, 1829. The newspaper debate with Cousin did not come off. But three months later the man who had never finished anything finished the manuscript of the first and greatest modern novel, *Le Rouge et le Noir*.

There is no external, documentary evidence to connect the episode of Lieutenant Louaut with Stendhal's achieving *Le Rouge et le Noir*. His own comment on the officer's narrative with which he concludes the letter to Sutton Sharpe is singularly beside the point, a bit of amateurish and unconvincing philosophizing in the vein of his eighteenth-century masters. But there is internal evidence, and it is conclusive. It consists in this: the story of Julien Sorel is the story of the man who became a hero because he was afraid of being a coward. The leitmotiv 'Courage is the fear of fear' appears in a hundred variations of astonishing

depth and subtlety; it is dramatized in some of the most famous passages of the book: in the scene where Julien, by superhuman effort, forces himself to take hold, in the dark, of the hand of his employer's wife whom he does not love, just to show her, and himself, that he dares; in that other scene where he climbs the ladder to Made-moiselle de la Môle's window, fully expecting to land in an ambush laid by her brother. It is the secret of Julien's rise from poor peasant boy to nobleman and diplomat, and also of his half-tragic, half-absurd end under the guillotine. But 'Courage is the fear of fear' is the leitmotiv, also, of Stendhal's life. In *Brulard* he tells the story of a duel he fought, at the age of thirteen, with a classmate over some childish row. They fired pistols at one another at a range of twenty paces. No one was hurt. Beyle behaved nobly; but on the way home he said to his second: 'When Odru was aiming at me I looked steadily at the little rock above Seysins not to show how scared I was.' 'Shut up, idiot, one does not say such beastly things,' scolded the other boy, scandalized, as Mérimée was to be half a century later, by such exposure of the 'odious truths and foul sores' of the heart. Sixteen years passed: the duelist was running for dear life across endless leagues of Russian snow, in the company of Napoleon and a handful of half-starved wretches in rags — the remnants of the Grande Armée. The Cossacks were at their heels; there were days when they dined off a chunk of stale bread or three potatoes each; they nearly died of the cold; but morning after morning Beyle showed up clean-shaven and immaculately dressed, as if the Retreat from Moscow were a levee at Malmaison. 'You are a brave man, M. Beyle,' said Count Daru. To shave with the enemy almost peering over one's shoulder takes pluck. . . . We know why he shaved.

VIII

Stendhal derived the plot of *Le Rouge* from a criminal case of 1827-1828, the trial of Antoine Berthet, a seminarist and private tutor condemned to death by the Grenoble assizes and beheaded for the attempted murder of his employer's wife. For three years Stendhal made no headway. He was still enmeshed in his struggle to impose his self-conceit on the world; he still was trying to show what a fine fellow he was, and to conceal that he was not quite sure about it. His neurotic ambition sent him swirling around the axis of his grandeur dream; like a squirrel in its revolving cage, he was never at rest, and, like the squirrel, he got nowhere. He could not achieve anything truly great, for he willed achievement too much. There is an old German nursery tale about the alchemist who discovered the secret of turning powdered lead into gold: one had to heat it in an alembic, that was all. But a condition was attached: while heating the lead the gold-maker must not think of gold. The recipe was infallible; but gold was never made.

Stendhal continued his frantic attempts to turn lead into gold — till he met Lieutenant Louaut. Then he stopped, just for a moment. But at that moment he *saw*. He saw himself as Louaut; he saw in Louaut's running away from the cold river the allegory of his own derelictions; he saw in Louaut's plunge after the drowning man the allegory of his own conduct during the Retreat from Moscow, when he, time and again, had braved the Cossack lances to procure a little bread for his starving comrades. And suddenly he also saw himself as Berthet — as the poor peasant boy who was guillotined because he had striven to become too great. From the lightning-like contact of these two symbols, Louaut and Berthet, was born the life story of

Julien Sorel: the symbol whereby Stendhal sought to fix forever his relation to the world which he wished to conquer and which defeated him. But, once Julien Sorel was born, Stendhal did not think of *himself* any more. He thought only of Louaut and of Berthet; of the man who saved two lives because he would lose his own; of the other man who lost his life because he loved it too much. In the parables of these two men, now fused into one, Stendhal, who had always preached and tried to practise energy, self-fulfillment, will-to-power, joy, pleasure, irreligion, touched, for a moment, on the Schopenhauerian recognition that the will-to-life is the will-to-death, that only by denying the will can the will achieve something better than mere life; he glimpsed the truth that had been pronounced by a greater master than Schopenhauer, in much simpler words than his, eighteen hundred years before Schopenhauer's time.

IX

Like the neurotic, the artist flees a hostile reality and takes refuge in an inner life built of fictions which he calls truth — *his* truth, created in his own image. But the neurotic remains forever a prisoner of his truth, of his inflated Self which the world weighs and finds wanting; he loses his life because he is too intent on saving it. But in the case of the artist something unexpected happens: all of a sudden the world accepts his truth, believes in the fictions called Julien Sorel, Tess, Jude, Madame Bovary, as if they were part of reality. What happened is this: a certain neurotic by the name of Stendhal, or Hardy, or Flaubert, suddenly breaks the deadlock brought about by his wanting everything and the opposite of everything, by the 'measureless greed and chimerical exactions' of his Self. And he breaks that deadlock because he breaks his

Self. He comes to recognize that his quest of Self was futile, that the Will is futile, that he was chasing the phantom of his own Godlikeness — and he gives it up. He thus achieves that supreme act of the Will which is the Will's denial of itself; and because he surrenders his Will, and with it his paltry personal truth, he comes to see, for the first time, Reality — the one Truth that is the truth of God, though he may not call it His. The birth of Genius is a sudden burst of light where there was darkness; of a light lit by that change of the inner man, that conversion of the Self, which is expressed by the Greek word *metanoia*, the mind's turning against itself, rendered into English by the word 'penance.' The greatest good, says Augustine, is God; but God is Truth, and man can only attain to the vision of Truth by disengaging himself from the restless struggle of his Will; the last task of the Will is to surrender itself and to lie still in the radiance of divine knowledge.

And thus that parable of Genius which Stendhal perceived in the story of Louaut also appears in that scene of Somerset Maugham's *Of Human Bondage* where Philip, reviewing the wreck of his past, recognizes that the secret of life's burden is that it must be borne, and exclaims, 'O Life, where is thy sting?' At that moment Philip, and in him his author, achieved that knowledge which Schopenhauer defined as the complete divorce of understanding from willing, and which we call by the single word 'Genius.' By renouncing his will — his lust for greatness, for the fullness of power, for Godlikeness — Genius achieves what he has renounced; for he creates. By eliminating the mortal, self-destroying principle of Self from his personal truth he comes to impose that truth on the world — not, indeed, as mere reality, but as something better: as an immortal object, as something that does not exist

in Time, but subsists outside and beyond Time — as a work of art.

Genius, then, is he who rises to life from death in life. Like Job, he must lose his all before he can win his own soul. He must be submerged in defeat, remorse, solitude, self-contempt. He must be deserted by his friends; for as long as they believe in him their faith supports his dream of greatness, and it remains a dream. Above all he must lose his faith in himself; for that faith was nothing but his self-deceit, and he must be undeceived. He must come to see that his defeat was due to his insane presumption to imagine that he could be great without furnishing proofs of his greatness; that he has fallen because he strove to justify himself by his faith, and by faith alone. Thus in his own person Genius lives the whole tragedy of the Modern Ego, placed on his tottering throne of mock sovereignty by that *sola fides* wherewith four hundred years ago a fear-maddened German monk attempted to ransom his soul from hell-fire. We see to-day to what pass that doctrine has brought Western man; for the world around us is full of people who seek to justify themselves by their faith and by nothing else; and we call them neurotics. But it is precisely by losing his faith in himself that Genius ceases to be a neurotic, and sets out to save his soul by Works.

X

Two years after he had finished *Le Rouge et le Noir* Stendhal sat in judgment over himself, and returned

the verdict: 'A dreamer.' He confesses that all his life there was one thing, and one only, that he really loved to do: dreaming. In *La Vie de Henri Brulard* he sets out to redream a life that was nothing but a dream. But now the strife, the discord, the bitterness of trying and failing, have gone out of it; he does not want any more, does not will any more, does not suffer any more; he is content to look on, to see, and to understand. 'I am getting on to fifty, it is time to know myself.' That simple, unemphatic sentence in *Brulard* is Stendhal's 'O Life, where is thy sting?'

He was an unbeliever, and proud of it. Yet he knew, and by *Henri Brulard* publicly professed his knowledge, that art is *not* self-expression, but something better: it is self-justification before a tribunal that transcends the Self. All great work of any great writer is an *apologia pro vita sua*. But one apologizes only if one has repented; and that elimination of the willing Self without which no great work of art has ever been achieved is an act of Penance for the guilt of Willing. Clever craftsmen may go on asserting and expressing themselves in clever books, and earn the rewards of the market place; but Genius knows better. Genius knows that not by asserting, but only by denying himself can man ever hope to rise above the meaningless strife of this world, and to dwell, be it for a brief second, with the angels who according to Saint Thomas Aquinas are pure intelligence, and who see in the fleeting spectacle the divine Idea that alone has meaning and permanence.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB

THE OLD CAMPAIGNER

For those hardy souls who can stand it, — and I am one of them, — coach travel in motorized America has charms hardly less than those Dickens found worthy of record in the horse-drawn coaches of his day. There is the same early kindling of the sense of adventure, the same ludicrous shuffling and interplay of character, the same descent into informality as weariness and friendliness join in breaking down whatever uppity notions one may have at the beginning of the journey. By the second hour you are likely to be talking to your seat-mate, whoever he or she may be; by the third hour you are willing to talk to anyone on the coach. You and your fellows are shipmates in spirit if not in leg-room.

I have seen this leaven of sociability work magically on prim school-teachers and frosty dowagers. The latter weaken more slowly than all others; but once they have broken the ice, in they plunge and fairly swim in chatter to the end of the trip. I recall one delightful old lady who chilled us all with her stony glance as she entered at Buffalo, thawed before reaching Rochester, melted into song with the rest of us near Syracuse, and for an hour before I left the coach at Binghamton held gay converse with the Negro porter, a 'pre-med' student at O. S. U.

As I helped her off the step she said, quite as if she had known me for years, 'All my life I've wanted to talk to an intelligent colored man, and now I've done it.'

Between New York and Chicago, a journey which I wisely punctuated by several overnight stops, I sat beside and heard chapters from the life stories of several persons I shall never forget. One was a broken warrior who had chased Villa in Mexico and tried chasing Fritz out of France; Fritz did not move as fast as Villa, with the result that a cannon my companion was pushing fell on him. Then along

came the gas. He was not much good after that, yet waited thirteen years before applying for a pension. The good news that his claim had been allowed reached him in a C.C.C. camp to which he had been driven as a last resort through the poverty that is called unemployment. Now he was on his way back to his birthplace to buy a corner of the farm he was born on, to putter around raising chickens on the land he had once turned with the plough in the days of his strength. A happier man you never saw, in spite of his cough, or perhaps because of it.

Also a torch singer on her way to Chicago — for the Fair. Give me time and I'll put her in a novel before I die. Also a Swiss woman who made so many shrewd observations that I kept notes on her. In America, she said, the towns all look alike and the women look different, whereas in Europe each town differs from the other and the women of each town look like sisters — well, almost like sisters. I assured her that their men saw differences; also that I could see differences in our towns. Challenged, I had a hard time proving my point as we coursed from Cleveland to Toledo.

Then there were more articulate types. The young American proconsul home on a furlough from London, where he wrote a perfectly tremendous report on the gold situation on rush orders from Washington; he knew all about gold and many more interesting things — for instance, how one could travel pleasantly across the ocean on freighters at a cost of two dollars a day and well found. The home missionary who tried to make a Seventh-day Adventist out of this stern old Episcopalian all the way from Detroit to Toledo. The strong man from Poland who was earning \$1.23 an hour at spot welding, liked his work, and was massively sure that he was a success in life, which he indubitably is. The pretty Christian Science reader from the West on her way to the Mother Church in Boston,

who was just as certain that gasoline is a state of mind as I am sure that mind is a state of matter.

My prize capture, however, was the Old Campaigner, a hearty, wiry little man of sixty-six on his way back East from Gold Camp, California, where he had been placer mining for a change. A house painter by trade, he seemed to have been saved from lead poisoning by *Wanderlust*.

'Whenever I wear a brush clear down to a stub,' he said, 'then I know it's time to get out of a town.'

The Old Campaigner learned how to rock sand in a bowl years ago; this time he went West more for the vacation than in hope of fortune.

'There's plenty of gold in California yet,' he testified, 'but it's where you can't get at it with a pick and shovel. Seventy-five cents is a good day's haul now for one man with a pan. Thousands out there don't average fifty cents. But they pay no rent and food's cheap and it's a grand, healthy country. I'm ten years younger than when I went out. Brought back a little dust, too, just to show my grandchildren.'

Out of his pocket he pulled a small chamois bag, opened it, and showed me a thimbleful of gold dust at the bottom.

'Can't do a thing without a chamois bag,' he said. 'After you wash the dirt away, you gather your grains of gold with quicksilver. Then you put the quicksilver in the chamois and squeeze it out this way — through the pores. Quicksilver will go through anything this side of glass. Of course you don't get it all out, but there's always a piece of old iron lying around and you spread what's left on the iron. . . .'

I could n't follow his explanation through to the glorious conclusion; either he was too technical or I was not technical enough, but at any rate he had gold to show his grandson that the old-timer was still a conqueror.

'Up there,' he went on, with a wave of the hand to the baggage rack, 'is my pack. Suppose we had a wreck and had to camp here in the fields all night. Would n't bother me. Blankets; rubber poncho; everything. Why, I hummed my way from Gold Camp to Chicago! Walked some; hitch-hiked some; rode the roof of a freight train across Nevada. Camped out in the

open every night. I'll sleep anywhere; I'd rather sleep out than in. Money in my pocket all the way — but I would n't sleep in.

'I did n't do any begging, though — not with money in my pocket. I'd walk right up to a restaurant and buy a meal and then walk on out of town for a sleep. Afraid? Why, no; what's there to be afraid of? The bums are all honest these days; the crooks are n't on the road any more. They make too much money bootlegging, kidnapping, and sticking up banks. And there's soup kitchens everywhere, so a man does n't have to rob when he's hungry. I'm sixty-six and I eat like a horse. That's what the road does for a man. . . . Hey, you driver,' he yelled, 'when do we eat?'

'Next town,' replied the man at the wheel. 'Take it easy.'

As an Old Campaigner, my friend knew the wiles of wayside eating places.

'Company's in cahoots with 'em. They run you up to a certain place and get a commission on the trade they bring. Go next door or across the road and you get more for your money. There's quantity and quality places; and it's pretty hard to tell 'em apart. I was telling that to two drummers on a bus once; and at the next stop they said, "Does this place look like quantity or quality?" I took one look at the outside and said, "Quantity." But inside I saw they had paper flowers on the tables; so I just took coffee and sinkers. The drummers laid out for everything in sight, and had to pay the cashier eighty-five cents each. Quality, all right; I kept away from those drummers for the rest of the trip.'

Presently our bus invaded Syracuse and stopped at an eating place. 'How about this one?' I asked.

He gave it a quick survey with his sharp blue eyes. 'Can't say, brother. There's booths, and that looks like quality; but they use thick dishes, and that looks like quantity. Anyhow, I'm hungry, and here goes.'

After giving his order the Old Campaigner watched closely the heaped plates placed before the other passengers. What he saw pleased him. Leaning my way, he said in a hushed and reverent voice, as one would announce a supernatural phenomenon: 'Looks like quantity and quality, too.'

Daunted by the odors of the room, I

bought a sandwich and went outdoors to eat it. In due course the Old Campaigner appeared, wiping his short moustache. He tried to evade the issue, but I cornered him: 'Well, how about it?'

Sadly he shook his head — not enough to dislodge his toothpick, but enough to indicate that his toothpick was one of the best items on the menu. 'Just quantity,' he mumbled, 'just quantity.'

A few hours later, more fully instructed in the arts of the road, I left the bus at Binghamton and waved the Old Campaigner on toward New York. I left him with regret and envy. The world was his because he feared it not; riches were his because he did not need them. He would keep rambling till he died. Some night he would spread his poncho on the ground, roll himself into his blanket, look at the stars, and go to sleep forever. Or he might slip beneath the wheels of a train or be mashed in a highway wreck. There would be no estate to probate, but his grandsons could remember him as one who wrung gold from the earth and between trips told them quaint stories of his travels in far lands.

The next time you see a load of worn travelers alighting from a motor coach, waste no pity on them. They may look weary, but some of them have been seeing life as well as scenery.

MONTANA MYTHS

TOWARD sunset the little party of miners stopped and pitched their tents between two mountains. The country around them was rough, indescribably rough, and the short day's march had tired them so that they dropped listlessly after the animals were unpacked. For a long time, until almost dark, each man's thoughts were his own. Not a word was spoken. There was no need for any because there was no word adequate to express the dejection that was theirs. The beautiful 'Land of the Shining Mountains' had played them false, and where once they had dreamed of gold they realized now there was nothing. Their only thought was to get back to civilization and safety.

At last one of the miners got up wearily. After a while he reached for his pick and

started down the gulch. The sun, dropping over the western ridge, was the only sign of gold he could see, and after a dozen steps he halted.

'I'll try this,' he said to himself; 'it's our last chance.' His pick bit deep into the gravel bed — bit once and did not bite again, for that single stroke had uncovered enough gold to make the party rich beyond their wildest dreams.

Thus was discovered the famous Last Chance Gulch lode, one of the richest mining properties in North America, and at the same time there was founded the myth about Montana.

At least I think the myth started then, although Lewis and Clark might have had something to do with it when they sailed up the Missouri River in 1806 and beheld for the first time the majestic Gates of the Mountains and the Great Falls of the Missouri. Or again, Gall and Yellowhorse and the other chiefs may have started it when they wiped out Custer and his five companies of cavalry at the Battle of the Little Big Horn in 1876 and left the body of every soldier in the little army drying in the June sun. Or perhaps — but I could go on this way for a long time. I think we had better credit the discoverers of that great gold lode with the birth of the myth.

Myth? What myth? And there you have me. I can't name it; it is as intangible as the changing purple on mountain peaks at sunset, as intangible as pines talking — but it is there. And when I speak of the myth about Montana I am only gathering and collecting under one head the hundreds of little fables I hear about my state.

The first myth is not that at all. It is a permanent and apparently irrefutable fact to the person living anywhere east of Williston, North Dakota, that all of us in Montana wear our six-shooters to dinner and our chaps to bed!

Ridiculous? Of course it's ridiculous. I'm quite sure that Thomas J. Walsh, our senior Senator, — who, had he lived, would have served in the President's Cabinet, — never shot at anyone with a six-shooter, and I seriously doubt that he, in his later years at least, ever appeared aboard a horse in a pair of leather chaps. But no one except a Westerner believes it.

A boy in New England once asked me if I liked Wild West movies. I told him I had n't seen any for some years — in fact, not since I was eight. And his answer sums up what thousands of people in the East apparently think. 'Oh, I suppose you would n't,' he said. 'I suppose you see all that without going to the movies!'

I let him go on thinking, of course, that his opinions were right and that I lived in a land where the hero rescued the beautiful heroine amid a hail of hostile Indians' arrows and bullets and then rode into a delicious fade-out to live happily ever after.

It would be nice if conditions in Montana, or anywhere in the West, were that way, but they are not. And the only two famous screen stars Montana has yet given to Hollywood, Gary Cooper and Myrna Loy, are more expert at playing society scenes than romping off to do glorious battle with a herd of angry buffalo and tribes of savage redskins.

But the myth persists that Montana is a wild and woolly place, and when it is at last lived down some of Montana's individuality will have gone. Yet, when I think about it, it's proper that such a myth should exist. After all, Custer and the best troops the United States army could gather were ruthlessly destroyed one afternoon by Indians and not one survivor lives to tell about it. That was n't so long ago, as time is measured in New England, — fifty-eight years, — but the West lives at a swifter tempo than the East and a great deal happens in half a century. The Indians on their reservations are wearing silk stockings now and I suppose many of them are reading *Anthony Adverse*. But it does not sound convincing.

I am at a loss, however, to account for one belief which seems to be more prevalent than any of the others. During the summer, in New England, a great many — oh, a very great many — people have said, 'So you're from Montana. Now I have a cousin living in Michigan myself.' And they intimate that Michigan is just a good brassie shot from the Montana border. In reality it is about a thousand dusty miles, and while New Englanders may believe Michigan is 'away out West,' it's just 'back East' to us.

We in Montana are a friendly sort. We

know our neighbors for half a hundred miles on every side and call them all by their nicknames, but sometimes our surprising affability is exaggerated. For example, in Maine I stopped at a filling station for gasoline and the attendant remarked, as had hundreds before him, that I was a 'long ways' from home. I agreed and we struck up a one-sided conversation with the filling-station man doing all the talking.

'Say,' he said, as he remembered something, 'you know, I used to know a fellow here who moved out to Montana. You might know him. His name is Kelly, he drives a Buick, and he lives about eight miles off the road.'

Hiding a smile, I assured him that I did not know the man he spoke of and drove on. But now, as I drive east and west and north and south across Montana, through her mountains and her farm lands, through her beauty spots and her ugly spots, I am secretly keeping my eyes open for the Kelly who drives a Buick and lives eight miles off the road.

I must perpetuate the myth.

PSYLLIAS¹

THERE once was a frisky young flea;
Son chien lui déplut comme abri.
Er wollt' einen Kater,
Sed obsecrat mater:
Non lascia i parenti così.

But he would not listen to prayer;
Il quitta son père et sa mère.
Er springt auf 'ne Katze,
Sed haec rasitat se;
Lo mangia, orribil a veder.

Around and about the gore flew;
Aie pitié du petit fou!
Mit lautem Geschrei:
Vae mihi, O vae,
Il povero scese in giù.

Stay at home, is the gist of my tale;
Restreignez la force de vos ailes;
Bleib' stille zu Haus;
Sit domui laus;
Alla casa dimora fedel.

¹Lest readers who are not polylinguists cudgel their brains too hard, we print the author's translation in the Contributors' Column. — EDITOR

THE CONTRIBUTORS' COLUMN

AMERICA's most eminent brain surgeon is **Harvey Cushing**, for many years Professor of Surgery at Harvard, and now at Yale. Skillful with pen as with scalpel, he won the Pulitzer Prize in 1925 with his *Life of Sir William Osler*. Memories of his exceptional work during the war, rewarded by the French Legion of Honor as well as by our own Distinguished Service Medal, will prepare an eager reception for these excerpts 'From a Surgeon's Journal.' Δ During America's participation in the war, **Vincent Sheean** was an undergraduate at the University of Chicago, meeting reality in the form of first-hand experience with our social system as it is organized in fraternities and as he found it affected 'My Friend the Jew.' Since then there has been no disturbance of any kind that he has missed. His adventures as a foreign correspondent, the most persistent trouble-seeker of our time, have kept him as busy as they will keep his readers fascinated when they appear in succeeding issues. **William Henry Chamberlin** ('Government by Terror') has just been assigned to the Far East after completing a decade of service in Moscow as correspondent of the *Christian Science Monitor*. His books, *Soviet Russia: A Living Record* and *a History* and *The Soviet Planned Economic Order*, have been adjudged the most authoritative volumes in their field.

Ever since Madame Montessori induced Mothers-in-Council, and even reluctant fathers, to reconsider the training of their young, 'This Progressive Education' has been a battle ground for conflicting opinions. **Carl Joachim Friedrich** is not only a parent and an educator (Associate Professor of Government at Harvard); he is intimately concerned with the project to start a school for the faculty children of Cambridge, and his views are the result of practical thinking on the subject. Δ A critic of literature whose reviews and researches are gaining wider recognition, **Horace Gregory** sends from London this small essay, 'A Gallery of Immortals,' which makes one realize that 'characters' in history were 'people'

too. Δ Born in 1912 of Italian-American parents, **John Fante** presents in 'One of Us' a story drawn from life. It is not his first — he has been writing and publishing for two years; but 'this acceptance from the *Atlantic*,' says he, 'tickles the devil out of me. I now have no doubt whatever that I not only know how to write, but possess a remarkable talent, far, far above the average.' Read it and see. Δ 'An Adirondack Friendship' continues **Josephine Goldmark's** account of a happy association with William James during the last years of his life. The Goldmarks, Josephine and Pauline, are sisters-in-law of Mr. Justice Brandeis, and in their own right liberals and social reformers. **J. Redwood Anderson's** *Transvaluations*, published by the Oxford University Press, has been received with the critical acclaim which 'Before Ararat' and 'Encounter' also merit. Δ 'Umbrian Pilgrimage' is another Italian adventure of **Elizabeth Wilder**, a young student, teacher, and research worker in Italian art, whose 'Friends in the House' appeared last November. Δ 'An Excursion in Numbers' takes us (those of us who can follow all the way) into the exciting mysteries of mathematics. Its author insists that in college mathematics was his least-liked subject, which he dropped at the earliest possible moment; but a passion for mountain climbing has perhaps accustomed him to a more perilous sport. **F. Emerson Andrews** divides his days between his position as manager of publications for the Russell Sage Foundation and free-lance writing. Δ Known the world over as 'Chinese Bland,' **J. O. P. Bland**, in 'The Chinese Mind,' shares his intimate knowledge of an illimitable subject. **Edgar J. Goodspeed** ('The Original Language of the Gospels') is Distinguished Service Professor of Biblical and Patristic Greek at the University of Chicago. Δ Readers who remember Old One-Eye, the sunfish, will welcome 'Toad's Destiny,' another story of the Water Hazard by **Peggy von der Goltz**, a 'self-made naturalist' who has been working with animals, particularly the little fishes of the shallow waters, since 1925.

Δ 'The Turn of the Tide in Europe,' an important sequel to **Frank H. Simonds's** Austrian paper of last April, reached us at the moment of going to press. After a long career as editor and foreign correspondent, Mr. Simonds now devotes his time to illuminating comment, in books and articles, on international affairs. Δ 'Signs of the Times' contains further pleasant observations by **Edward Weeks**, editor of the Atlantic Monthly Press. Δ Born in Budapest, **Eugene Bagger** is a naturalized American who has lived for the last seven years in France and England, and whose biographies, including 'The First of the Moderns,' deal with the European scene.

* * *

Who can answer this query?

Dear Atlantic, —

Miss Montague's very helpful article on the psychology of the deaf reminded me of what T. H. Huxley once wrote on this subject in a letter to a friend: 'I am so sorry to hear you are troubled by your ears. I am so deaf that I begin to fight shy of society. It irritates me not to hear; it irritates me still more to be spoken to as if I were deaf, and the absurdity of being irritated on the last ground irritates me still more.'

Who but Huxley could have summed up the subject so briefly and so vividly?

Incidentally, could you now perhaps entice some articulate persons to tell us what sort of behavior and speech is acceptable to those who have recently suffered great bereavement, or who have just been condemned to death with heart disease or cancer, or who have just been dismissed from a sanatorium for the insane?

We physicians could profit particularly from a series of articles written by the much-traveled sick describing their annoyances at our well-intentioned but often blundering behavior.

WALTER C. ALVAREZ, M.D.

*Mayo Clinic
Rochester, Minnesota*

A lawyer's handicap.

Dear Atlantic, —

As one who has suffered from impaired hearing since childhood and now finds on entering his eightieth year that the impairment is increasing I wish to express my deep gratitude to Margaret Prescott Montague for her two articles in recent numbers of your magazine on the subject of deafness.

My own many years of practice of law, in and out of court, were made possible only by the most careful training of my right ear's faculty, and the

persistent habit of 'keeping all the world on the right side of me.' In court trials I seldom occupied a seat. I ranged about in the lawyers' space, getting my bearings on the judge, the witness, or opposing counsel, so that I should not miss a word. Often I seemed to annoy others by my frequent requests to 'speak up so everybody can hear.'

I was not sensitive about my defect, but, since my livelihood depended on making others speak plainly, I always did so. No judge or juror ever went to sleep in my cases.

EUGENE E. PRUSSING
Hollywood, California

A poser for amateur naturalists.

Dear Atlantic, —

Do wasps not like colors?

I watched a wasp walk on the wall paper and when he came to a color in the pattern he flew off; when he came again to the plain tan background — the color of his nest — he alighted and walked until he reached the colors again. He would not alight on the ceiling, which was white, but only on the part of the wall that was the color of his nest.

I wish someone would tell me if all wasps are this way.

KEVIN L. MOSER
Clarksville, Missouri

The story of two Botticellis.

Dear Atlantic, —

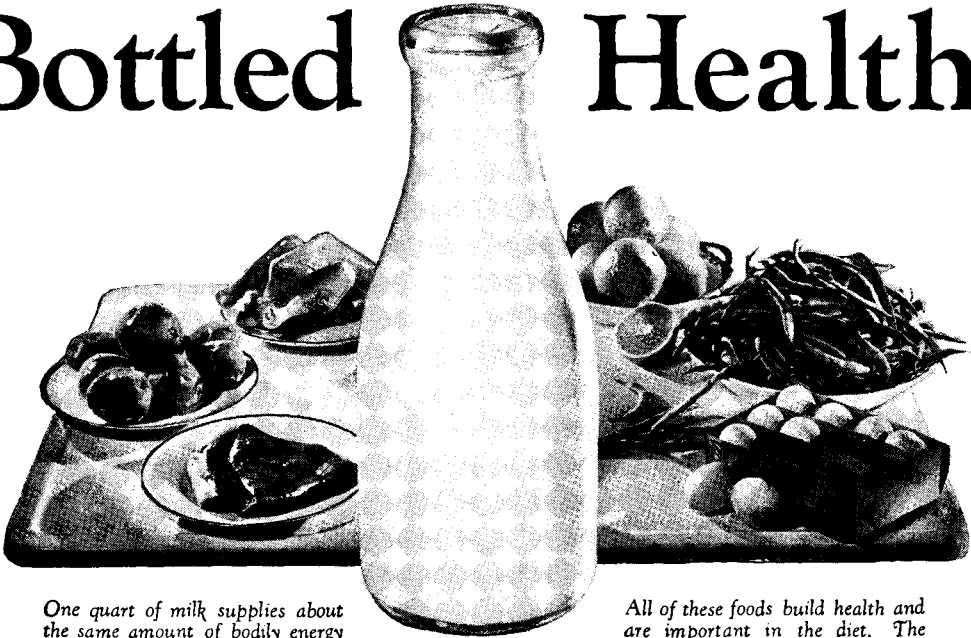
"Roman Spring" caught my eye in your July issue. I did not know Mrs. Winthrop Chanler, but I gulped down the fascinating paragraphs of Rome of the days gone by, and palpitated as I found she was the half sister of my pet author at the romantic age of eighteen.

Although born of New York parents here in California, my mother, after her second marriage, took us to my stepfather's birthplace in Florence. One of my stepfather's sisters married the well-known artist, Angelo Lemmi, from whose country villa two of the finest of Botticelli's frescoes were removed and sold to the French Government. For years they hung on each side of one of the big main entrances to the Louvre, and do yet, no doubt.

Mr. Lemmi's father was having a window cut in a large room on the second story when the chips from the tools showed the paint. It was known that the Medici family, who had once owned the fine old fortress-like establishment, had employed Botticelli to do some frescoes, but centuries of whitewashing had covered the immense walls and obscured them for generations.

The instant Mr. Lemmi saw the chips he realized that they had been found. Painstakingly the layers of whitewash were removed, and to

Bottled Health



One quart of milk supplies about the same amount of bodily energy as 9 eggs, or $\frac{3}{4}$ lb. beefsteak, or $\frac{4}{5}$ lb. chicken, or $6\frac{1}{2}$ oranges, or 2 lb. potatoes, or 3 lb. string beans.

All of these foods build health and are important in the diet. The comparison merely brings out the essential part that milk plays in contributing fuel or energy to the diet.

MILK, as an all-round food, is one of the most essential of our every-day foods. Milk gives you much for little. In choosing your foods, be sure that milk is among the first on the list.

For health, milk is conceded to be the almost perfect food. It contains practically all the elements that the human body needs: minerals, vitamins, proteins, sugars and fats—all necessary for building a healthy body and for warding off disease. The form in which milk is taken is not important. Some persons like it cold. Others take it when they are ready for sleep and prefer it hot. Still others like it better when it is flavored with cocoa or chocolate or used in soups, sauces or desserts.

Milk should not be regarded as a beverage; it is a food. Sip it slowly; get the flavor out of it. Don't use it merely to quench thirst, and don't drink it rapidly. The gastric juice of the stomach causes

milk to curdle shortly after you swallow it. If milk is drunk rapidly digestion is likely to be slow and difficult.

Children especially need plenty of milk. Rest has no charm for them. No healthy child will stay parked while awake. He waits a minute or two perhaps, and then he is an acrobat again. An active, growing child must have fuel and building material for his body. Give him good, fresh milk—a quart a day if you can. And give the grown-ups a pint a day. For underweights and convalescents, a quart. For expectant or nursing mothers, a quart.

Milk has unsurpassed food value. To take milk regularly is the surest and easiest way of making certain that you give your body the variety of food materials it needs to keep you in good physical condition.

To know milk as you should know it, ask for a free copy of the Metropolitan booklet "Milk—An All-Round Food." Address Booklet Department 1034-T.



METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKER, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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this day the corners of both pictures — depicting 'The Annunciation' and, I believe, 'The Feast' — show the square lines of the window that was in the process of being cut when the discovery was made.

MABEL W. RICHARDSON
San Marino, California

An American trinity.

Dear Atlantic, —

Can you tell me how many French girls, married to Americans during the war, have accepted during these last fifteen or sixteen years the *Atlantic Monthly* as part and parcel of their new home?

Won't you please print this question in a small corner of your magazine? The reason for such curiosity is easily surmised; on entering my American home, I found this powerful sacrosanct trinity: the *Atlantic* for the head, and, *si parva licet componere magnis*, baked pea beans for the body, and Pond's extract of hamamelis for the ailments of both.

Well, baked beans with molasses I still do not care for; the Indian remedy I am rather skeptical of; but, taken on the whole, after very nearly sixteen years of trial, I must say: —

'Vive l'*Atlantic Monthly*.'

HENRIETTE ROIGNEAU VOLKMAR
Bedford Village, New York

A haven for depressionists.

Dear Atlantic, —

The depression having driven my husband and me to the woods, our family and friends, knowing our need of reading matter, send us their magazines after they have read them. Thus at one time I received a number of *Atlantics*. In one afternoon I shivered with Hilda Rose in Alberta and with Glanville Smith 'near Ely and the Border.'

Before another winter, when some of your authors or readers may have to hunt inexpensive living conditions, tell them of the Georgia coast. Not only does a 'depressionist' avoid the cold here, but if he can row a boat and shoot he can have all the sea food and game he wants for the taking.

One Saturday morning last winter I was wondering what I should have for Saturday and Sunday dinners. Just then a fisherman to whom we had lent our boat brought us a 'mess' of oysters. In a few minutes my husband rushed out of the house with his gun and dog. He had seen a wild duck on the water. He came back with it. That easily were my two dinners supplied.

Incidentally, one is so busy getting and preparing this food that there is no time to worry

over being a victim of the depression — which is another asset.

MARY J. PHILLIPS
Darien, Georgia

Atlantic discoveries appreciated.

Dear Atlantic, —

William Wister Haines and Glanville Smith are characteristically good *Atlantic* discoveries. Smith's humor is a delight. Last year, cycling in England, I had a little time in Suffolk, my 'porpoise' leading me to the tiny cluster of villages near the Norfolk border described in W. H. Hudson's *Afoot in England* — villages associated with the farmer-poet Robert Bloomfield. That experience of mine — I stayed the night in a hospitable field laborer's house — doubled my enjoyment of 'Suffolk with a Porpoise.' I hope Mr. Smith has more articles on your desk ready for the fall and winter issues.

CARLTON F. WELLS
Ann Arbor, Michigan

The many-tongued flea.

The author of the polylingual jingle printed in this issue of the Contributors' Club has given a further demonstration of his versatility and Englished it thus: —

There once was a frisky young flea;
His dog was quite nice, but yet he
Desired a cat.
His Ma said to that:
'Don't leave your dear Daddy and me.'

But he would not listen to prayer;
He left the old folks in despair —
By feline claw smitten,
By feline tooth bitten,
Ye gods, what a mess there was there!

Around and about the gore flew:
'Have mercy upon me, please do!'
With shriek and with groan,
'Ah me, I'm undone,'
He gave up the ghost, and was through.

Stay at home, is the gist of my tale,
Let the lift of your wings not prevail:
At home be your seat,
Home ever so sweet,
Be true to it, sir, without fail.

ERNEST RIEDEL
New Orleans, Louisiana

Guess again.

To those who have inquired knowingly whether John Cowper Powys was not the author of an anonymous essay entitled 'The Auguries of Phudd' which appeared in the Contributors' Club of the August *Atlantic*, one more guess will be allowed. Mr. Powys is exonerated.